

## I'm Not Ready to Say Goodbye...

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## I'm Not Ready to Say Goodbye...

by [NightRiser](#)

### Summary

Dream is sick. As far as doctors are concerned, there is no cure and he has a limited time left to live. However Dream isn't ready to go, he has so much he wants to do, so much he wants to say and a certain someone he wants to be with forever...Too bad forever is coming to an end. He's determined to spend his time making the most of it.

### Notes

So this is my first DreamNotFound fic, I was inspired by [https://archiveofourown.org/users/Ship\\_On\\_The\\_Sea/pseuds/Ship\\_On\\_The\\_Sea](https://archiveofourown.org/users/Ship_On_The_Sea/pseuds/Ship_On_The_Sea) and the song death bed. PLEASE GO CHECK THEM OUT BECAUSE THEIR WRITING IS BEAUTIFUL! I'm a massive angst writer and I don't see many fics that are super angsty with these two...don't get me wrong I love the pining and sweetness, it softens my heart but

I gotta break it a bit. I hope you all enjoy AND IF YOU ARE TRIGGERED BY TOPICS OF DISEASE AND DEATH OR SOME VERY DEPRESSING THOUGHTS PLEASE DO NOT READ! Health and safety are big for me and I feel like I should give you a fair warning ahead of time so I don't risk causing people discomfort.

ALSO THIS WILL NOT BE MY ONLY DREAMNOTFOUND FIC. I love them so much and plan on maybe making more angsty or soft ones in the future cause I got tons of ideas.

On the topic of shipping, they are okay with it and if they ever said they weren't I'd take this down immediately! I respect their friendship and bond and I'd rather die than be one to ruin it.

DO NOT REPOST OR TAKE MY WORK TO ANY OTHER SITE AND CLAIM IT IS YOURS. NOT EVEN WITH CREDIT!

You can make art for it, you can talk about it...but do not post the story or snip bits of the story under your own name.

With all that being said please enjoy my first attempt at writing in years! I love you to whoever took the time to read this! <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Entry 1: The Symptoms

## Chapter Notes

Playlist:

Soundtrack: <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/7v1eMY9xEqTF5GHQtf0PeQ?si=ha7P9vUTz6UER7F8hR4SQ>

Theme Songs:

[https://open.spotify.com/playlist/234CmMydip2qUABYogAIGv?si=fM0aAcG6RCe\\_AFEHVnuiWw](https://open.spotify.com/playlist/234CmMydip2qUABYogAIGv?si=fM0aAcG6RCe_AFEHVnuiWw)

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It all started with a simple cough. That was it so of course Dream thought nothing of it. It was the end of winter; spring was coming, and the worst-case scenario was it was a cold. He had sat by his monitor, headphones on listening to his soft Minecraft music playing in the background. Sometimes there was simple peace in just afking while checking through his code for the next stream. His window next to him was slid open halfway allowing the gentle breeze to drift in through the window and tickle his nose. The apartment building was quiet and so were the streets outside. There was a limited amount of people outside due to the humidity, but Dream found the lack of noise peaceful and soothing. As much as he loved George and Sapnap, their consistent yelling and arguing could really leave his ears ringing at times. The tall male slipped his headphones off his ears and stood up to gently close the window next to him.

Now the apartment was really quiet, the lack of the wind in his ears made it almost eerie. He crossed the bedroom being sure to pat Patches on the head before heading to the small kitchen area. Ruffling his dirty blonde hair and opening the fridge door he let out an overly dramatic sigh.

The almost immediate thought wondering why he even came here in the first place crossed his mind. There was plenty of food...probably because Dream had been skipping out on most meals, he never felt super hungry anymore, not that he was ever a big snacker like George was. He paused and closed the fridge door leaning his back against the sharp edge of the counter.

*George...*

Truth be told Dream's constant attempts to get his best friend to accept his fleeting attempts of love and over-the-top-too-big-to-be-true flirting were not just a joke to keep their fandom alive. They had known each other for a while, and even despite not meeting face to face...despite never being brave enough to reveal himself to the older male, Dream found himself in an endless loop of affection and admiration for the other. Everything about him made Dream's heart skip a beat. He quite literally, could ask Dream to do anything and Dream found himself wanting to be there and get whatever he needed. He would rewatch the same videos between the two of them night after night. Sometimes they would chat for hours off stream. The consistent jokes and flirts carried on off camera and they didn't need to be facetimeing for Dream to practically hear the eye rolls and insistent "*Dreeeeaaaaammmmm stop!*" to tell he was making the British male blush.

He never came out...never found the right time to figure out a label for himself. Was there even a need for a label? He didn't want people to get their hopes up, he didn't want any hate, he was worried about how George would handle his flirting if he attempting to say he liked men just as much as women. He didn't want to cause a stir in the fandom. What if he came out and everybody suddenly took George and him to a new level? What if it made George beyond uncomfortable? What if it ruined their friendship? What if Bad and Sapnap were more hesitant around him? What if-

A gentle purr filled the room and brought him back from his thoughts. There was Patches trying to comfort him by rubbing against his leg, eyes closed in a constant look of peace and happiness. The tail flicking back and forth. Dream's face broke into a smile and he slid down letting Patches crawl into his lap.

"I'm overthinking this aren't I?" he asked with a small smile and stared into the pools of matching green eyes. He let Patches snuggle into him and tilted his head back staring at the ceiling. The silence and lack of response from his cat said it all.

A growing itch in his throat surfaced and he let out a harsh cough. It was only one, but it was loud enough to scare Patches off his lap. He laughed as his cat scrambled out of the room to hide. There was no extra thought, it was just a cough. Why should he be worried?

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Only a few days later he had been noticing his coughs growing. He felt like his whole throat was on fire no matter how much water he drank. The relief was minimal. His lungs would constrict and sometimes leave him out of breath much faster than normal. Just taking a walk through the grocery store would cause him to gasp for breath. His body temperature had dropped to the point where his hands felt icy cold. He often refused to move from bed and refused to eat. Even Patches was worried about him. His kitty would curl up against him and stare at him as he broke down in cold sweats. Whoever said cats were uncaring were wrong. Patches stayed by his side as he was sitting in bed.

While he wrote it off as a fever he continued with his day, skipping most food and choosing to munch on dry crackers. While his head hurt like hell he wanted to talk to George and Sapnap. The loneliness was creeping up his back and the paranoia was seeping in. Everything seemed hazy and darker. The smallest noise would make his heart race. He slowly rose from his bed. His shirt was off due to the sweat keeping the clothing clinging to his body. He stood in front of the mirror. His

dirty blonde hair was a mess, scraggly and uncoordinated. It didn't fall in its normal straight length. He had a forever bed head. Despite the horrible feeling in the pit of his stomach, his appearance brought a small smile to his face. *Any little bit helps...*

He retrieved his cup off his nightstand and went to the bathroom to refill it. Watching the cool liquid fall into the cup brought a small bit of relief to his headache. He returned and grabbed his blanket before curling up on his chair in front of his monitor, setting his cup on the desk, bringing his knees up to his chin and wrapping himself in the blanket so it covered his nose. Seeing his faint shadow in the reflection of the darkened screen, he started to daze off. His gaze went to each individual freckle on his face and arms. Even the dark circles under his eyes were somewhat noticeable in the screen. His head tilted, causing his messy hair to fall to the side revealing the piercing green gray eyes. The lights seemed to dim the more he stared. By the time he finally pulled himself from his daze it went from six to almost seven o'clock at night.

Dream held his head, feeling the sticking sweat rub against his fingers. In disgust he rubbed his blanket against his face in a half-assed attempt to wipe some of it away. *Am I losing my mind?* He thought to himself. Time was slipping away from him so easily now. He almost forgot why he had sat down in the first place. He turned on the monitor to take away the looming shadow of his reflection and went to discord. While it was also seven for Sapnap, he knew it had to be around midnight for George so the chances of him picking up the call were minimal as much as it saddened him. If he hadn't dozed off maybe he could've caught him.

He went to their dream team group dm and hit the call button. The small icons of his friends flashed on the screen and he moved his mouse to the webcam button. Almost hesitantly he turned it off so his friends wouldn't be able to see his face. He almost felt guilty...almost...

Sapnap was the first to answer. His cheery face filled the screen and Dream could see he was sitting at his desk.

"Yo Dream wassup?" he asked with a dopey grin. Dream had to be a bit relieved by his friend's voice. It was nice to hear it again.

"H-Hey Sapnap, I'm pretty sure you can tell wassup by the way I sound." he chuckled dryly before coughing again. His sniffles over call were picked up by the other male immediately.

"Holy shit dude you sound awful!" Dream could see the expression of concern quickly take over Sapnap's face. "I mean- are you okay?" Dream cleared his throat biting back his laughter, so he didn't hack again while chugging his water.

"Just a fever, I'm fine." He responded with a rough and scratchy voice before plugging his headphones in to hear his friends voice clearer. At that opportune moment, a third panel opened up on the screen revealing George, disheveled in his pj's in front of his computer and rubbing his eyes.

"Sorry had to climb out of bed and turn on my monitor." he said with a sweet smile. "What's the late-night call about?"

"Late for you maybe, Georgie...can't believe you went to bed at a reasonable time you chump. Go back to sleep." Sapnap cut in lightly.

"Shut up Sapnap, I got up for Dream, not one of your petty arguments." The tired British male put in while resting his cheek in his hand. Dream's heart fluttered in his chest and brought a bit of warmth to his fingertips for the first time in days.

*I got up for Dream.* Even if his friends couldn't see him, he felt the need to hide his light blush in his blanket.

"Oh yeah Dream's dying by the way." Sapnap put in with a shrug of his shoulders and Dream wanted to slap his smirking face. Now it was George's turn to be concerned and he stared at the screen intently...Dream could feel his eyes on him through the screen. Even if he couldn't actually see him...it felt like he was watching his blushing face.

"Dream?" The worried voice brought him out of his thoughts, and he smiled weakly.

"Am I supposed to say here?" He asked in a scratchy voice and watched with a sinking heart as George cringed at his halfhearted attempt to joke around. "It's just a fever really...Sapnap's being over dramatic as always."

"uh it's called being a great friend Dream..." Sapnap put in sarcastically. The silence was comfortable for a second before he added. "-And you sound like death." Dream rolled his eyes and sighed as George giggled on the sidelines. *He's so cute...*Dream thought to himself watching the giggling face with a weak smile.

"Really I'm fine, just the usual chills, a cough, a stuffy nose and very anti-eating to the point where George would probably have a stroke." he said with a chuckle.

"Hey! I don't eat that much!" George argued defensively.

"Tell that to the ice cream..." said Sapnap.

"And the Oreos." added Dream.

George crossed his arms and puffed out his cheeks in utter disbelief at his friends teasing. "Maybe I have a sweet tooth who cares? Lots of people love to eat."

Dream felt something rising. "Lots of people aren't you George." *Stupid flirts.* He could see Sapnap grinning like an idiot and Dream swore he could see George blushing. "Aww his cheeks are so pink Sapnap, aren't they?" He added lightly.

"It's because his Minecraft boyfriend just complimented him dear Dream." Sapnap replied to fuel the fire.

"Enough! Both of you!" George sputtered and covered his face. "You guys are ridiculous..."

Dream and Sapnap both collapsed in a fit of laughter. Dream's wheezing got the better of him and he started to hack again, feeling his lungs forcibly restrict in his chest. Almost immediately he started gasping for air. No longer laughing he grabbed his throat as Sapnap went silent and coughed again and again. He slammed his hands on the table and his eyes widened with fear as he grasped for his water cup.

"Dream?"

"Oh my god Dream!"

Their voices were blocked out by his violent coughs that shuddered his whole body. He snatched up the water cup and leaned his head back. Only a few droplets fell into his mouth and he pulled back not satisfied. He clawed at his throat. He could hear George and Sapnap calling for him. He couldn't even answer over his choking.

*How do I breathe?* The question echoed around his head into an empty space. The terrifying thought of forgetting to breathe entered his mind. He never understood why people got so dramatic over something as silly as forgetting to breathe. It seemed so stupid and unreal. However now his brain was preoccupied with so many other thoughts that he couldn't figure out how to take a long breath. He squeezed his eyes shut and his body shivered violently under his grasp.

*Please...*

He tried so hard to take a breath, but he only ended up swallowing dryly, repeatedly. His hands were flying at his throat and the coughs continued to rack his whole body. He didn't even realize he was breathing in because as fast as he breathed in it would all be released by one violent cough and he would be gasping for air again. He threw off the blanket and scrambled to open the window, prying open the unlocked pane and raising it. He took in the cool breeze and tried to breathe in.

*Please...let me breathe...*

He shook his head and coughed over the sill until finally...he retched over the side. The disgusting feeling of bile in his throat made him throw up again. He was a shivering mess by the end of it, tears threatening to spill at how humiliating it all was. The taste of vomit and blood lingered in his mouth and he rested his chin on the sill wiping his mouth with bare hands. He hadn't realized in his struggle he had yanked the headphones chord out of its plug and let them fall to the ground. The breeze shifted his hair and he stilled, staring at the splatter he had created on the sidewalk below.

"Hey Dream...take deep breaths okay?" George's voice cut in lightly. Dream opened his mouth and tried to breathe in and out. The smell haunted him, and the taste mixed with cool air wasn't pleasant, but he needed to relax more. "Now you need to get water. Lots of fluids help."

"I-I think his fluids are on the floor George." Sapnap said clearly trying to make a joke but his tone was one of pure worry. Even George knew the lame attempt was only out of worry and decided not to snap. Dream stayed silent for a second longer.

"Dream? Are you still there?" George asked.

"Oh, fuck please tell me you aren't actually dead." Sapnap murmured and sat up straight.

Dream fought the sickening urge to throw up again. "I-I'm still here...I just threw up out of my window...my land lady will be so pissed." he mumbled pressing his cheek against the sill on his side so he could see his friends. A twisted twinge of guilt entered him when he saw their faces. Scared, worried, upset...relieved. "I'll go get that water now." He said and stood up, wobbling from side to side. A wave of dizziness rushed over his head and he groaned before exiting the room with his water cup, the feeling of bile already working its way up again.

After he had gotten his cup of water and washed out the taste in his mouth, he had vomited at least two more times into the toilet. He walked back to his computer overhearing the conversation going on without him.

"I'm worried about him Sapnap." George's voice sounded. "He sounded really bad...that was super intense for just a fever, maybe it's a flu? I don't like the idea of...well..."

"Well what George?" Sapnap asked curiously. Dream leaned against the door frame listening carefully. *Yes, please enlighten me.* Dream thought while holding his breath and squeezing the water cup tightly slowly drinking it while listening.

"I don't want him to be alone when he's sick...being alone is literally the worst, when I came down

with the flu when my parents were away, I don't think I could stop crying. It was always a pain to get out of bed and try to take care of myself...and even if I did that, I didn't do it properly." Dream could hear Sapnap hum in agreement. "Sap I know it sounds crazy but...I grabbed my phone to call his mum when I heard him coughing that bad..."

"I agree...I don't like being a support behind the screen. That was really awkward and uncomfortable not being able to do anything." Sapnap said.

"Exactly." George replied and Dream's first thought was a heavy heart. His friends didn't care...they didn't care about him being sick...*but I thought...they might care this time.*

The haunting thoughts threatened to take over but then the hope gleamed up above him, destroying his darkness.

"I would much rather be there in person taking care of him." George said causing Dream to lift up his head and stare wide eyed at his computer. "As stupid as it may seem to fly across the ocean just for some silly sickness that could go away in a few days...I've never been the person to stand around and watch."

"You wanna fly over here then?" Sapnap asked curiously. "Just for a flu?" Dream's breath caught in his throat and he pushed open the door slightly to hear better.

"Well...he's my best friend...I want to see him sometime. Why not now when he needs it the most?" George stumbled with his words and Dream's heart melted and he rested a sweaty palm over his eyes covering his flushed face. *I can't believe I fell for this dork...* he thought simply and reentered the room just as Sapnap was agreeing. He shifted his chair to sit down, creating the most obvious noise and started to type on his keyboard.

"Dream? We can hear you typing. What are you doing?" Sapnap asked surprised by the new noise.

"Did you drink plenty of water, feeling any better?" George asked and Dream snorted.

Both of them tilted their heads and at the same time proceeded to ask what their friend was up to.

"What do you think I'm doing? Buying the two of you plane tickets down here. If you want to come, take care of me then the least I can do is make it easier for you to get here right?" He asked with a shrug and light cough.

"WAIT I CAN PAY!"

"DREAM STOP YOU DON'T HAVE TO!"

"YOU WERE SPYING YOU TALL GREMLIN!"

"I CHANGED MY MIND IF YOUR GOING TO EAVESDROP!"

Dream only chuckled at their shouts and continued to purchase the plane tickets. The excitement bubbled in his chest before crumbling at the sight of the tickets...everything was sold out for this week. That was rare...

"Guys..." he started to interrupt the yelling which died down immediately. "They don't have tickets available for anytime until next Sunday..." The others went silent in contemplation...they could hear Dream's sadness over call and tried to speak up immediately.

"Then Sunday it is!" Sapnap said gleefully.



"I'll finally get to meet Patches?" George added on to try to soothe Dream.

"But if I'm better by then you won't have any reason to come down here?" Dream said sadly. "I'll have wasted your time..." Dream didn't understand why every small crushing feat that they encountered made him feel so unbelievably sad. Usually he was very cheerful along with Bad.

"Dream, we're getting to meet you in person...why would that be a waste of time?" George asked and Dream felt those eyes on him again. His heart skipped a beat at the thought of seeing him in person.

"I guess I'm...too excited to wait." Dream sighed with a little bit of warmth spreading to his fingertips and ears.

"I'm gonna bring my carbonated melon milk for you guys to try." Sapnap put in gleefully. George gagged along with Dream causing Sapnap to get highly offended. Dream purchased the tickets and sent them over as Sapnap went through his argument on how his drink slaps and George nodded along with a roll of his eyes.

"Hey George..." Dream cut off Sapnap and stared at the cute male on his screen. "Guess you finally got your wish of a plane ticket to Dream's house." George's eyebrows raised at the reference and his face broke into a happy smile.

"It really is a dream come true huh?" He said grinning and Dream had to blink and pause. *Did George just flirt back?*

In the middle of his gay panic Sapnap interrupted, "I WASN'T FINISHED TALKING ABOUT MY DRINK LOVEBIRDS! DON'T THIRD WHEEL ME!" This cause all three of them to burst into giggles (which were much easier to handle than wheezes.) Their conversation switched back to a normal topic afterwards about their next video together.

Dream slowly dozed off on his desk when Sap and George started arguing. The creeping feeling of darkness and pain edged up his chest causing his eyebrows to furrow...whatever it was, the flu was far from letting him go...the sickness was only starting and Dream was oblivious to what the future of this pain had in store for him.

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After Sapnap had decided to call it quits for the night when Dream passed out, he wished them both a goodnight and hung up. George saw the clock as now four in the morning and sighed moving his mouse to hang up the call when he heard the light snoring from the other side of the call. The raspy breath was noticeable, but he could faintly hear his best friend whining in his sleep, as if he was having a bad dream. He wished he could be there beside him, huddled up and soothing him back to sleep. He closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair listening to the younger sleep. It almost pulled him back into sleep as well.

"G-George..."

His eyelids snapped open and he leaned forward on instinct. "Dream?" he asked worriedly but there was no answer. His friends voice has sounded pained but still laced with sleepiness. It must've been part of his dream.

"George...please stay..."

George's lips quivered at the sadness in Dream's voice. The utter heart-breaking feeling was enough to make him bold enough to lean forward and whisper. "I'm right here Dream...I'm not going anywhere...I promise." he tried to sooth him. His own eyelids started to droop again. "...I

promise..." His tired frame finally collapsed against the chair as he finally fell out cold just before Dream's last words escaped his sleeping form.

*"love you George..."*

## Entry 2: The Accident

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The wait up until Sunday had Dream becoming more impatient than usual. When Sapnap and George announced in a stream together that they were going to fly down to see Dream the whole fandom was ecstatic. That wasn't what made Dream happy...what made him happy was the fact that he was going to see his two friends in person, and they would finally see him. The latter made him nervous...

*What if they are weirded out by the way I look? Oh god the first time they're going to see me is when I'm sick and disgusting.*

He groaned out loud as he stood in front of his mirror dressed in a white t-shirt and green and blue plaid pajama pants. He pressed both hands against the wall on either side of the mirror and leaned forward. His forehead and hair were wet enough from sweat that he could slick back his dirty blonde hair and it would look like a light brown. The dark circles had developed under his eyes and brought out the piercing green gray.

He let go of his wall and smushed his cheeks together before stretching them and smacking them. *Wake up stupid.* He thought to himself and closed his eyes for one second to take a deep breath...the raspy breathing filled the air before he exhaled slowly. He slowly kept leaning forward tiredly until his head rested on the mirror and he started to drift off.

While he sat there slowly starting to sleep while standing, his mind slowed down and thought of a certain sweet brunette. His beautiful eyes and happy smile. He made Dream feel so flighty and at ease.

He stood there with a doopy smile on his face for a little while until the beautiful face was taken away from him. A swirling darkness shifted the scene to Dream laying in his bed unmoving with a figure shaking his body over and over again.

*"Dream! Please wake up!"* the familiar voice above him screamed. *"Talk to me please!"*

Dream tried to open his mouth, tried to say anything at all. His lips were sealed shut, eyes frozen open in horror. 'I'm here!' he wanted to scream.

The figure of George, eyes full of tears dribbling down his soft cheeks and rolling down his chin to land beside Dream's face.

*"Dream! Please don't leave me!"* The male shouted at him and dropped his head into his chest, defeated and strained. His sobs broke Dream's heart. He tried to move his body to put his arm around his shoulders, but his arms were limp and paralyzed by his sides. *"Clay!"*

*"I love you...I love you...wait-get off of me!"* Dream could see the darkness pulling George away from him. He reached out his hand desperate for Dream to grab ahold of it but no matter how hard Dream struggled, he couldn't move to pull him into the embrace...

Only when the darkness completely covered George could Dream free himself and thrust his hand into the darkness over and over again as hard as he could and-

**SMASH**

Dream's eyes shot open and stared at the mirror shards falling in front of his face. It only took a second for the pain to register from his hand covered in shards of glass. His blood rolled over his fingertips and dirty cut up palms onto the floor.

Only a few fragments in the mirror stayed still revealing his piercing eyes dripping with tears. *What did I just think about? It's just a sickness, it's just a sickness...George doesn't share those feelings and the whole thing just was so unreal...I'm just scaring myself...I'm just-*

It only took him a second to wait for the pain to settle in before the burning stabbing feeling traveled up his arm and to his brain. When it finally hit, Dream could only bite his lip and let forth a cry of pain before falling to his knees.

*I'm just terrified...*

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Despite the danger of the broken mirror, Dream was in no condition to pick up each individual piece. Instead he covered it with a towel and shifted them against the wall struggling to not fall back into the darkness of sleep.

His hand was cleaned and bandaged very poorly. He had sat there in pain as he pried some of the small shards from his palm. His own dizziness threatening to make him pass out. Maybe it wasn't the smartest idea to pull all the glass out, but he poured on the peroxide, the stinging sensation made him grit his teeth and squeeze his eyes shut.

"At least the pain will help me stay awake..." he thought to himself and then paused with a chuckle. "I sound like I walked straight out of a Nightmare on Elm Street movie. Dream suddenly holds more irony."

While it seems crazy for most people, Dream had always talked to himself. It helped for streams when he was by himself and just needed to talk about himself or tell stories or describe what he was doing. It was now a common theme to talk to no one at all. Dream always thought someone could be listening...maybe he was crazy.

He figured he would call his mom and ask for help getting rid of the mirror. When he woke up the morning after the incident to his mic still being on along with George sleeping in the chair on the screen. Dream must've sat there for fifteen minutes just giving heart eyes to the male peacefully curled up on the small chair. The haunted George popped into his head making him frown. After he remembered George almost calling his mother, Dream figured he should deliver the news to her himself.

He went over to his dresser and picked up the phone and opened his lock screen. It was a simple picture of fan art of the dream team together. He couldn't wait to have a real picture of them together so he could finally change it. Heading to his contacts he dialed his mother and put the phone on speaker.

He took off his now sweaty shirt and laid back on the bed to try and rest his uncomfortable muscles. After a few rings, his mother finally picked up.

"Hello?" a tired women's voice came through the phone.

"Hey mom." Dream responded already feeling relieved to hear his mother's voice. She immediately got peppy.

"Clay sweetie you don't sound good at all, are you feeling alright?" she asked.

"I think I might have the flu mom. I'm coughing really badly, I threw up on a call with Nick and George, and I just..." he cleared his throat and sat up on the bed, closing his eyes and picturing his mother's sweet face in worry on the other side of the phone. Could he really tell her he had punched his mirror and sliced up his hand? What the fuck do you say to your mother in this situation? "I uh...just..."

"Honey your mumbling, that's not like you." she said carefully on the other line. Dream sucked in a breath and laughed dryly.

"You saying I'm a loudmouth mom?" he asked with a weak smile.

"Well I sure ain't saying you're the quiet saint." Dream could sense he devilish smile. He had gained his mother's humor and that was a pure fact. "Anyway, what's going on Clay?"

He cleared his throat with a strong somewhat violent hack. "It's nothing mom, I've just been falling asleep around the house and skipping meals." There was silence on the other side of the phone for a few minutes and Dream held his breath and stood, picking up the phone and clicking off speaker to hold it to his ear. "Are you still there mom?"

"Yes...yes I am. Clay maybe I should stop by?" she questioned but Dream knew it was already planned rather than asking permission.

"Mom no! You don't have to drive all the way up here! I'm taking care of myself and...and Nick and George are flying in Sunday." Almost immediately a big grin appeared on his face as the bubbling excitement returned.

"Oh? George is coming over?" She asked in a smug voice.

*She's totally raising her eyebrow.* Dream thought and flushed. He never hid anything from his mother. They talked on the phone most nights so Dream could catch up with the family and out of everyone, he talked to his mom the most. She was the first he came out to and she supported him right away, already seeming to know his feelings for George. She would watch his streams sometimes, support him and have him spill all the stories. When George texted her that one time flustering Dream on a stream. She fed into it and welcomed George right away leaving Dream to explain why his mother was so chill with his so-called "boyfriend" and why it wasn't weird at all.

His mom was his hero and a huge supporter of Dream's crush.

"Yeah, they wanted to help take care of me...they really care." He stared out the window thinking about the conversation.

"I'm so happy you have good friends willing to do that for you Clay." The smile was in her voice.

"Me too."

A comfortable silence stretched.

"You think George would still cuddle you if you're sick?" she asked breaking it and Dream blushed furiously.

"MOM!" he shouted, and he could hear her uncontrollable laughter she passed down to him.

"I mean as your mother I'm supposed to say he shouldn't get close, but a good cuddle is always nice r-"

"OH MY GOD MOM PLEASE!" Dream said exasperatedly before collapsing on the bed a heated mess.

She really was the best.

---

He had talked to his mom for a little bit longer before hanging up. He avoided all talk about the mirror or his nightmares. If he mentioned that to her, she would surely scold him, coddle him, and probably rush him to the emergency room in mom panic. She ended up giving him so more tips and tricks to reduce his fever and take care of himself better. Dream might've been responsible enough to move out but just like he was in Minecraft, he was a gambler and a risk taker, sometimes choosing to wait it out instead of doing anything at all.

He went to the kitchen to make some of the chicken soup he had and pulled out his crackers and his cup for water. Light foods were better on the stomach and he needed lots of fluids. He slammed the pot on the burner and turned the heat on pouring in the canned soup and grabbing his phone to shoot George a quick text.

D: 'hows streaming w/o me? ;)'

He dipped the spoon into the pot to stir the soup before placing the lid on and pacing around his kitchen tiredly, the weight of gravity threatened to pull him down as he stared at his phone waiting for a response.

For now, it was silent so he went to go dig around in his cupboards for a washcloth or a towel that he could use. Settling on a ratty washcloth he wet it with cold water from the sink and went to the couch sitting down shifting down to lay stretched out. He wet the washcloth and pressed it against his forehead, the cool wet feeling seeping into his skin and helped low the overheating. He closed his eyes to rest them from burning out of his sockets letting out a heavy sigh until his phone let off a *ding*.

He quickly (too quickly) snatched the phone up off of his chest and stared at the message...

G: 'boring, sap and bad miss you'

Dream frowned before another message followed the previous.

G: 'I kinda miss you too, how are you feeling?'

That warmed up his heart a bit more and he started to type back.

D: 'I think I'm feeling a lil better actually. no puke today :)'

G: 'thats good, you better be drinking lots of water Dream >:('

D: 'yes dear George'

G: 'your an idiot'

D: ':)'

Even the smallest conversation helped lift his heart and make him smile. George just had that effect on him. He stared at the message a second longer before shutting off his phone and stretching his arms over his head with a satisfied smile. He pulled up the livestream on his phone from George's perspective and entered when he was in mid speech.

"-ting Dream, he feels better by the way." The male said as he bounced across the world boredly reading donations off. "Oh yeah guys we'll be taking a break from streaming all next week, at least Sapnap and I will." The two said people laughed lightly. "Dream needs to be nursed back to health with our help."

"I'm sure he doesn't want us to baby him." Sapnap added.

"Psssh he's bratty and begging for attention Sapnap." George laughed while feeding the animals.

"And that's exactly why we love him George." The frat boy added while George hummed lightly in hesitant agreement.

"Poor little muffin, being sick is the worst." Bad snuck in from where he was being silent and suddenly Dream felt guilty for not inviting him to come with them in the first place. He had been friends with Bad for more than five years and if anyone was the mother hen of the group it was him. Always correcting the others when they accidentally swore or keeping them calm with rational thinking.

Hell, Dream was sure Bad knew he had a crush on George as well. The older male certainly wasn't stupid, and he often fed into the shipping just as much as his own mother did. Sapnap did it as well. It seemed the only person that was oblivious was the man himself. Whenever Dream thought George was flirting back, he would deny him immediately and crush his hopes back down. George was definitely confusing as hell when it came to romantic interest. The younger male could never tell if he was always being sarcastic about his sexuality, shy or even genuinely annoyed at the constant shipping.

Dream stood up listening to the three chat and argue. He had to chuckle when George attacked and killed Sapnap, the evil little grin on his face that usually pissed him off warmed his mind and heart.

When the soup was finished Dream had managed to force it down despite his stomach's complaints. However, the liquid had helped ease some stomach pain and the wet cloth had cooled down his hot forehead. He balanced the cloth on his head and stumbled to his room with his phone before switching on the computer and going to his friends' stream. While he didn't feel like playing, he still wanted to come on and say hi to Bad.

He sat down on his chair leaning his head back and joined their channel.

"Dream?." he asked earning excited voices from both Sapnap and Bad. Dream cracked a grin and opened his mouth.

"Hi." he said sweetly in his best forced peppy voice.

"Dream, you muffin your supposed to be resting!" Bad argued.

"How are you feeling?" George intervened. Dream shrugged his shoulders and sighed.

"Uh...tired but a little better actually. I have a bit of relief right now." he said and watched the chat on his monitor go crazy calling for him. "Hey guys." George scoffed.

"You should be sleeping Dream." He persisted.

*I tried that.... but I saw you leaving...* "Nah I don't wanna." He said instead biting his lip. He couldn't say stuff like that on stream...he couldn't say that stuff to George period.

"Don't want to play Dream?" Sapnap asked curiously noticing he hadn't joined the game.

"Nah I just want to talk to you guys and the fans." He answered with another shrug and let out a snuffle.

Most of the comments scrolled down saying stuff along the lines of 'Dream what do you have', 'dream stay safe!'. 'dream go to bed!!!!' and even 'Dream have you gone to the doctor?'

He leaned on his hand. "I haven't gone to the doctor yet actually; I've ruled it out as a nasty flu." He felt gravity pulling his eyelids down. He forced them to flutter back open. "But don't worry I had my wonderful chicken noodle soup."

The others laughed and Dream decided to answer more questions for the rest of the evening while talking to his friends. He almost felt better, it felt like things were back to normal.

*Normal?*

***Things can never be normal.***

Dream's vision started to collapse...the corners of his peripherals constricted in darkness caused him to blink over and over again as his vision spun. His eyes were drawn to the only bright thing in his vision...a puddle of red on the desk.

"O-oh shit..." he murmured, and the others laughed attempting to cover his "accidental" swear with some jokes before Dream grabbed his nose. "Guys..." He grabbed from the tissues on his desk. His voice raised in pitch and probably came in and out of focus for them.

"Dream?" George was once again the first to ask. Dream covered his nose that was now bleeding drastically and tried to hold back his head.

"My nose is bleeding really bad." he said. *Is that normal for a flu?*

"Dream maybe you really should get yourself checked out..." George said reading his mind. "And maybe we should end the stream?"

"No, I'm fine!" Dream added weakly. "It's just a nosebleed." He tried to plug up his nose and hold his head back.

"But Dream..." Sapnap faded off nervously.

"I said I'm fine Sapnap!" he snapped at the male who fell silent right after. His eyes widened at the sudden mood swing. "I-I'm really sorry dude I didn't mean to snap."

"It's okay Dream I get it." The male said quietly trying to hide the hurt in his voice. When Dream was about to persist that it wasn't fine when the coughing came back.

He coughed violently and his shoulders shook. He dropped the tissue from his nose and blood went everywhere. He could feel something building up in the back of his throat again. *Not again...not in front of everyone!* he thought.

"Are you okay Dream?" Bad asked probably looking very scared. Dream could see George stop moving on the camera and nervously grab for something off screen. He could hear his breathing quicken before remembering...

"Guys stop streaming." he said shakily.

It seemed like the others didn't hear him because the stream kept going and his friends worried



voices were overcrowded.

Dream tried felt the lack of breathing again and called out the one name he could think...

"Geor-" He was cut off by more violent hacking. "I can't.... can't...breathe...I-" He moved to grab his window to open it again, but it was locked. He tried to lift his arm to grab the locks on either side, but his arms seized up and his legs buckled. His neck hit the back of the chair and he collapsed on the floor as he hacked his guts out. The chair slammed down beside him creating a loud crash.

"GUYS TURN OFF THE STREAM NOW." George shouted as he grabbed his phone and they all complied immediately catching on.

"Dream!" Sappnap shouted as the sound of throw up coming out of his mouth and splattering on the floor filled up the empty noise.

"Hello Mrs. Hudson?" George's voice sounded.

Dream could hear George talking to his mother urgently. However, he was more caught up in staring at the dark red spreading on the carpet. His eye twitched as the dizzy feeling spread around his head.

"That's a lot of blood..." he whispered before his eyes rolled back in his head and he passed out on his bedroom floor, body still twitching slightly.

**...Feeling better now Clay?**

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading my second chapter. The support, comments and kudos have been amazing. You are all wonderful!

My goal is definitely at least 3,000 words per chapter.

This chapter was a little more planned (still kinda wonky in my opinion) and I'm starting to write out the plot more thoroughly. I'm also debating righting a different ending to the story somewhere else so if you all are stuck in the angst hole and get too sad, I'll have a little place to keep you happy ;)

## Entry 3: The News

### Chapter Notes

This is a shorter chapter I know! But I wanted to get into the limbo/nightmare/dream that will be reoccurring in this story later on. The next chapter will be much longer. Also there might be a delay...after that stream I want to make sure both George and Dream are okay and at least talked things out and they are normal again. I feel it was an uncomfortable moment for both of them and some words were exchanged that might've hurt each other. I hope everything works out and please remember!

**WHILE IT IS OKAY TO SHIP PEOPLE IN FANART AND FANFICS, IT IS NOT OKAY TO SHOVE IT IN THEIR FACE AND MAKE SURE THEY NOTICE IT AND DEMAND THAT THEY SAY STUFF TO EACH OTHER!**

Guys it isn't healthy for them, it can often force a tension into the great bond we adore so much, please don't take it too far! They said they were okay with the shipping, let's be happy that they allowed us to do this much. :)

Some blood this chapter btw so if you aren't ready for that please don't read!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream was stuck in a swirling black landscape. Small flecks of silver dust swam around his body as if they were mini schools of glowing fish. There was a breeze traveling with the tendrils of shimmering light. It blew back his hair and revealed his face healthier than ever. His piercing green eyes were shining and lively. He held out his long arms to feel the ticklish sensation of the silver specks flutter up his arm and around his head. He looked down at his body and realized the cool sensation on his feet was actually a stretch of water he was standing in. The pool of black rippled and reflected him standing there dressed in a tunic and pants with a small green cape wrapped around his body covering him up. The light fabric brushed against his legs in the breeze.

*How long have I been here?* He thought. All he could remember was a vision full of red and... a voice...

**"Dream?"**

The silver specks swirled together in front of him almost blowing him off balance. He stumbled forward to his knees and the water splashed all around him. He looked up as the glowing dust formed a shape in front of him. A very familiar male with a silvery sweet smile stood above him making Dream's lip tremble.

**"Dream?"** The person said and took a step forward, practically drifting right over the water.

The voice finally clicked in his mind and his mouth opened staring up at him from the floor. "George?" He asked and a light giggle resounded and echoed through the darkness.

**"If that's what you want to call me then I can be George."** The figure said. **"But I'm not a person, I'm you...I'm your hope."** he said and leaned over the male's surprised face, eyes open wide in wonder.

"I'm definitely dreaming then." Dream said dumbstruck. "I didn't think I could dream this up."

Once again, the sprite laughed.

**"This isn't exactly a dream; this is your in between."** The response came naturally as if it was reciting from a book. **"The place between your life and your death. This could be real or something you've made up in your head."** He held out his hand and brushed the dirty blonde locks out of Dream's eyes and drift from his forehead down to his cheek. The fluttery feeling made Dream place his hand on top of it and close his eyes for a second.

The feeling that passed through his body was one of utter peace and ease. He felt all his worries disappear entirely. More alive and happy. Especially in the embrace of the George like figure.

"So, I'm in like a limbo?" He asked lightly, eyes wide in wonder. Hope's hands traveled down his neck to his shoulders and Dream could see is wide open smile.

**"A limbo of your own creation..."** He broke into giggles. **"Which probably explains the cape."**

Almost immediately recognizing the George type banter, Dream clicked to match it. "I feel like an awesome video game character even if I'm kinda...plain." It smiled at him lightly.

Then his brain traveled back to the previous words. "Wait between life and death? Why would I be-" He thought about his own events and incidents. "No this has to be made up cause I'm not...I'm not dying or anything. So why am I here?" He quickly stood up and tried to shove away the male's hands. When he did...

*A horrible aching pain and a stabbing hurt in his chest.*

*Sapnap's face full of tears and sorrow.*

*George's hand clutched in his.*

*An everlasting darkness as the pain grew.*

Dream screamed as the horrid images filled his head as soon as he let go of *hope*. He fell backwards onto the ground feeling the dark vines start to intertwine over his wrists and chest before landing at his throat. The things were just so tormenting that he was pinned to it and frightened. He could see the silver glow a little way away from him.

He tugged at the thorny vines until his arms were scraped and bruised. He could feel blood being drawn. Soon the thorns at his throat started to cling tighter. The fear in his eyes only grew as he managed to strangle out a word to the extremely bored look on the silver figures face.

*"Help!"*

He managed to free and arm and gripped the vine at his throat, fighting violently against the attempts on his life. He could feel his breath leaving him and he could feel himself growing weaker. With one strong tug he pulled the vine off of his neck and regained some strength to pry off the other vines on his limbs and torso. He stood up, trembling, and stared at his tan hands.

Scars and scrapes dripping with blood stared back at him. He didn't have to look down to know his whole body was in the same messy state. The tunic was ripped to shreds revealing his chest. He stumbled forward before his legs buckled from weakness...right into hope's chest.

Almost immediately the shivering pain was gone and replaced with a new tranquility. He curled up in a ball as the glowing figure knelt down on the ground with him in its arms. The pain started to

relieve slowly as long as he was in the hold of hope. Dream opened his eyes to see a furrowed brow. The figure's voice broke...George's voice broke.

**"You used to have so much life here...now I'm all that's left." he locked watery eyes with a tired male in its arms. "Dream the reason you're here is because you are dying...you don't have much time left and while today is not your day, it is not far behind."**

"That's impossible..." Dream said weakly from its arms. "I'm...I'm not ready to go." He felt his bottom lip tremble and his green eyes filled with tears as he stared up at the now hazy glow that was blurry from his crying.

*"I don't want to die..."*

So many thoughts were flying through his head. While he thought this was just a dream, it felt so real. The pain was immense and horrible, and the words seemed to be hitting him harder than they should.

**"I have hope...hope you'll at least live long enough to say what you need to say before it's too late..."**

Dream could see it was crying as well. Each tear was a glowing speck separating and breaking apart.

**"Because when you die...I die as well."**

Dream felt his tears slide down his cheeks and join in the puddle beneath them. Seeing something in the shape of George crying, it only made him want to cry more. He felt his eyes closing as a wave of sleepiness dragged down on him and pulled him into the depths of darkness, the light vanishing from his fingertips.

### **Be brave Dream.**

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Slowly opening his eyes, the blonde male looked at his cloudy surroundings. His face was wet and sticky...probably from the tears. His eyes were full of sleep as he registered the beeping from a heart monitor beside him. His eyes suddenly shot open and he sat bolt right up recognizing the hospital setting. At first, he struggled to take many of the wires and stuff off of his body. Alarms at his bedside started going off as he used his right hand to claw off the tube on his arm.

"Clay stop!" A woman's voice resounded and grabbed his arm to prevent him from pulling off anymore equipment. His teared-up eyes went to his mother sitting on the bed beside him.

"M-mom?" he asked with a stutter. The look alike woman pulled her boy into a hug. He felt weak in her arms as all his horrible sick feelings came back. He could feel one hand on the back of his head and the other wrapped around his back in a loving motherly embrace. He whimpered as she stroked the back of his head gently quieting him and soothing him. "You shouldn't be this close to me...I'm contagious." he mumbled into her shoulder and yet made no moves to back up or wiggle from her grasp.

"I'm your mother...I'll decide whether the hug is important or not." she said stubbornly, and he smiled lightly relaxing into her hug. It was nice to see her again despite the circumstances being so bad.

"How long was I out for?" he asked softly. It hadn't felt that long, but he wanted to make sure it wasn't that bad. "And what happened?"

His mother released him and met his eyes. "About a day and a half maybe. It's Thursday." she replied. "I got a call from George and by the way he sounded I knew something was wrong. He told me you weren't responding, and I came to your apartment with him still on the line. I demanded your landlady let me in and we ran upstairs and found you in your room on the floor with..." she paused almost scared to continue before he nodded her on.

"There was a lot of blood on the floor and your desk was a mess and your mirror was shattered." Her eyes were tearing up. "I didn't think you were breathing so I tried to pick you up off the floor and call 911. You even had a moment here where you were struggling and hacking in bed. It was awful seeing you that way...I felt helpless."

Dream felt genuinely guilty...his own mother had thought he was dead, and Dream couldn't imagine how that could feel. "I'm sorry Mom, I should've just gone to the doctor like a normal person."

"I know you're a tough guy." she said softly. "You were stubborn enough to go against me and your dad when we wanted you to continue school. You were just as stubborn with your friends...It's just who you are. It doesn't mean I love you any less." she said placing a hand against his hot forehead. Dream could only smile in return.

At that moment, the doctors rushed in and seeing Dream was alright they relaxed more.

"Mr. Clay Hudson, it's good that your awake." The lead man said. "I'm Dr. Lorenzo. It's nice to meet you." He extended a hand out to shake and Dream took it gently and shook it weakly and confused.

"But what if I'm contagious?" he asked concerned. The doctor's smile faded.

"About that...we have run diagnostics and taken a look at your blood work. We have an issue." He said softly and Dream along with his mother frowned. "Clay there is something in your body that is very dangerous. It... It's a disease that self mutilates you from the inside. It's a difficult disease to recover from because the if the immune system gets destroyed then there will be no good way for you to recover."

Dream felt his heart freeze as the words from his nightmare came back to him.

**You don't have much time left.**

"Clay you have to understand that there is the smallest chance of survival, but it isn't very likely."

**When you die....**

"It has no cure I'm afraid, but we can try to reduce the effects and make your life a bit easier."

**I die as well...**

"All we can ask is you not give up hope...It isn't contagious, and the symptoms can be lightened..."

But Dream has stopped listening...he would need a miracle to survive this...his dream was right...he would lose everything...

He would lose his family, his friends, Patches, his life, his fans...he would lose George.

He wasn't ready to die...He wasn't ready to leave everything behind...he was going to lose them all...

The doctor kept speaking and Dream could see his mother crying beside him and leaning into him as if she was holding him for the last time. However, Dream's eyes were glazed over, and he felt void of everything. All he could think was...

*I'm not ready to say goodbye....*

## Chapter End Notes

Alright third chapter! The support has been really amazing and you guys are giving me so many ideas for a part two that I'm not even sure if I should continue the sad ending I had in order to deliver an angsty soft second fic idea I have, you guys are freaking awesome!

Dream likes the fantasy outfits. So yes the little glowing silver fish forming are his hope and life, while the vines are more death, sickness and despair. When he lets go of hope, the bad stuff can take over. And of course it only makes sense that his hope takes the form of George, someone that gives him hope everyday,

I wish I could draw this to represent what was going through my mind in the first scene but alas I can't do digital art!

## Entry 4: Late Night Phone Calls

### Chapter Notes

Another short chapter to keep you guys entertained while I work on the big chapter, things on twitter seem okay so I'll continue at a nice pace I suppose? This chapter is mostly a dialogue moment that I think is very important for their relationship...(my tiny way of addressing the stuff and yet not really), anyways enjoy this short bit! Hopefully my next update will be soon! Enjoy the dreamnotfound convo because there will be many more in the future, but more intimate as they will be irl. ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream was tasked to stay in the hospital for at least two more days. His body was being re-hydrated and replenished with medical care. He had big pills to take on certain days to reduce some of the sore throat, congestion, headaches, nosebleeds, etc. He often was laying in his bed propped up and bored out of his mind. He missed Patches, writing, streaming, and coding. He missed his apartment instead of the sickly bright hospital. He became accustomed to pressing the buzzer on his bedside calling in his nurse and asking if she could turn off the light in his room for a more of a quiet atmosphere.

As much as it pained him, Dream noticed how being limited in years to live really granted him a silver spoon up the ass. *He hated it.* They let him get away with anything, including having a phone on at all hours to watch his friend's streams and keep in touch.

His family would always visit now and again after his mom told them the news. They were incredibly persistent on being around as long as possible. Dream didn't even mind. His little sister tried to sneak in Patches but was stopped by their parents before she could get out the door with the cat smuggled underneath her jacket.

He enjoyed their company. His sister would collapse on the bed beside him and play cards with him. His mother would sit beside him and tell him many stories he missed out on. Not to mention how George checked in with her every day to be updated on Dream's condition. The one problem?

*Dream told his mother to avoid telling George about the outcome of the disease.*

While his mom never agreed with his decision, she respected his wishes. Dream just wasn't ready to tell them yet. He didn't want their trip down here to be ruined even if it was Dream's last days with them. He wanted the days to be happy if anything, not dreading his demise.

Right after his family left, he would call George and Sapnap and the three would talk for hours at night. Dream's excuse was he ended up becoming so dehydrated with the flu and bad fever that he had to stay in the hospital a few days. Technically that wasn't even a lie. His friends would distract him and talk about their plans for the visit and what they would bring.

On his last day Sapnap was busy and couldn't answer the phone after his mom and dad left for the night and told him to get a goodnights sleep. So, when he called only George picked up the phone.

"Hey Dream, how's the hospital food?" Dream smiled. Typical George taking a Sapnap joke to keep him there in spirit.

"Either burnt, undercooked, mushy or tasting like sandpaper. This hospital food is actually the worst." He murmured with a dopey grin and a snuffle. "Usually I stick to the fruit or maybe a salad since that seems to be the only thing that has flavor." George laughed on the other side of the line.

"I'm sorry, I'll bring you some snacks. Did some research and the plane allows cookies and brownies!" Dream could practically hear his eyes lighting up.

"And you say we're being ridiculous when we say you like to snack a lot!" Dream replied causing a sputter to emerge from George.

"How can you not want some delicious food?" The British male argued.

"Relax George I'm kidding. I'd love a good brownie after the dry crap they make me eat here." Dream complied. A comfortable silence stretched between the two.

"Hey Dream?" George asked cautiously, a new nervous tone took hold which peaked Dream's attention.

"Yeah?"

"..." The line was so silent other than the sounds of his best friend's light breathing.

"George did you die on me?" He joked and the other boy let out a 'pfft' in retaliation.

"Nah just thinking...If you've gotten sick enough to go to the hospital once...what's stopping you from having another one of your...incidents again while we're there?" He asked cautiously and Dream felt a horrible thought entering his mind.

*What if I die while your here?*

"Truth be told...I don't know what will happen in the next few days, but I have medicine now and the doctor said..." *only a week or two left to live.* He paused letting out a few coughs and put the phone down to take a deep breath before raising the phone up to his ear. "...the doctor said I can only get better from here on out but if an incident happens again, I'll be okay."

As if he couldn't feel more guilty, he could hear George's sigh of relief. "I'm glad. When that happened, I really felt...useless. If it happens again, at least I know I can help." He sounded so determined. It made Dream's heart ache.

"God you act like I'm your boyfriend." He chuckled and George stopped breathing for a minute. Dream's heart leapt, worried he might've come on too strong.

"You wish I was your boyfriend." George finally responded a bit tensely. "Fucking hell, then you wouldn't be moping around all day alone." *He's totally rolling his eyes right now.*

"Mope?!" He asked shocked and watched a nurse poke her head in a stare him down. He pointed to the light switch with puppy dog eyes and she switched it off with a small smile and closed the door. "I never mope, I just write and code." He leaned his head back, his hand resting on his chest. "The same old stuff."

George scoffed. "Your one of the least normal people I know, and I know you mope after some streams and videos that don't go your way." He giggled lightly and then it was Dream's turn to roll his eyes.

"Only cause you never say you love me." He puffed out his lip and George's laughter was received



light and airy.

"Get used to it ya big baby. You know fans take that stuff way too seriously." He joked around lightly.

*But I really want to hear it. Now more than ever.*

"It's alright I get it. I know you're a little nervous about saying it." Dream said softly.

George paused. "Woah that's kind of out of character for you, what's with the sudden change of heart because usually you try to guilt trip me or-" Dream could tell a rant was developing so he interrupted smoothly.

"I know what I've done before George." Dream figured now was a good time if any, to clear the air before George and Sapnap got in tomorrow and before he...ran out of time. He pushed himself up on the hospital bed with some struggle as his arms were weak and took a deep breath. "For gods sakes you don't have to remind me." He leaned back on the propped-up pillows. "I guess I don't-well I never...how the fuck am I supposed to say this?" He took a second to recollect his thoughts. "I'm an asshole sometimes..."

"...an overbearing one." George added in emerging from the silence. Dream rolled his eyes once more.

"Yes, I'm a big old overbearing asshole sometimes. I can be a bit needy for affection from..." *the person I love*, "...my best friends." he tried to relax and took another big breath into the phone picking at the sheets on his bed in an attempt to fidget and distract himself. He gulped swallowing dryly. "I'm trying to say sorry for getting carried away with it sometimes. I know saying 'I love you' can be a big deal for some people. And I know we have a fanbase of kids for some reason obsessed with us saying it. I was wrong."

He looked in front of him at the wall with his bright green eyes. He pictured the male on the phone looking somewhat somber right in front of him. "I'm sorry George. I really am."

Silence. Dream could feel the nervous sweat running down his back full of tension. After a while he breathed out.

"George please don't make me deliver a heartfelt apology like that again...I don't think my mind can handle-" he started.

"-Thank you Dream." George cut him off. "Like actually thank you." Dream's body relaxed again, and he smiled. "I know you might not fully get it but it's nice to hear you trying to understand things. For the record I'm sorry for always pressuring you to show your face to me. That's a big thing for a person, so I should never push that...that's your personal life and a choice."

"Thanks George, but you don't have to worry about that for long. After all your coming in tomorrow and you'll finally see me." he said softly.

"I don't think I've ever been so excited to finally solve a mystery." George added on joyfully. "Also, I was lying before...I don't think you're an asshole."

"I know George. Don't worry. Get some sleep since you have an early flight tomorrow, my mom will probably pick you guys up tomorrow since I'm not in the condition to drive." Dream informed his friend.

"How will I know it's her?" George asked.

"You just will...trust me, I'm sure she has your name written on a sign by now." He laughed lightly.

"Alright...if you say so. You need sleep too Dream so go to bed okay?"

Dream smiled. "I'll try...I love you George." he singsonged mockingly who groaned on the other end.

"Your such an idiot Dream." George said defiantly before hanging up to Dream's laughter.

The blonde looked at his bedside desk and grabbed the glass of water and sleeping pills the nurse laid out for him along with some prescribed medicine. He took it all and slid down in his bed. So far, the sleep pills helped keep away that same reoccurring nightmare of his limbo. He rolled over on his bed and stared out the window of his patient room, watching the nurses filter down the hallway on the other side of his darkened room. It only took a little bit for the medicine to kick in and his eyes slowly closed already very excited for his friend's arrival tomorrow.

*I'm coming home Patches.* He thought pleasantly as he faded off, hand rolling over the side of the bed as the darkness overtook his weak figure.

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George hung up first, hand over his chest to try and relax his beating heart. The echoing sound of Dream's laughter bouncing around his head. He looked around at his similar sandy settings. He stared at the wall in front of him in shock. His best friend had sounded different on the phone and George couldn't pinpoint what it was. That was big for Dream. An apology? Usually he and George found a way to laugh it off at the end and not apologize so sincerely but that was beyond sincere...it was borderline heartfelt.

George was excited to finally meet him in real life, but he also found himself nervous. Why did everything Dream say have him slightly on edge and slightly flighty. His last words made his heart skip several beats. Usually it was just their persona's online, their bond on show for the world. But their private conversations (without Sapnap) always felt super personal and made George ten times more longing for the conversation to continue.

He groaned feeling completely confused by his feelings and collapsed back on his bed staring up at the sandy colored ceiling and covering his face with his arm. How the hell was he supposed to spend a week at Dream's place with him sick and defenseless? It was a small apartment; George could expect they would either all be sleeping in Dream's room or on the couch.

He felt so frustrated that he began to kick the air giving a dramatic whine. "Why is this so hard?" He asked the air in a long whine before kicking his legs against the mattress harshly. *"God you're such a baby sometimes George."* He could picture Dream saying and he rolled over and slammed the nearby pillow on his face.

"Stop thinking like that George." he told himself.

*"Oooohhhh Georgeeeee!"*

"Please just stop...." he groaned, knuckles going white.

*"George...just tell me you love me."*

"Shut up!" he cried out and quickly sat up throwing the pillow up against the wall as hard as he could breathing heavily.

"I-It isn't like that." he said to himself shakily trying to confirm it. He slid his legs over the side of

the bed and tried to relax, putting his head in his hands. Gazing at the carpet floor through his fingers he frowned. The real reason George had always been cautious around saying 'I love you' is because he thought those words were sacred...not only that but, he was afraid his friends would find out when he wasn't ready.

While he hadn't come out to anybody online yet, George's sexuality had developed ever since he was in middle school. What would he tell Dream if he found out he was gay? While he had shoved down any feelings he had for guys, Dream provoked them. Saying 'I love you' would just cause him to freak out more towards his friend.

George stared at his cat enter the room and hop up next to him on the bed before curling up. George stroked his soft fur and listened to the purrs. He turned his head straight ahead.

"Why did I have to start like my best friend?" He asked himself.

*Whatever happens, I can't say anything stupid or do anything stupid. No love thoughts...Just take care of Dream.*

He turned off the light and rolled over to go back to bed, his kitty curled up in his side and his mind fuzzy. He just hoped he could get through the week without feeling anything.

"If I'm lucky, he'll be super ugly, and I won't have to worry...right baby?" All that came in response were soft purrs as he drifted off into sleep to dreamland.

*I'm sorry George. I really am.*

A small smile in his sleep, his dimples showing in the darkened bedroom.

## Chapter End Notes

So yes that chapter had a bit of sappy Dream and George panicking about his sexuality. These will be key events later on in the story to only further the angst on both sides. That way it doesn't feel like everything wrong is happening to Dream and no one else. George has some troubles and so does Sapnap. NEXT CHAPTER IS WHEN THEY FINALLY MEET I HOPE YOU GUYS ARE AS EXCITED AS I AM BECAUSE THIS SHOULD BE LONG! (Also I just named the cat Robert because whether it was a joke or not, it's cute as hell) Anyway I love you guys and thank you so much for the support. <3

## Entry 5: First Meeting

### Chapter Notes

FIFTH AND LONGEST CHAPTER LETS GOOOOO  
THIS ONE IS INCREDIBLY SOFT SO ENJOY IT WHILE IT LASTS!

srsly tho, you guys have given me so much encouragement and love and the fact that I hear I've been inspiring other people? I'm so incredibly happy and honored! You guys are amazing and I love you all for helping me keep my motivation up to write more! While I did rush some parts a little bit I wanted to show them all together and yes Dream's moms made up name for this story is Ella Hudson, ENJOY!

George's flight to Orlando started off rough to say the least. He woke up at three in the morning, said goodbye to his cat happy he had arranged his neighbor to stop by and take care of him. He rushed to the airport and pushed through the crowd to catch his flight. He had stumbled with his bags down the large corridors and dropped them at least five times with sweaty fingers. He had flushed and avoided the crazy looks he got from people before mumbling his apologies when he shuffled along. He got onto the flight and his stomach dropped a bit shifting into a flurry of butterflies.

He sat in the window seat and picked up his phone checking his messages as more people boarded the darkened plane. He plugged in the earbuds and the sound around him muffled a bit. George was never great on airplanes. He had told his friends beforehand that he was a bit worried about the plane ride itself. He gripped the hand rest tightly and tried to lean his head back and figure out what music he would listen to and hopefully sleep the *nine-hour flight* away. The flight attendant started speaking and all George wanted was for her to shut up and let him breathe. He took deep breaths and tried to relax...but the loud noises weren't blocked out yet and people were loud and overbearing...and George would prefer the comfort of his own bedroom...and-

*ding!*

George realized he forgot to turn his ringer on silent and he looked down at his phone to see a message from Dream.

D: Don't forget to chew some gum so ur ears don't pop on takeoff!

D: Also, if I may make a music suggestion (because I know u and I also know ur probably brooding over what to listen to) might I recommend some alec benjamin?

D: I find it kind of relaxing so maybe u can get some sleep and get rid of the jet lag before u get here :D

George smiled at his phone feeling a little reassured imagining his voice saying this stuff to him.

G: sappy pop songs? what am I, twelve?

There was no response for a second and George felt the plane start underneath him causing him to grip the chair immediately and suck in a deep breath.

"Sir we recommend you turn off your phone." A lady passed by looking sympathetic for him. All George had to do was send her a nervous glance and she held her hands up and smiled. "Whatever makes you comfortable."

The small chime came from his phone again and he looked down immediately (almost needy).

D: just try it dork, I promise its worth it :)

George shook his head and his grin spread over his face and his cheeks heated up with the happy thought that Dream woke up late just to text him. Even though...

A sudden frown overtook his face.

G: GO BACK TO BED YOU SICK IDIOT! >:(

D: Fineeeee...See ya in nine hours Georgie! ;)

George shook his head and switched to his music before going to a nonstop shuffle of Alec Benjamin and related artists. The first song playing already started to catch his sleepy eyes immediately. He grabbed his carry on and the gum he prepared beforehand, popping the bubble gum into his mouth. He chewed gently and leaned his head back looking out the window at the darkened sky. The deep dark clouds floated across the deep black blue and entranced him. He loved the night sky; the colors were easier to see because of the deep blues. They were the only colors he could see well enough with his color blindness. As the plane lifted off, he found himself thinking about Dream again.

The song 'Swim' started to lull him off as his ears popped at the change in height and pressure. He flinched for a brief second and bopped his head. He must've stared outside through the 'Boy in The Bubble' song caught up in the beauty and the thoughts and imagination of what Dream could possibly look like. Every song seemed to develop a deep picture of him and yet none felt right enough to call a portrait.

As the song 'Let Me Down Slowly' came on he finally fell out, completely at ease in the air again and dreaming about the possibilities of the next week. He had to smile as he went back to sleep for the second time that night.

*Maybe his music taste isn't that bad.*

---

George had woken up from his third nap to be greeted by the soft glow of Florida in the morning. As they passed over the lakes George found himself practically pressing his face against the glass window. While the sun was peeking behind the dark clouds, George could sense rainfall was approaching fast. Dream told him about the rainy season over their summer, it would be pretty humid and hot outside most of the week, but the rain was always worth it. That was what Dream told him anyway.

As the plane landed he unbuckled himself with his earbuds still in and stood up to grab his windbreaker jacket from his carry on and started bouncing his head to the seventieth time listening to Dream's playlists he had decided to send later on in his travels.

He got his baggage and after walking through some of the crowds he saw the escalators leading down towards the big lobby. He searched through the crowd, but everybody blended.

*Bloody hell Dream, how the hell am I supposed to find your mom when everyone here looks the same?*

He was short compared to most of the people around him and he had to stand on his tiptoes to see. Small flashes of blue emerged from the sandy and dark colors. He frowned and pulled his luggage through everyone, ducking under hugs and dodging people. He tried looking up over everyone else one more time before spotting something wild in the crowd.

A big blue sign with massive black lettering on the front reading: **GEORGE DAVIDSON** met his eyes over the large desert of people talking. He cut through the crowd and finally spotted the woman standing in the middle with a familiar male right beside her. When they spotted him both their eyes seemed to light up. He pulled the earbuds out by the wires just as he was tackled in a big hug by the young frat.

"GEORGE NO WAY!" He yelled directly in the older male's ear probably causing it to shatter. George flinched at the sudden hug that almost knocked him off his feet but smiled.

"Sapnap!" He hugged him back with a big grin, however pulled away quite quickly. It felt a bit rushed but so did the situation. It was insane seeing Sapnap face to face and...

"I am taller than you then!" The younger said in a prideful boast and held a hand above George's head before patting him on the shoulder. George scoffed and puffed out his cheeks.

"Whatever, by one fucking inch, now get off me Sapnap!" The brunette laughed at George's argumentative nature.

"Ah thirty seconds in and you're already arguing with me. This is great!"

Sapnap swung around and put his arm around George's neck in a big brother way. "Your finally gonna feel the change in temperature here George."

George rolled his eyes as the woman approached them, the sign still in her hands. She was definitely pretty. Her light brown (sandy looking) hair was wet from the rain and ran over her shoulder in a messy braid and beautiful yellow (what George assumed were green) eyes shrouded by bags underneath them making her look as though she hadn't slept in days. She wasn't exactly skinny, but she held these big dimples when she smiled that gave her the full mom vibes.

"Uh your...Dream's mo- I mean Mrs. Hudson?" he stuttered out already flustered at the thought of being this close to meeting his best friend.

"Please...call me Ella." She said and stuck out her hand to shake. When George took it, she placed her other hand right over top. "It's really nice to meet you George." A twinkle in her eyes shone brightly drawing his attention. "I'm glad you saw the sign okay." She winked and a comforting feeling spread throughout George. Dream must've told her about it, and she went all out just for him.

"Thank you." He whispered to her and let go of her hand before shoving Sapnap off his back listening to the boy's laughter. "How long have you been here?"

"Since six, Nick's flight came in a bit early at seven. I just got some extra sleep in between your flights in the car outside and then we rushed back in when your flight came in." She said in a rush. "Do you need help with any of your stuff?" She offered politely. George found himself already shaking his head feeling rude to ask for anymore help.

"I think I got i-" he started.

"I got it George!" Sapnap started to pick up the luggage by the wrong handle. George's eyes widened.

"Wait Sapnap! Don't hold it by there or-" The luggage flung open and all of George's packed clothes for the week fell to the floor...of course his boxers were on the top. If there was one thing George hated it was people looking at his personal belongings...or just people looking at him in general. His face grew bright red as people's eyes turned to look at them. It was silent for a brief second.

"Oops." Sapnap said breaking the silence and George slapped his arm.

"You idiot!" He said with a hiss.

"Well how was I supposed to know that your luggage was a freaking canon launcher?"

"I told you not to hold it that way!" The British male countered.

"It's not my fault England has weird shit on their bags!"

"It's the same bag you have you moron!" The argument must've continued for a while as they knelt down and picked up George's clothes, throwing them back in the bag despite the older male's protests to keep it tidy.

"George are these Oreos on your underwear?"

"SHUT UP!"

Meanwhile Ella slid her phone away without the two boys even noticing, a mischievous yet sad glint in her eyes. She knelt down to help George pick up and fold his clothes back into the luggage bag.

He thanked her and demanded Sapnap let him take care of his own luggage. As the three exited the building into the pouring rain, Ella handed Sapnap an umbrella before opening her own and smiling at George. "Mind if we share this one?" He watched her open it and lift it over both of their heads. He laughed.

"Not at all." He walked beside her.

"Hey Mrs. H- I mean...Ella sorry..." It seemed to be Sapnap's time to struggle with words. "If it's not too much to ask, how is Dream?" He asked trying to be as polite as possible. George found himself leaning forward, the background noise of the rain patting down on the umbrella. It was odd how her eyes flickered and betrayed her true emotions. Just as fast as the fear and pain moved across her eyes it was gone and replaced with a pleasant smile.

"Clay is alright. He's got a lot of medicine given to him to ease up on the pain he...he was in." she looked between the two of them. "He isn't contagious according to the doctor, I'm sure he'll be better soon." George felt incredibly uneasy for the first time in a while. Everything she was saying sounded somewhat forced. But he believed her wholeheartedly and chose to push the problem on the fact that she was just worried about her son.

"Are there flu's where you aren't contagious? I didn't know that was possible?" George asked lightly and she met his eyes.

"It's rare but the doctors have cleared him for close distance. You guys are safe to hug without getting it. I promise." She laughed. "Besides, I'm sure seeing you two is exactly what he needs right now, he just came home from the hospital early this morning."

George paused. "Is that safe? Shouldn't he have been resting? Don't tell me he just wanted to go

home because we were coming..."

"You sound like a mother hen now George." Sapnap laughed as George flipped him off behind the nice lady, so she didn't see the rude gesture. She just laughed lightly.

"It's alright. I'm glad you two are worrying about him. Makes me feel much better about leaving him in your hands." She sent George a smile and he went silent when Sapnap started asking more questions about Dream. He looked straight ahead and held his hand out to catch the cool drops on his skin. It felt nice. The warm air contrasted well with the cold rain.

The palm trees surrounding the front of the airport ruffled their big leaves almost as if they were waving to them. As they approached the car, an old Honda CRV, Sapnap made a beeline for it shouting "Shotgun!" George facepalmed and looked at Ella apologetically.

"Good luck." He told her as she helped him pack his luggage in the back of the car. She rolled her eyes.

"Please I have one of the loudest kids on the planet, I can handle Nick asking me a few questions about Clay's childhood." She smiled and leaned towards him. "Plus, I know your probably still tired after the flight, so maybe I can buy you a little bit more sleep." She winked and slammed the trunk shut.

George decided then and there that Dream's mom was one of the greatest women he had ever met.

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The car ride was long, and Ella was right, as soon as the car started, George could feel the world weighing down on him again and the jet lag caught up to him. His head dropped off to the side as Sapnap asked Ella was were some of Dream's most embarrassing fails growing up. As he rested his eyes the sudden rush of seeing Dream in a little while caused his heart to speed up. He frowned and furrowed his brows.

When the car finally slowed down George felt like he was having a heart attack. He stared out the window at the apartment buildings they sat in front of and gulped dryly. In one of the windows up high he could see a door close off of a balcony. He sat bolt upright in his chair as the nervous sweat began to drip down his forehead.

He bunched up his pants till his knuckles turned white. When the car was parked, Ella turned to look at him with a smile only to frown at the sight of how nervous he was. "Take your time hon, come in when you're ready, I'll leave an umbrella in here for you. We'll be in apartment room 404, fourth floor." She nodded in understanding and exited the car leaving him and Sapnap for a second alone.

"I'm nervous too." Sapnap spoke up and looked at him. "But I know for you it might be a special case." George met his eyes quickly and glared.

"Not the time Sapnap." he said with a shaky voice wondering what his friend was trying to say. *Did he know?*

"C'mon George, we flew here to help him, not sit in the car...he isn't terrible looking if that's what you're wondering...and he's the same guy we've always known." He leaned his head back to stare at the British man.

"You've seen his face, I haven't.... I don't..." *I just don't want to fall in love with him.* "What if he teases me about it here Sap? What if I freeze up?"



Sapnap paused looking genuinely shocked at how scared his friend was and tried to connect the dots in his brain before figuring out what George was saying...and he smiled, as if it was something he had heard a dozen times before.

"We're best friends George, we'll be okay...together. Because friends love each other, and he'll understand your boundaries." He put in and George nodded.

"Alright I hate to say it but your right for once." George said causing Sapnap to pump his fist into the air with a grin.

"Ready to go in then?" he asked.

George shook his head. "Just give me a few minutes to collect myself."

"Want me to stay here with you?" Sapnap asked and George felt touched by the genuine friendship already being shown after meeting up for the first time.

"Nah, go on ahead. I know your excited to see Dream." George waved him away with his hand and held out his hand for a fist bump. "For the record it is really nice to see you and talk to you in person. I almost forgive most of the things you annoyed me with over the years."

Sapnap returned the fist bump and raised his eyebrow with begging eyes. "Can you forgive me for the luggage incident?"

George laughed brightly. "Hell no, get out of here Snapmap." He joked.

Sapnap saluted before exiting the car and grabbing his luggage out of the back before following Dream's mom up the stairs.

George took a minute to relax his beating heart and blocked out the screaming doubts in his mind that were just consistent. He stared at the apartment building for a few minutes waiting for something to happen. When no figures appeared, he looked for the umbrella she had left behind. Immediately feeling weird for going around through her car and not finding the spare umbrella, he stopped figuring the apartment wasn't that far away as long as he moved fast.

He pulled his hood up from his windbreaker and started a quick countdown in his head before throwing open the car door and getting out. He slammed the door behind him and went to the trunk, opening it. The rain poured down and everything looked a little muddled in his vision. He grabbed his luggage sloppily and struggled to pull it out of the car when it seemed to be stuck behind a seat backing.

And that was where he made his mistake. Instead of climbing in to free the luggage he kept pulling as hard as could. He made a wild grab wrong and tugged as hard as possible. That's when the case popped open just as it had with Sapnap and George slipped falling backwards onto his bottom. He felt his face turn a wild shade of red as he imagined someone was behind him watching him. As some of clothes fell to the ground getting soaked, he felt horrible. He pushed his back against the side of the car facing the apartment, ready to crawl in his hole of shame to hide away forever not even caring about the clothes anymore as the rain poured down on him and his sore arse.

As his embarrassment drifted up and reddened his ears, he suddenly felt the rain stop...it was no longer hitting him, but the sound of the rain was still there. He frowned and opened his eyes slightly seeing a pair of legs standing right in front of him. He wanted to groan and hide away from whatever human had decided to come over and pity him.

"Look who's moping now? I figured you'd at least do it inside where its warm but if your aiming

for more of a sad vibe...I can see it." The familiar mocking voice said.

George lifted his head to see a tall guy dressed in a yellow t-shirt, plaid pajama pants, sandals, and a blue jacket holding a bright turquoise umbrella over both of their heads. George took in his physical features immediately, his sandy hair windswept to the side over his eyes in an attractive fashion. His eyes were a bright yellowish gray eyes with similar bags underneath them. He was smiling, and the dimples were very noticeable in the tanned skin. Freckles dotted his cheeks and spread down his arms. One arm wrapped in bandages.

George's pink lips parted ever so slightly and stared wide eyed at the handsome individual standing before him. *There's no way this is him.*

"Geooooorgeeeee...your gonna catch a cold if you stay out here." The male closed his eyes with a smile and crouched down in front of him, so they were eye and eye with each other.

"D-Dream?" George asked in complete disbelief pressing his back further up against the side of the car.

"Yeah idiot." He said before pausing to cough and cover his mouth, his arm dropping slightly so the umbrella hit George on the head causing Dream to wheeze. The familiarity coming to George all at once.

"Your one to talk, your already sick." he said feeling himself start to get warm and happy. Dream met his eyes with a sly side smile.

"Well then maybe we should get your clothes and head inside out of the rain so I can get better and you can get warm." Dream replied and his face dropped in concern for a second. "Uh George?" He smiled nervously. "Do I look bad or something?" He bit his lip trying to read George's expression, somewhat anxiously.

George shook his head. "You look average." He lied and the two shared a bit of laughter.

Now it was George's turn to look away nervously and bite his lip because he was so close...

"Sapnap and my mom are waiting fo-" Dream started before George shot off the car and hugged him knocking him off his feet so they were both on the ground. Dream let the umbrella fall to the side as he sat on the ground, George tucked between his legs, arms wrapped around his body and his head buried in Dream's shoulder. Dream had one hand keeping him held up and the bandaged one on George's back. The look of surprise was permanently etched on his face.

"George?" He asked cautiously. "Are you okay?"

George didn't move for a second, so lost in the warmth of Dream. He had gotten caught up in some unexplained emotions that just caused him to lunge forward and hug the younger male in front of him. In fact, the jet lag almost caught up with him once more and he would've fallen asleep in Dream's arms.

"George..." Dream whispered into his ear and tried tickling his ear to get him up.

George looked up at the male, pushing back on his chest to meet his eyes and then looked around the two of them. As if he just suddenly noticed the position, he stood up quickly and blushed trying to avoid eye contact. "Sorry...I don't know what happened there." He held his hand out to help Dream up off the ground.

Dream took it and pulled himself up before picking up the umbrella and holding it over the two of

them. However, it was pretty much pointless because they were both already pretty wet. "Your happy to see me, it's understandable." He stuck his tongue out at George who shoved him playfully.

"Shut up, you should go inside idiot." He left the safety of the umbrella and knelt down to pick up his clothes again.

"Did you at least like my song choices?" Dream asked from the sidelines, his voice going suddenly raspy before he coughed once more.

George looked at him and nodded. "Well I guess they were okay since they helped me sleep...it's still kinda sappy." He put in and threw a sopping wet t-shirt into the bag. When his pair of boxers met his eyes, he looked at Dream kneeling in front of him.

"George..." he started.

"Dream don't do it." George cut in and shook his head.

"Do these boxers have little Oreos on them?" Dream asked and George grabbed them before throwing them into the bag as Dream wheezed loudly. They didn't even notice Sapnap enter behind them.

"Yeah the same thing happened at the airport. Except George wasn't blushing this bad." Sapnap put in with a laugh and hugged Dream while George threw his clothes in the bag and closed it up for good.

"Aww I'm glad you guys saved the second show for me when the first was just as good." Dream put in and George frowned.

"What do you mean just as good?" The older male asked, and Dream pulled out the phone showing George the video. He blushed a second time. "What the fuck?" Dream pointed behind him to reveal his mom standing there with her phone out and a big smile. "How could you Ella?" He asked feeling betrayed and the woman laughed.

"I'm sorry! Clay wanted me to record your reaction and I just happened to get that on camera." She laughed joyfully and Dream gave George his phone.

"Go ahead and delete it George. My mom records everything so you'll have to get used to it."

"Oh man I thought I looked really good in that shot." Sapnap joked peeking over George's shoulder at the phone. "My ass looks really good; I could send that to Rose....oh we should send it to Bad!"

George shook his head and pressed the button. "Uh uh that's getting deleted no way." He ignored Sapnap's whines and handed it back to the male. "It's done, now get over it Sapnap, your arse wasn't that great."

Sapnap threw his arm around George's shoulder as he pulled out the luggage and groaned complaining about how he was no fun.

---

The two were so caught up in arguing as they walked up the stairs, they both didn't even notice Dream wobbling on the step and run out of breath quickly. George had been so caught up in the hug, he never even noticed Dream's breathing hitch and his whole body give in way too easily. He didn't blame then at all...because he was hiding it well.

His mother hung behind to help him. "Maybe you should tell them...Clay it could be for the best." she argued persistently trying to keep the tears down. Dream knew it was just as hard for her to hide it like he asked her to.

"I'm sorry mom, I can't. I want to have a good time with them before they leave." he put in and she gave the disappointed look.

"Clay this is not smart, if you don't tell them eventually then maybe I should. This is betraying their trust." She put in smartly.

Dream gulped and looked down at his hands. "I'll tell them when I'm ready." he said to her.

Her eyes flashed into ones of desperation. "Honey please promise me."

Dream felt horribly guilty and smiled before nodding his head. "I promise mom." He hugged her with one arm and nodded her up the stairs.

The two walked up the stairs and Dream looked down with sad eyes and watched George's brilliant smile in front of him. He wanted to do anything to keep that smile alive as long as possible, the thought of the hug they shared and George's face when he first saw him made him warm up, goosebumps traveled up his arms. Pure admiration and love reflected in his heart.

He uncrossed his fingers from behind his back.

*I'm sorry mom, I just can't...I want things to stay like this...for as long as possible...*

## Entry 6: Evening Life

### Chapter Notes

CHAPTER 6 IS UPPPPPP! ANOTHER SOFT CHAPTER!

This jumps between George and Dream again and it should keep you guys happy for a while since I got a personal request to try and keep the soft stuff coming!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap and George carried the luggage into the apartment complex. The soaking wet clothes made the case incredibly heavy. Just as George went to click the elevator button, he felt Sapnap grabbed his arm pulling him back. George looked back to see him staring at the front door. He followed his gaze and understood the message.

"Where did they go?" He asked curiously. George just simply shrugged his shoulders. After waiting a second, Sapnap took a step closer just to see if they were alright. Just as he reached his hand out to the front door, Ella burst inside catching Sapnap by surprise.

Apparently, the feeling was mutual because Ella looked just as surprised, he was standing so close. It didn't last as her face broke into a smile and she tilted her head to the side.

"Sorry to keep you boys waiting!" She hurried in and Dream followed in behind her, putting down the umbrella and shaking his now wet head. George felt something stir in his stomach watching him grin at Sapnap and high five him. He pursed his lips together and turned away pressing the button on the elevator. He closed his eyes and gripped the handle on his luggage tightly.

Sapnap helped him get it inside the elevator and once all four of them were inside, Dream pressed the fourth-floor button and leaned back on the wall beside George who tensed on instinct. He could feel Dream's eyes on him and turned his head slightly.

There was Dream puffing his cheeks out and staring at him, enunciating his freckles, and crossing his eyes. George couldn't help but laugh breaking the silence. Sapnap and Ella joined in.

"If you do stuff like that Dream, your face will stick that way." George put in with a giggle.

"I keep telling him that, but god forbid, he'll never listen to me. Maybe you two will have better luck keeping him in control." She said and Dream groaned.

"Moooooommmmm." Dream groaned and Sapnap threw his head back in laughter.

"You got it Ella; he'll be okay as long as we're here!"

"Sapnap you are just as chaotic, what are you talking about?" George said looking at him with a raised eyebrow and trying not to sweat as he felt Dream watching Sapnap over his shoulder. Meanwhile the youngest male went quiet for a second.

"He'll be okay as long as George stays sane!" He finally said correcting himself and making them all laugh and shake their heads. The doors opened and they all exited joking around. Walking side by side with Dream was a nice change of pace. George found that he couldn't stop looking at his face. It felt new and familiar at the same time. Just looking at him made George feel happy. But he

blamed that on finally meeting his best friend, after never seeing his face for years...he was met with a better picture than he could ever imagine.

"Earth to George?" Sapnap asked. George looked around to see everyone was staring at him and standing still outside the room.

"What?" He flushed making sure not to meet eyes with Dream again.

"Ella asked if your allergic to anything." Sapnap proceeded hesitantly. George shook his head and smiled at her apologetically.

"Sorry Ella, must've started to drift off because of the jet lag." he started and frowned. "Wait why do you ask?"

"It's alright George, I'm just making dinner for you boys tonight and I figured I should just make sure you aren't going to die from my cooking." She laughed. "Do either of you know how to cook?"

Sapnap rubbed the back of his neck. "If you count heating up cup of noodles and ordering pizza as cooking then yes...but I can make some killer breakfast food?" He put in and George rolled his eyes.

"I cook Ella don't worry." He even raised his hand just to add to the effect. "You don't have to worry about it." Dream scoffed.

"You guys act like I don't know how to cook, I can still-" He cut himself off and began to cough into his elbow. His eyes scrunched up and George's eyes widened when looking at him. The coughing was definitely not a small one. It was loud, raspy and it almost sounded like his friend was choking. It made him cringe. He put his hand on Dream's shoulder causing him to look up.

"You forget that you aren't exactly in any condition to be doing chores or cooking dinner." George said softly. "I told you to rest and you know I mean it." He looked away and dropped his hand before he could properly see Dream blush. Instead he turned his attention to Ella who seemed satisfied and pointed at him.

"Guess you are the responsible one George." She said as Dream unlocked his apartment door. George only shrugged.

"I am the oldest!" He followed Dream and Sapnap into the apartment and looked around, taking in the sight.

It was surprisingly homey and different from what George pictured. The entrance opened to a small living area, with soft blue painted walls. The television was set up on a small table across from the dark gray sofa and yellow cushioned rocking chair with a small yellowish gray wooded coffee table. Across the room in was connected to a small cozy kitchen. There was no table, only the counter space, with stools. Each room at a fan but several windows surrounded the place with grayish blue curtains and attached to the kitchen was the door to the balcony. As George walked further in, he could see a hallway leading down to more separate rooms. He admired the plants set up around the place and raised an eyebrow towards Dream who shrugged.

"My mom thought plants would liven the place up...the only downside is having to take care of them." He joked.

"I like it." George stated plainly. He felt comfortable, instead of the same harsh yellow or dark gray, the blue walls and peaceful surroundings made him feel relaxed. He noticed Dream's wide

grin when he commented and waved them down the hallway.

"C'mon I'll show you guys around and we can put your clothes in the dryer George." He stated and the two males eagerly followed them as Ella called out.

"I'll make dinner while you guys unpack." They all thanked her, and George felt like a little kid sleeping over at a friend's house all over again.

Dream showed them a small closet holding the washer and dryer on top of each other to save space. Directly across from it was the one bathroom with a shower curtain covered in mini alligator print. Of course, Sapnap and George had their fun making fun of and teasing the Florida man before going further to his one bedroom at the end of the hall. He opened the door and revealed the large room, with his desk and streaming equipment in the corner next to one of the windows. His dressers were in the other corner while his bed and nightstand were right near the door. A closet was on the closest wall to the door with a laundry hamper right beside it. Another fan hung above their heads and the same sky blue coated the walls.

"So, you guys can put your stuff in here, use the closet, I just throw my clothes in the drawers." Dream stated and sat down on his bed.

"I didn't expect this place to be so nice." Sapnap voiced George's thoughts aloud. "Maybe smaller at least."

Dream only shrugged. "It actually wasn't that bad of a price. It is for two people...just because someone used to live here with me." His voice faded almost breaking. "But they aren't around anymore, and I had grown attached to this place, so I just stayed willing to pay the price."

George nodded his head and shrugged off his windbreaker tucking it under his arm.

"What are sleeping arrangements?" He asked curiously.

"We've just got the floor, the couch and the bed." Dream said. "I'll most likely be sleeping on the bed but I don't mind sharing if one of you doesn't want the floor."

"I call the couch!" Sapnap said raising his hand with a grin causing Dream to wheeze and George to drop his jaw.

"I think you should get the floor Sapnap." The oldest stated. "You're the youngest who gave you a choice?"

Sapnap glared but smirked. "If you don't want to sleep on the floor so bad Georgie then just share the bed with Dream!" He singsonged. George felt his cheeks heating up and he looked away begrudgingly.

"Shut up..." he mumbled as Dream and Sapnap broke down in laughter. Suddenly he heard the faintest meow emerge from under Dream's bed and his whole body perked up. "SHUSH!" He whisper shouted slamming his hand over Sapnap's mouth quieting him. Of course, Sapnap just licked it causing George to pull away in disgust.

"EW FUCKING NASTY SAPNAP!" He screamed and the tiny feline figure shot out from underneath the bed and into Dream's lap comfortingly to hide from the screams. George looked at the cute cat in front of him, immediately missing his own. Dream saw his curious eyes and moved his arms to let the small tabby peek his head out.

"Say hello Patches, this is George and Sapnap." Dream introduced in a cooing voice. The cat stared

at Dream for a second before turning her big green eyes to the newcomers and letting out a small hesitant meow that sent the males gushing for the next half hour.

When Sapnap pointed out the towels covering Dream's floor near his computer, Dream brushed it off saying he spilled his drink the other day and wanted the stain to be covered for a while. He also avoided talking about the bandaged hand he had gained blaming it on an accident at the hospital. George was not buying any of it but wouldn't question him further.

After they loaded up the dryer with George's wet clothes, the three sat on the bed together catching up and talking. Patches finally worked up enough courage to cross over to George's lap and curl up during their talk and the man had sat there stroking her soft fur and listening to her purrs with a pleasant smile on his cheeks.

Every once and a while Dream would let out a horrible hack that would shatter his already thin frame, but he would just wave it off and continue talking while Sapnap and George exchanged a glance.

*It's only a flu....no matter how bad it sounds...*

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When dinner was ready, the three went to the kitchen to see Ella had made chicken noodle soup. Kind of fitting for the night. Dream ended up sitting at the bar with Sapnap on the two stools while George and Ella stood across from them with their bowls in hand. Having pleasant conversation over the homecooked meal was nice. They were all laughing about the stories that Ella told Sapnap in the car causing Dream to blush defiantly and punch Sapnap in the shoulder weakly with his good hand.

The reoccurring feeling of home hit George once more and he smiled lightly capturing the lighthearted atmosphere between the individuals in front of him. The conversation and laughter blocked out the crushing rain outside. Even Patches came into the kitchen a little while later for her dinner. Dream got up to feed her, pulling the cat food out of the cabinets below the counter and filled her bowl and water. George made a mental note of where everything was so he could help with chores later.

Once dinner was finished, they put their bowls in the sink and Sapnap promised to clean up. Ella gathered around to say her goodbyes as she shrugged on her jacket.

"Nice meeting you boys." She said to George and Sapnap. "Take good care of my son, I'll probably call to check in every night. I'll probably stop by each day..." She caught the look in Dream's eyes. "Maybe every other day." There was hurt evident in those yellow gray orbs but eventual acceptance.

She hugged each of the boys, Dream the longest of course. But when she got to George, she squeezed him a little tighter and whispered something in his ear that the others couldn't hear.

"Please take care of him George. I love him but he can make stupid decisions." She whispered and George hugged her back in surprise.

"I promise I'll take care of him." He said softly. "Thank you, Ella." He noticed as she hid her face when she pulled away and wished them all another goodbye before through the front door. George looked back at the others.

"Right Sapnap dishes." George said and hurried him into the kitchen while Dream scooped Patches up off the floor and cradles her in his arms watching the two go to work.



"Woah no time for fun with George." The tallest said with a grin and Sapnap groaned dragging his feet across the tile.

"George the mom just left; she didn't ask for you to take her place." Sapnap pointed out and George rolled his eyes. *That's what you think.* He thought to himself.

"We came down here to help Dream out until he feels better Sapnap, and since we're staying here, we might as well pull our own weight." He murmured as Dream turned around to go put the television on.

Sapnap looked as if he suddenly just remembered why he came in the first place and he nodded his head. "Sorry your right, got a little too excited I guess."

Both of them started doing dishes silently loading the dishwasher. After loading up and washing their hands, Sapnap flicked water at George who let out a scream.

"SAPNAP! Stop!" He cried out. Of course, the younger just giggled evil like and flicked water again causing George to attack back with his own water. The two yelled at each other Sapnap began to chase George with the towel, ready to smack him with it.

George...not looking forward to being towel whipped at the time, dodged the first flick, and yelled at Sapnap yet again who only smirked and taunted him as he cornered him against the wall.

"Come here George, this is what happens why you make me do the dishes." Sapnap said. George grasped at straws trying to come up with an excuse.

"Sapnap I really don't like being hit with the towel, you already got me with the water...and...AND I HELPED YOU DO THE DISHES!" All his attempts to convince his friend to stop were in vain as Sapnap cracked the towel and it hit the wall right beside him. George yelped in shock.

"You're a monster!" Suddenly in real life manhunts took on a whole new form. After Sapnap cracked the towel again, George ducked under his arm and spun his head around to watch Sapnap try to catch up to him not paying attention to where he was going and running right into Dream who looked amused and bewildered.

"What are you two idiots doing?" He asked raising an eyebrow. George stared at him for a second too long before jumping behind him to hide.

"Sapnap's trying to hit me with a towel!" He said and Dream scoffed and rolled his eyes.

"You're such a baby George. It's just a towel." Dream said with a big grin. Sapnap cracked the towel once more causing both to jump.

"What was that Dream?" Sapnap asked with a wicked grin. Dream lifted his hands up and smiled sheepishly.

"You wouldn't attack the sick guy, would you?" He said with a nervous laughter and faked a cough.

The next twenty minutes consisted of a towel fight between the three. George and Dream took cover in the living room trying to dodge the towel. Even Patches ran around in circles to show off her skills. At one Sapnap had forced George into a corner and when the male leaped to try and escape to the couch he slipped and landed on his side being too slow to get up. The towel hit his leg and he fell dramatically on the floor with a yelp. Sapnap raised his hands above his head in victory and Dream fell to his knees.

"George nooooooooo!" He cried out causing all three boys to break out into laughter, interrupted by his heavy breathing and began to cough harshly. George immediately got up and raced to Dream's side, noticing his arms were shaking as they held his body up.

"Dream!" He said. "Are you okay?" He noticed the male's chest have noticeable up and down movements. Sapnap knelt on the other side.

"I'm so sorry I shouldn't have chased you guys." The youngest male said nervously with an anxious face.

Dream looked up; his hair matted to his forehead in sweat. A tired smile on his face.

"Don't worry guys, I just got tired all of a sudden. I'm alright. I just need to take my medicine." George exchanged a look with Sapnap and helped him up off the floor guiding him to the couch. Despite his protests George shoved him down to sit.

"Stop moving Dream, you need to relax. I'll get your medicine just tell me what it is." George persisted watching Dream breath shallowly and hang his head on the back of the sofa. Dream repeated the medicine names and George rushed off to the bathroom to dig the bottles out of the medicine cabinet behind the mirror.

He pulled the bottles out of the cabinet, reading the labels, they were all prescribed around the same time. One big box in particular caught his attention...*coenzyme q10*...that wasn't something Dream asked for, but it made him curious. He picked up the box ready to look at the back when Sapnap's voice caught his attention.

"George can you hurry up?" George shoved the box back in the cabinet knocking it over along with another bottle that rolled out of the cabinet and onto the floor behind the toilet while he wasn't looking.

"Coming!" He said completely missing the treatment it was for.

He came back with a glass of water and the medicine which Dream took gratefully, placing a hand over his heart and taking time to breathe with his eyes closed. When he opened them, George and Sapnap were ten times closer with wide worried eyes. Dream broke into a nervous sweat before looking between the two.

"I'm okay, do you guys mind just playing cards and watching tv and just...taking it easy for the rest of the night?" He asked. The two boys nodded their heads respectively and Dream pulled the cards out from underneath the table and they spent the rest of the time with Dream teaching them how to play 500 Rummy while an old show played on the tv. George sat on the floor while Dream had pulled forth the rocking chair and Sapnap took the couch. They cracked jokes and George dropped his cards multiple times on the table provoking Sapnap to tease him consistently. After Dream won the third game in a row they sat back and took a break, warm smiles on each of their faces and continued to watch television with George occasionally stealing glances at Dream.

When the clock finally hit ten Dream stood up and yawned. "I should probably head to bed early. You guys can stay up, I'm just kinda drained." He said with a sleepy smile.

"Night Dream!" Sapnap said in a tired voice but refused to say he wanted to go to bed as well.

"Goodnight." George said meeting his eyes. Dream nodded to him before rubbing his eyes and shuffling down the darkened hallway.

He waited...listening to Dream go to the bathroom to brush his teeth and get ready for bed. Hearing

the water run, he wrung his hands together recounting the earlier moments of the day. *I couldn't stop staring at him like an idiot.* He thought disappointed in himself for betraying his own rules. He heard coughing coming from the bathroom and the shuffling of pills. Every cough made him feel awful. He listened to the bathroom door open and Dream walked into his own room, shutting the door.

Immediately George looked at Sapnap who was sprawled on the couch, listening intently just as he was.

"Sapnap?" He asked to bring the man from his thoughts. The male looked at him with a frown.

"I know George...I'm really worried." He said softly making sure Dream wouldn't hear them over the sitcom laughs on the television.

"There were just...so many pill bottles in his medicine cabinet that were recently prescribed. Even if it's a really bad flu and fever, that's a crazy amount of pills and medicine." He voiced his worries aloud.

"Maybe he has some side symptoms that need a little extra? I think I've heard of that before, plus did you see his hand?" Sapnap brought up glancing at the hallways nervously as if Dream would pop his head in at any minute. "Maybe he's taking stuff for an injury?"

George nodded considering the possibility. "That's fair...I'm still curious if what he told us was the truth though, I mean do you think Dream injured it in the hospital or do you think it was somewhere else?" He asked.

Sapnap shrugged. "I dunno, if he is lying then he's damn good at it." He looked away. "I feel bad doubting him...Dream wouldn't lie to us...I'm just guilty for not trusting him." He said softly. His friend nodded.

"Your right your right...Dream wouldn't lie to us." He thought back to Ella whispering to him. *Please take care of him George, I love him, but he can make stupid decisions.*

He sat in silence for a second and Patches crossed the room curling up on his lap. He smiled and rubbed the cat behind the ears, a purr emerging from the feline. For a while it was silent. George then turned back to say something else to the male only to see he had fallen asleep and started snoring. He frowned but figured it was time to call it a night even though he was wide awake by now.

He grabbed the remote and turned off the tv, turning the lights off for Sapnap to sleep peacefully and carried Patches to the hallway where he set her down and grabbed his clothes from the dryer. He began to brush his teeth. He watched Patches jump in and out of the bathtub and found himself giggling at the cats show off style. In a way he was a lot like Dream. When he was done, he stared at the medicine cabinet again.

He was tempted to open in and check out all the medicine but Sapnap's words before made him pause. He *did* feel awful for doubting Dream and just assuming he was lying to them. He had to put more trust in his friend. He ignored all his instincts and turned away from the cabinet spitting in the sink and washing his face. He then changed into his pj pants and t-shirt. Turning of the light, he exited the room with Patches on his heels and carried the rest of his clothes to Dream's room.

He waited outside the bedroom nervously for a second before Patches let out a meow and butted through his legs playfully. He smiled at the cat, his heart aching for his own back in England.

"Your right, nothing to be worried about." He whispered and opened the door lightly. He peeked inside the room expecting the lights to be off. Instead the lamp light was on and George was not expecting the sight in front of him.

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Dream had excused himself early from the game to went go to bed. He took the rest of the medication worrying that George might have seen something he didn't want him to. Luckily, everything looked somewhat untouched, but Dream made a mental note to hide some of the serious stuff in his room. He looked around for his sleeping pills and paused when he found nothing. Shocked, he pulled out all the bottles and searched the entire cabinet for the bottle. He panicked and slammed the door, trying to relax his breathing and coming to the conclusion that he must've left it in his room.

When he went to his room he changed out of his sweaty clothes and into a new pair of pajama pants and a t-shirt. He searched his shelves and dresser drawers for the bottle but came up empty everywhere.

"Shit." He muttered and continued to tear the clothes out of the drawers and dig around. He felt like crying the more frustrated he got. His clothes were all over the place and he was sitting on his bed with his head in his hands trying not to freak out. He had two peaceful nights with no reoccurring nightmares, no limbo...if he lost his sleeping pills how the hell would he get through the week without saying anything?

He heard his door open and looked up to see George enter with Patches. George looked surprised probably for several reasons. The clothes all over the place, the panicked male crying on his bed, and the fact that the mentioned male was still awake.

"Please don't look at me right now George..." He whispered with his voice breaking.

George was wordless as he set his clothes down on the table and approached Dream sitting beside him. Dream knew he was surprised at seeing the male cry, hearing how choked up he was. He couldn't look at him.

"What happened?" He asked him after a brief moment of sniffles in the silence. Dream looked up at him with red puffy eyes.

"I lost my sleeping pills...I can't sleep right without them; I'll just end up waking up. I panicked!" He spoke a bit rush and George rested his hand on his back and tried to soothe him. "I'm sorry, it's stupid...I just...I don't like sleeping without them now."

George shook his head. "It's not stupid Dream, we can look for them more tomorrow." He reassured in a soft voice.

Patches paced the floor around them taking a seat to watch from afar. George ran his hand up and down his friends back. Dream felt relaxed when he felt his hand touching him. It did help him slow his breathing and relax his tense muscles.

After a few minutes of sitting there with George gently rubbing his back and hushing him, the older male gently guided him further onto the bed easing his shaking breath. The two were pressed up against one another in the back and when Dream huddled against him for more comfort, he was just projecting his body heat onto George who also seemed to be sweating and yet at the same time didn't care,

"How am I supposed to sleep George?" Dream asked in a broken raised voice as George guided his

head into his chest allowing him to get comfortable in his arms.

George bit his lip and it panicked Dream for a second before he pulled his phone and earbuds out of his back pocket. Dream watched him curiously as George offered him an earbud, and he accepted it. George slipped the other in his own ear and scrolled through his phone. Dream's green eyes watched curiously at the phone in front of the two of them.

Suddenly the familiar music filled his ears.

*I've been falling much more than I wanna. I've been wishing I could breathe underwater.*

Dream smiled and peeked up at George whose eyes drifted from his phone to Dream's. He smirked and shrugged.

"What?" He asked. Dream wrapped his arms around the male's waist and slid down so his head was pressed comfortably in his side. George tensed a bit in his grip before relaxing all at once and wrapping his other arm around Dream to rub his back again.

"I thought you said it was sappy." Dream confronted as the lyrics from 'Swim' by Alec Benjamin played in their ears.

"I did...but it helped me fall asleep and I know you like it." George said quietly and stared at him intently with his gentle smile.

Dream's body melted as he stared into those deep brown eyes. The position they were in made his heart flutter. It all felt so right. He wanted it to be like this forever.

*I'm just gonna swim until you love me. Hoping that your heart will rescue me.*

Dream sighed wistfully; how ironic those words were. He curled up into George who sat by scrolling on his phone for a while and watching Dream fall asleep with his arms wrapped around him.

George slowly fell out as well and shifted over to turn off the light without waking Dream. As he leaned over, Dream whined in his sleep and gripped him tighter, burying his face into George's stomach. George let out a light gasp and paused before turning off the switch.

"God your just as stubborn in your sleep." George whispered and shifted downward in the bed to get comfy. Unfortunately Dream refused to let go and only buried his head into George's chest further snoring quietly.

He felt the heat radiating of the sick male's body, but he didn't push him away. He didn't have the heart to even when he was asleep. He looked so peaceful in his sleep and George felt comfortable holding him as well. The music kept playing and soon George drifted off, his legs entangled themselves with Dream's without him realizing. If he had he probably would have blushed so hard.

The two slept peacefully through the beginning of the night, cuddled up beside each other with worries turning into sleep...unfortunately the night was far from over.

**Welcome back Dream.**

## Chapter End Notes

I'm currently planning more au's after this fanfic (and sequel??!??!) including a Game of Thrones Dnf AU so stick around for more! Also I will be going out of town the 25th to the 28th so I'll try to write while I'm there and update when I get back in four days! Can you all survive without me? >:)

## Entry 7: Liar

### Chapter Notes

Angsty work ahead...I couldn't exactly leave you guys with nothing while I was gone on vacation so I did this little number late at night when I was so tired I fell asleep on my laptop twice...Enjoy <3

Also I've been thinking of giving you guys a playlist in front of each chapter so you can listen while you read if your into that. So if your interested in that then let me know cause I have some music that works and I can go back and add it in!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

### "Welcome back Dream."

Jade eyes opened and Dream felt himself lying in the cool water the pooled around his body as if it were ready to swallow him whole. He could hear the faint music playing in the background. The male sat up tiredly and found nothing but pitch-black darkness in his vision. The sudden realization of where he was made him scramble to his feet. The water splashed violently around him, and he spun around in circles trying to catch a flash of light...anything.

He could feel the returning storybook cape wrap around his body once more, as he shifted his balance.

"Hello?" He called out into the dark abyss. When no answer came, he opened his mouth again. "Hope?"

A small glint of light in the center of where he was staring flashed in his vision. He jumped and directed his gaze to it. It seemed to grow bigger and brighter and Dream covered his face as the silver glow enveloped him. He felt the sudden breeze lift his dirty blonde locks up and tickle his neck and cheeks. It felt like someone had been laughing and tackled him in overwhelming joy. As soon as the feeling touched his fingerprints, happiness flooded through his body. He felt the urge to laugh and smile. It felt *good*.

He turned to face the glowing being in front of him, almost happy to see the face that once frightened him. But when they're eyes met...he knew it wouldn't be a happy meeting. Hope sat in front of him, a displeased look on its face...George's face.

"Are you okay?" Dream asked, the natural instinct to question entered his brain. The figure morphed and shifted in front of his eyes. The silver shapes twisted and curled in the air letting forth the sound of agonized screams. Dream covered his ears and squeezed his eyes shut. "Whats happening?" He cried out.

The screams suddenly died off and he found the only sound in his ears was his own heavy breathing. He looked up slowly and the shape that once was George. It was replaced by a woman, with flowing long hair. The same look of disappointment etched on her face.

**"You don't have much time left. The doctors are wrong. The end is coming faster than you think."** She said and approached him slowly. Dream took a step back away from her.

"Don't speak like her." he said trying to keep a reasonable distance.

**"You want to tell the truth, but something is holding you back."** She spoke harsher than before.

"I have nothing I want to say." He started trying to think of more excuses, more words to buy him time.

**"Yes. You do. You have a lot you want to say but you refuse to."** Her eyes glinted as if a fire was burning in them.

Dream looked away not being able to face the shape of his mother.

**"Why did you lie to her? To me?"** She asked in a broken and sad tone.

"I didn't lie..." Dream defended grasping at straws and taking another step back only for a thorny vine to wrap around his legs. He looked down seeing himself trapped in one spot. All of a sudden, the glow was in his face and he had to squint to see the features staring back at him.

**"You lied! You gave yourself false hope! You gave your mother false hope! How can you live with yourself?"** The figure screamed in his mother's voice.

"I-" Dream started before he was interrupted by many voices. The face shifted in front of him to multiple people.

**"Why are you lying to us Dream? Why do you insist on doing this without help? Why not share your pain with us?"** He could see so many faces. His mothers, his fathers, his sisters, Sapnap, Bad, and even George.

"I'm sorry...I don't want-" He struggled finding the words he wanted. He clamped his hands around his head and tried to block out the yelling, but it only came louder.

**"YOU DON'T WANT WHAT? YOU DON'T WANT TO LET US HELP YOU? YOU DON'T WANT US TO UNDERSTAND? YOU DON'T WANT TO TRUST US?"** It built pressure on his ears. He could feel his brain hurting, an oncoming headache as his own doubts voiced themselves back to him.

He just...

**"YOU DON'T WANT PITY?"**

...wanted...

**"YOU DON'T WANT TO SAY ANYTHING?"**

...everything...

**"YOU DON'T LOVE US?"**

...to stop.

"SHUT UP!" He screamed suddenly silencing the figure. He looked up with rage filled eyes. "I DON'T WANT TO SEE THEM CRY! I DON'T WANT THEM TO SEE ME AS A BOMB READY TO BLOW UP IF I DON'T GET TO THE FUCKING HOSPITAL ON TIME!" He didn't



even realize the tears welling up in his eyes as he finally spoke up. "I DON'T WANT THEM TO BE SAD WHEN I FINALLY GET TO SEE THEM AND TALK TO THEM RIGHT HERE AND NOW! AND I REALLY DON'T WANT THEM TO SPEND EVERY WAKING MINUTE THINKING THEY CAN DO A GOD DAMN THING ABOUT IT!" He stopped screaming to catch his breath not even registering the shocked look on his mother's face in front of him. Once he caught his breath, he reared off again.

"I do love them!" He had to take pauses as he panted heavily, his face red with rage. "I trust them!" His hair fell over his eyes shading them, sloppy tears rolled down his cheeks.

"But if I see them cry then I'll never get those faces out of my head." He sniffled. "If they spend all their time thinking about what they could've done, they won't ever forgive themse-"

A shooting pain coursed through his cheek and his head fell to the side. He looked up holding his cheek, the rage flickering and dying in his eyes.

"What the fu-? Did you just slap me?" He questioned feeling clueless.

**"You think it's wrong for your friends to try and protect you? You think of negatives in life and how it will make them suffer when your alive...what about when your gone?"** The figure circled the stationary Dream with cold eyes.

**"If you're worried about them crying now when your alive, what do you think will happen when you die?"** Stopping directly in front of Dream and narrowing its eyes, the glow died down. The faces shifted once again to his mother...

**"Your poor mother and father would have been overwhelmed with grief after losing their son and realizing they could've done more to help if they didn't do as you asked and told your friends immediately...gotten you the help you needed sooner...and visited as often as they could."** Then the face went to Bad.

**"He would regret not coming to see you in the first place and speaking to you in your last moments. You think he'd still be as positive as he usually is?"** Dream shook his head, the guilt seeping in his mind and soul. He wanted to reach out and apologize...but this was not Bad at all. The next form was Sappnap and his face had one of pure disgust.

**"How would he feel if you never answered his calls anymore, if he could no longer be friends with you? When he realizes you needed help the whole time and refused to tell him he would be heartbroken and think that the trust always went one way."** Dream rubbed away his tears and shook his head furiously.

"Please...I didn't think it through." He started in a wavering voice.

The face morphed once more and this time it was George, in tears. This time the voice was more active, and he almost thought George was indeed speaking to him.

**"How do you think I would feel if I flew home and you never texted back? How would I ever be active online without you? How would I get through when you never told me the things you wanted to when you were alive? When I read the words on a stupid note you made after you expect everything to be okay...How, Dream? What if I do love you and your gone before I can tell you and you can tell me?"**

Dream was crying badly, sobbing his eyes out. "I don't know how to tell them..." He put his face in

his hands. "I don't know how I'm supposed to say it."

A hand rested on his shoulder, the peaceful eyes once on him again. George's face stared back at him, no longer full of anger or resentment.

**"You don't have to say it right away...but you should say it soon. Think of how you want to tell them and then do it. That's not all you want to say...get everything off your chest while theres still time. Make amends with yourself."** The advice poured out of Hope's mouth and Dream actually let it sink in. He didn't shove it away.

He looked up into the eyes of Hope and nodded.

"I will." He said softly as the tears dried on his cheeks...and this time, he meant it.

As the vines uncurled from his legs he moved freely and stood up straighter.

"H-How..." He paused getting choked up. "How long do I actually have left? If the doctors don't know then you probably do, right?"

"I would say you have a week more...maybe less." Hope responded sadly.

Dream's lips quivered and his breathing was staggered. "That's it?" He asked with his voice barely above a whisper. "That's all I have left?"

George's frown was deep, and he nodded.

Dream tilted his head back with a bit of halfhearted laughter as a small tear slipped down the side of his face. "Jesus where did my time go?" He asked to no one in particular.

**"You pushed away most of the help you needed. You said you weren't ready to go but you've already been prepared for death. Your letting yourself fade because you don't believe anything can help you now."** Hope said softly. **You were giving up..."**

"But I'm taking the medicine...I'm doing all I can." Dream argued.

**"You don't have the heart to fight. I've told you something is holding you back, but you also have things you can fight for...Figure out what they are before it kills you Dream...please..."** He said and closed his eyes. The glow faded away until all that was left were tiny specks of light drifting to the water and creating tiny ripples beneath him. Dream stared at his reflection.

A wave of exhaustion fell over him as he tumbled backwards into the darkness waiting to hit the water and wake up.

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He sat up in bed, body breaking out into cold sweat. He was breathing heavily once more and swallowed dryly trying to clear his head. He turned his head to the side feeling a presence next to him and there he was.

Dream stared at George sleeping peacefully curled up in his bed. He smiled at the pale figure and watched as his own hand traveled down to trace his cheekbones. His fingers curling around some of his loose hair. He could see the fallen earbuds and George's phone kicked off to the side. They must have pulled it out in their sleep.

He stared at George, something flickering in his eyes, pure love. He traced his pointer finger down his nose from his hair and could see George wrinkle it in his sleep unknowingly.

Dream chuckled watching fondly as his hand went back to the cheekbone drawing small circles in his skin. He watched the male's lips turn upward into a sweet smile and leaned into Dream's hand whose heart was beating violently fast. He pulled his hand away slowly feeling the warmth of George's skin vanish beneath his fingertips.

He watched his face in sleep, wondering how he was supposed to break the news to him. How was he supposed to watch tears fall from his eyes? He couldn't guarantee it would happen tonight...or even tomorrow. All he knew is that he would say it, even if he dreaded it.

Then thoughts went backwards. How could he leave him behind? How would he ever cope with the thought of leaving George behind. His sight started to get blurry as he teared up again. *I'll never see him again...I'll never see any of them again.*

He covered his eyes weeping silently beside his best friend hoping he wouldn't wake up to his tears. He moved slowly to swing his legs over the side of the bed, spotting Patches curled up at the foot of the bed. *Even Patches would be gone.* He quickly got up and left the room as quietly as possible to not disturb the sleeping male but not before grabbing his phone and sticking it in his pocket.

He went to the bathroom and splashed water on his face, trying to rub away the tears and thinking of all that he had done.

*It's just a sickness. Broken mirrors. It's just a sickness. Worried friends. It's just a sickness. "I'm fine." It's just a sickness. "Mom don't come." It's just a sickness. "I don't wanna rest Bad." It's just a sickness. "I'm sorry mom I should've just gone to the doctor." It's just a sickness. "I'll tell them when I'm ready." ITS JUST A SICKNESS.*

But it isn't just a sickness anymore...*it's my life now. The end of it.* Dream thought and let cool water splash over his puffy eyes. He had pushed away his mother, his own family. He was lying to people who cared about him.

He felt lightheaded a hacked unbearably, feeling liquid emerge from his throat. He looked into the sink, red liquid washed down the drain with the water and he rested his elbows on either side of the sink running his fingers through his hair.

He grabbed the box from inside the cabinet. The coenzyme q10. He popped out a pill and filled up one of the cups next to the sink with water to wash it down. He dropped the cup in the sink as he grew dizzy from staring at his own blood in the sink. He stumbled backwards against the bathroom wall and tried to regain his composure.

He used the wall as stability and left the bathroom to check the living room. Through the darkness and the lights coming through the windows streetlights, he could make out Sappnap sleeping on the couch, his arm draped around the side of it. He leaned against the wall and smiled at the fond memory of meeting Sappnap when he was younger. Why did he ever want to lie to him? He was younger than both George and Dream. He would take it so badly.

Dream frowned wanted the happiness on his face to last forever. He snagged one of the throw blankets from the couch beside Sappnap and threw it over him to keep him warm thought he knew that Sappnap could've slept through anything. He grabbed the other blanket for himself and draped it around his shoulder like a cape. He rubbed his sleepy eyes and walked into the kitchen.

He could tell from the balcony that the rain had stopped pouring so he went outside. The warm Florida air met him immediately and he sat down in one of the plastic chairs outside, listening to the cars passing by and feeling the breeze blow through his hair. He tilted his head back and stared

at the moon in the sky. *God I'm gonna be leaving my home behind.* He thought to himself.

He huddled up in his blanket, bringing his legs up in the chair so he was curled up comfortably and he pulled his phone out of his pocket staring at it uncertainly. The clock read about 1:32 am but Dream couldn't help it.

*I need at least one person to know now...and at least I won't have to see his face when I say it.*

He dialed the number on his phone and raised it to his ear.

"Please pick up..." he whispered. The phone rang for a few more seconds before the other line answered. A sleepy voice came through.

*"Dream? Is that you? Do you realize what time it is?"* The male's voice said on the other line. At first Dream was silent, his mouth was frozen open, and no words came out.

*"Dream? You muffin this better not be a prank call."* Finally Dream found his voice.

"Bad?" He asked in a wavering tone. The mentioned male immediately picked up on the distress in Dream.

*"What's wrong?"* He asked.

"I need to talk to you about something but it's a little hard to explain." Dream tried to pick his words carefully. At first there was silence on the other end of the phone but then he came back.

*"Tell me everything."* He demanded.

And that's exactly what Dream did.

## Chapter End Notes

We're right about at the halfway point of this fic! Just a little farther! This was more delving into Dream's self doubts and worries and progressing the plot along with his final decisions. Development in this young man's choices am I right?

Also! After this fic I do have two others planned, an angsty yet happy sequel to this one and a Game of Thrones Dreamteam/Dreamnotfound AU. I have already started the Game of Thrones AU in writing and character design and most of the plot is worked out. However when this fic is done ultimately you all will have the choice of what you'd like to see first! So if you want to see one first more than the other than let me know in the comments below so I can keep a vote!

Thank you sm for reading! I love you all so much and this fic would go nowhere without your support, love and kindness. For that I'll forever be thankful for you and happy to work on something you enjoy so much! <333333

## Entry 8: You Can Trust Me

### Chapter Notes

Shorter chapter with more feels!

Thank you so much for all the support guys, It means the world to me! Right now we're at the halfway point and it'll only get worse before it can get better. <333333

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The night air attempted to warm Dream's already shaking fingers as he sat with his blanket and took deep breaths.

*"Dream? Are you still there?"* Bad spoke up bringing Dream from his thoughts. He opened his mouth to respond and rubbed his sleepy eyes.

"Yeah, I'm still here. Sorry." He said. "Where did I leave off?"

*"You were talking about the nightmares you were having...Are you sure your feeling alright to talk?"*

Dream laughed weakly. "No, I'm not alright Bad. I'm...I'm dying."

The phone went silent for a second before Bad spoke up.

*"You mean you're just in some pain, right?"* He asked. *"It would make sense with how late your up right now, maybe you shou-"*

"No Bad." He bit his lip and looked down at his shirt feeling the deep pain that had been rooted in his chest for the past two weeks.

*"Dream..."*

"I struggled being able to breathe a few weeks ago, before George and Sapnap came down and... I had nightmares every night...I still do." Dream stated and closed his eyes trying to ignore how shaky his breathing was. "On the stream with you guys I coughed up so much blood that I had to go to the hospital and-" He stopped himself trying to gather every fiber and muscle in his body to not break under pressure.

*"Take deep breaths Dream, take your time."*

Dream followed his advice. "B-Bad I'm dying. It's not the flu, It's not some stupid fucking fever..." He half expected Bad to comment on his language remark, but the other end was just quiet. "It's some kind of disease and its taking over...I can't even fight it." *Not alone at least.*

He could hear something faint over the phone. He frowned and went silent trying to listen. All he could hear...was his friend...crying.

"I'm sorry Bad. I am so so fucking sorry. I should have told you sooner. I should've told you all sooner, but I was scared and-" He felt himself tearing up just hearing Bad try to keep his tears in.

*"Is there any cure?"* He asked with his voice faintly above a whisper. *"Have they tried everything?"*

Dream swallowed dryly and closed his eyes. "The doctors mentioned a relapse happening at some point. I get better and improve and then I... I get pulled back down in deterioration and weakness. It'll destroy my body completely from the inside out until....my heart is stops beating and I die." He dreaded thinking of the time it would come.

*"So thats it? You don't have a chance in hell of living?"* Bad sounded just as hopeless and terrified as Dream felt.

"The chances of survival are rare, and since I was diagnosed late, I didn't get the treatment sooner and my chances were lowered even further." He pursed his lips. "Bad I don't even have a week left." He didn't cry...he didn't want to cry so he held it back even though Bad's tears pained him inside.

*But theres a chance...any chance...Dream you have to take it...you can't die."* Bad cried out.

"I don't get to decide what happens Bad...I just wanted to say goodbye. You've been with me through everything. You're my best friend and I care about you so much. I need you to know that." Dream said softly.

*"Dream no you can't stay that stuff to me over the phone and expect me to accept it."* He said worriedly.

"Bad please-" Dream tried to explain.

*"No, you need to listen to me Dream."* He said in a shaky voice and Dream shut his mouth. *"I'll be damned if the last thing I hear from you is a phone call in the middle of the night. I'm coming down there whether you like it or not. This is bullshit."*

Dream smiled lightly. "Language..." He whispered. A rising pain grew in his chest and he coughed, rattling his lungs and moved the phone away from his ear. When he pat his chest to try and clear his throat, the metallic taste flooded his system making him shiver. He moved the phone back hearing Bad calling his name worriedly.

"Sorry Bad." He said softly. "I'm okay."

*"I'm getting a ticket now, and I'm coming in tomorrow."* Bad said and Dream could hear typing on the other end. At first, he wanted to tell Bad not to come down but the more he thought about it, the more he wanted him to be there.

"Okay." He said softly in acceptance.

*"Dream have you told...have you told Sapnap and George?"* he asked, and Dream paled.

"No, I still need to figure out how to break it to them." He said quietly. "I will, maybe tomorrow but I'm afraid what they'll think when they hear it from me..."

*"I agree, you need to tell them sooner rather than later Dream...it'll only be worse if they don't know."* The man said.

"No, I know Bad, I want Sapnap and George to hear it from me...It can only come from me." He closed, his eyes as a sudden burst of cool air hit him. He frowned listening to Bad talk about the flight times and about Dream's decision, but his attention was drawn by a voice beside him.

"Hear what from you Dream?" Sapnap asked curiously from his placement at the door. His brows were furrowed and with confusion and a bit of anger.

Dream's jaw dropped and he stared at his best friend unmoving for a second and realized Sapnap probably heard the end of their conversation.

"Hey Bad? I gotta go." Dream said into the phone, voice in a rushed whisper. After saying goodbye to him he avoided making eye contact with Sapnap and hung up the phone.

The air was tense between the two of them before Sapnap broke it.

"Dream what the fuck is going on?" He asked and Dream felt his head begin to hurt. The pain of saying it too Bad was hard enough but now Sapnap? He was exhausted, weak, and frankly drained of the emotion to handle this tonight.

"Sapnap please not now- "He started to stand but Sapnap put his hands on the shoulders and snapped a bit.

"No, we're doing this right now Dream. What are you keeping from George and I?" He asked and Dream fell back into his chair with tired legs and put his head in his hands.

"Sapnap go back to bed." His voice cracked. "Please just go back to bed." He was desperate. He didn't want to tell Sapnap this now. Not today, not after he just finished destroying himself telling Bad about it.

Sapnap wasn't having any of it. "Dream why are you keeping so many secrets! Were you talking to Bad? What did you say to him?" He buzzed with questions getting angrier and angrier.

"Please...Nick..." He said softly. It reminded him of his dream with hope, he could feel himself building up and breaking. His walls were cracking and tumbling down.

"Dream I'm worried about you! Is it something to do with this trip? What's happening with you?" Sapnap knelt down in front of his friend trying to peer through his hands to see his bent face. "Look at me please!" He grabbed Dream's wrists ready to pull his hands away when wild fury appeared, and Dream pulled away angrily.

"NICK STOP!" He yelled causing both of them to freeze in an instant out of shock.

Dream was shocked he had yelled at Sapnap.

Sapnap was shocked by the tears welling in Dream's bright green eyes.

"Clay?" He asked uncertainly finally using his friend's real name and reached out letting Dream collapse into his shoulder. Dream leaned into him whispering his apologies. "Clay it's okay, you can trust me." He whispered and patted him on the back awkwardly never having to deal with the situation before.

"P-please don't wake up George." Dream whispered to him as a last resort to keep some decency.

Sapnap understood and stayed quiet allowing Dream to cry into him. The sounds of traffic from far away and sirens in the distance. The ambience of Orlando was all he could hear besides Dream's heavy sobbing.

"I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry." Dream murmured.

“Don’t apologize Dream.” Sapnap said into his ear. “You don’t have to apologize.”

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The two ended up sitting on the couch beside each other after Dream explained himself. Dream had wiped his tears and Sapnap didn’t know how to feel. He had just watched the boy he admired for most of his life break down in tears, weak and defenseless. And what Dream told him afterwards... it was safe to say he was in nothing but shock.

Dream stared at the younger boy who was looking straight ahead at the blank television with an off stare. He didn’t want Dream to see him cry.

“Please say something...” Dream said softly.

Sapnap opened his mouth and shook his head trying to find some words to say...any words. Nothing came out.

“I should have told you sooner. I’m...I’m terrified Sapnap I’m sorry.” Dream added on and Sapnap stared at him, eyes glistening and wet.

“I dunno what I should say...y-you’re actually dying? Is this real?” Sapnap finally asked and Dream nodded feeding pain into the youngers heavy heart. He pinched the bridge of his nose to stop the tears.

Dream looked away probably finding the sight just as hard.

“Y-you said you had nightmares, right? And they were about this? A-and your hand?” Sapnap asked.

Dream looked down at the bandaged right hand and nodded. “It doesn’t hurt anymore but, I fell asleep standing up the day I went to the hospital. I had a nightmare of George standing over me in the darkness...I figure now that I was just seeing myself dead without even realizing it. He told me...” He faded off and Sapnap leaned forward. Dream looked tense as hell and he wondered what that was about. “He said stuff to me before something pulled him away and...when I reached for him, I ended up smashing my mirror and cutting my hand.”

Sapnap leaned back surprised but Dream continued.

“I took the sleep pills after I got to the hospital but before I had a dream where I was visited by my conscious in the shape of George. It was so unbelievable, but he said I was going to die and everything was fading and I was stuck in my limbo...and when I woke up it was true.” The story sounded absolutely unreal. But Sapnap believed Dream. He always would.

“I lost my sleeping pills tonight and I had another dream there except it took the shape of all of you before going back to George. It yelled at me for planning to keep it from you for so long and...I realized things needed to change.” He took a deep breath. “I woke up...called Bad and I was gonna tell you too tomorrow but now...” He stared at Sapnap and smiled nervously. “I guess that didn’t work out super well.”

Sapnap pursed his lips in a tense smile but it quickly faded. “You still have to tell George.” He pointed out.

Dream looked away. “God don’t remind me.” He murmured. “I thought it would be easier but after telling you, I don’t know how I’ll do it with him.”

Sapnap tilted his head. “What’s so different about it then?” He asked and Dream shook his head



and Sapnap could see his Adam's apple bob.

"It just is...I have this weird fear around him Sapnap. I don't know how he'll react and...god this sounds so stupid...I'm terrified he won't act the way I think he might. If that makes any sense at all." Dream rushed and Sapnap started to put pieces together.

"You said most of your nightmares were about George...you always saw him there." As Sapnap spoke he could see Dream visibly tense his muscles and begin to cough. "I've seen you...you can't take your eyes off him. You can't stop staring at him and looking at him in that way. When he's around you sounded better...happier." It almost made him sad knowing that Dream didn't act that way around all his friends.

"Dream." He said and placed a hand on his friends' hand comfortingly to try and show he was there for him no matter how weird it was. He could feel how clammy it was and it probably from the sickness. "...Do you...have feelings for George?"

Dream froze and looked at him sadly before nodding. "...Yeah...I do." A sudden panicked expression reached his eyes. "Is that wrong?" He squeezed his friends' hand lightly.

Sapnap shook his head and squeezed his hand back. "Nah nothing wrong with that." The sudden thought of Dream never getting to tell George those feelings before he went made his frown deepen and a single tear left his eye.

"But maybe you should tell him that. While you still have time?" He advised gently and Dream avoided his gaze yet again.

"And if he says no? If he rejects me, then what have I done to our friendship? If he has the same feelings, then I'm losing him and he's losing me." Dream said hopelessly. "It's a bad ending either way."

Sapnap hated seeing him like this, he hated that he had those frustrated feelings. He knew how hard you could fall for someone. He had Rose and he loved her to pieces. He couldn't imagine what Dream was going through with the added struggle of his disease.

"I think you should say something." He said softly causing Dream to look at him wildly in surprise. "You said it yourself there is a small chance of you living but you won't be able to truly feel at rest if you go the whole time not knowing how he feels." He said and let go of his hand. He waited for Dream to stop tensing so bad before speaking again.

"You look at him a lot Dream, but you haven't seen the way he looks at you?" Sapnap had always had a feeling that George loved Dream, especially after the car problem when they first arrived yesterday. But he couldn't say that. He just had to convince Dream that talking to him was the right decision.

"You guys have chemistry...and everyone knows it. We all see it. Maybe George is just as nervous as you about it. But you'll never know till you straighten up and just fucking say something." He joked making Dream smile. The two laughed and the air lightened but Sapnap was still sad.

"I just can't believe that theres a chance we won't ever talk again...or stream together. I've known you since I was twelve...I don't want you to go." Sapnap said feeling the floodgates start to open.

Dream nodded and his lip quivered looking at him. "And the last thing I want to do is leave you behind." He told Sapnap and the two embraced yet again. "Just watch my videos to hear my stupid voice, yeah?"

“Will do.” Sapnap said with a chuckle. In an odd way it felt like they really were saying goodbye even if there were a few more days left. Sapnap wasn’t ready for that. He let his tears drip onto Dream’s shoulder and enjoyed their hug while it lasted.

“Promise me you’ll tell him everything...and I mean everything,” Sapnap said. “Just like you told me, you can do this man.”

“I’ll try. I will.” Dream reassured him.

Sapnap hoped that he meant it. Now he knew he had to spend the rest of the week making the most of it while they still had time.

Because he was about to lose his most trusted friend to something, he couldn’t control...

...And it really did frighten him.

## Chapter End Notes

I wanted chapters focusing on the convo with Bad and leading to private time with Sapnap and Dream. I wanted to showcase their friendship because these two have an amazing bond that I wanted to include!

So yes Bad will be coming to them because we need the muffin tiers together for this ending! And next chapter we'll see him!

Hopefully Dream can confess those feelings before its too late!

Thank you for reading! <3333

# THIS IS NOT A CHAPTER!

**Q:** can you promise me that you won't listen to the things i say on discord & will give us a "happy" ending???

**A:** I can promise you will get a real ending, however...I can't promise it won't hurt and you'll get something else sad with it. ;)

**Q:** What do you have planned for the future? Any other fics u want to do?

**A:** I have a few more Dreamnotfound fics I'd like to do! Currently I'm finishing this one and planning a sequel for it that will involve more happiness mixed with underlying angst since I can't have you guys getting too comfortable and we need drama and a climax to make it a story! I also am writing a medieval Game of Thrones AU on the side of this one and I may post the prologues I have as a sneak peek in the future so you all can see if its something you might enjoy! It will obviously hold some of the same themes of the show such as gore, strong language and some big character deaths but it'll be a test into my action writing and will have definite romance.

Summary: The Blade, King Techno has ruled the land for years after destroying most of the Dragons houses. No one dared to oppose him for fear of what he would do to their families and their homes. The prophecy foretold that the last remaining child of dragons would rise up and strike down the King one day in the future. While Techno thought he destroyed all the dragons he had left one behind. George Strayorn, the last of his house began to build an army across the sea to destroy Techno one and for all. With the help from the outcast prince Dream Hunt and the red warlock Sapnap, the three embark on a journey, encountering many friends and foes, to take back the throne, and achieve their revenge on the tyrannt ruler and his allies.

Maybe further into the future I'll look into apocalyptic au's or do some soft fluffy one shots if you guys want a break from the angst!

**Q:** please dont pull a "fault in our stars" and kill george?

**A:** Don't worry George won't die, I can promise you that!

**Q:** If Dream recovers from his illness, will there be lasting complications resulting from it?

**A:** You would be correct! While I won't go too much into it, the multiple endings I have planned will show this later on! You've sort've guessed the plans for the sequel so I congratulate you ;) Of course that won't be the only thing the sequel is about, you will see the effects and how it changed him later on.

**Q:** What's your favorite dream team video? From any of the three! And also, do you have a favorite dream team fanfic you've read?

**A:** Oh my gosh that's really freaking hard. Of course I loved all of Dream's manhunts, deaths swaps and the video of all three boys combining all of the challenged (because it was just chaos and so funny to watch), my favorite videos of George are either his friend being a dog or him getting shocked AND OF THE COURSE THE RECENT SAPNAP VIDEO WITH BBH IS THE BEST OF SAPNAPS. THAT WAS SO WHOLESOME! <3

For some of my favorite fics, include 7 Minutes in Heaven, But its Seven Days in Florida by

Ship\_On\_The\_Sea. That fic actually inspired this one! Of course I loved Feeling by my friend Amelie\_Song and Chasing Snowflakes by passmethemolly. However if we're looking for some of the full Dream Team fics, Second-Degree Burns by FutureHeart is beautifully written (and a great place to stan Patches).

**Q:** If you do go with the sad ending, will you write an alt ending where Dream gets lucky and lives?

**A:** Yes of course! There is a guaranteed alternate ending which will lead to the sequel! The sickness will have been hard to recover from but there is an ending where he lives. I could never leave you guys with such a horrible sad endings and expect you to live with no closure. I promise both endings will be worth it! :)

**Q:** Do you have any sort of schedule when it comes to updates? How often should I try to check?

**A:** I usually try to update from 2-3 days past the last update! So tonight to tomorrow morning I will probably have the next chapter up! If it's a good day and I'm not tired I'll get a chapter done in two days...but I have a long writing process for each and my writing time is usually late at night so I'm exhausted and practically dead from sleep deprivation when I finish a chapter! But I don't mind it! I crash and then I wake up to wonderful comments that motivate me for the next chapter! :) I live in the Eastern Standard Timezone so most of my updates will come from 10:00 pm at night to 2:00 am in the morning.

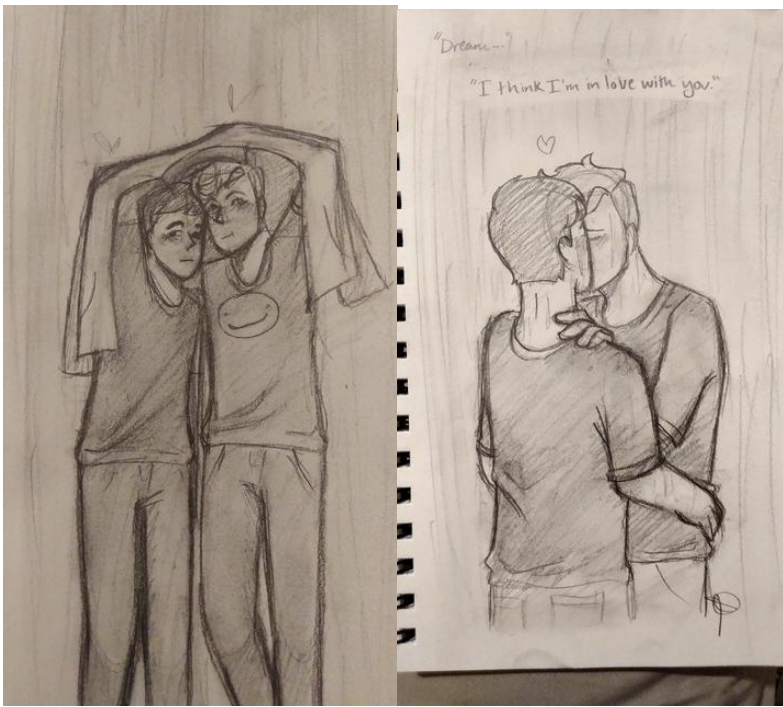
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#### BONUS FANART:

ENTRY 6: by my pal Sam on discord, he's a legend!



ENTRY 12: by my pal Sam again!



ENTRY 5: by @Galaximee on Instagram go check them out!



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Thank you so much for reading!

## Entry 9: Got a Secret?

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George's eyes fluttered opening being met with a bright light from outside. His muscles were sore from sleeping in an awkward position most of the night, but his face felt oddly warm. He pushed himself up and shifted so he was sitting straight up on the bed. The morning sunlight pushed through Dream's windows and cast great shadows on the bed enunciating the details of Dream's room. The boy rubbed his eyes and looked towards where Dream was supposed to be sleeping.

However, when he looked there was no one there. He frowned and threw the blankets over the bed seeing the bed sheets were empty of anyone being there. Though they were warm, fresh with the memory of the person laying down. He threw his legs over the side of the bed and leaped up looking around the bedroom.

*Where did Dream go?*

That was the only thought on his mind. He hadn't expected the sick Florida man to get up in the middle of the night...not by himself. It was always impossible to get out of bed half asleep...and when he was sick? Well it's not that George didn't think it was impossible to pull himself out of bed...he just didn't think Dream could do it.

He walked out of the bedroom, shuffling in his pajama pants down the hallway. He stopped to look in the bathroom...but there was no one. He was starting to panic, and many thoughts started to enter his head.

*What if he went out for a walk and he collapsed and didn't come back? What if somebody broke in and hurt him? What if he was kidnapped?* George didn't understand why he was so worried about Dream all of a sudden. It wasn't like the guy couldn't handle himself. He wobbled down the rest of the hall, his body not fully awake and stable to be running.

He practically slid around the corner when he saw two bodies on the couch. He relaxed when he recognized the other two boys sitting together fast asleep. Dream was leaned back against the other boy with his arms crossed, his head on Sapnap's shoulder. Sapnap had his head leaned back so his head was facing the ceiling. His hands were at his side and he was slouched like Dream was.

George smiled seeing the two were safe and okay. His mind had run way to fast for early in the morning. He heard a quiet mew from directly behind him and he looked behind him to see the tabby cat, stretching her long body out in order to wake up. He chuckled and knelt down reaching out and holding his hand still. Patches looked at him with big green eyes before nuzzling against his open palm. George rubbed behind her ears being comforted by her small purrs.

"You hungry Patches?" He asked and the cat meowed in return.

George and his new friend traveled to the kitchen. The boy let out a yawn and grabbed the cat food from where he saw Dream put it. He carried it over to the cat bowl and poured it in as slowly and quietly as he possibly could so he could avoid waking up his friends in the next room. Once Patches had fresh water and food, George left the kitchen and cast another look at the sleepy boys on the couch.

He wondered what Dream had been hiding from him and Sapnap yesterday when they first arrived.

He cautiously crept back into Dreams room and crossed to the other side of the bed where the towel was laying on the floor. George knelt down on the floor beside it and thought back to what Dream blamed it on.

*I just spilled my drink.* Yes, that's what he said.

However, George was suspicious because as far as he was concerned, Dream had been drinking only water for the past few days. He peeled up the towels and stared at the dark reddish-brown stain on the carpet. His eyes narrowed.

*Well that isn't water.* George was no detective, but he figured the closest drink to match that size of stain was coffee and he knew Dream was caffeine intolerant and avoided the drink. So if it wasn't coffee...then maybe it wasn't a drink at all. He could just remember Dream collapsing during the stream...talking about his nosebleed...when he started coughing. He fell backwards, pushing away from the stain once he realized what it was.

"Holy shit." He murmured with wide eyes.

This was most certainly Dream's blood soaked into the carpet...it must've dried into the carpet over some time to stick. That wasn't what bothered George...what bothered him was how big the stain was. So much blood had to have been lost.

He threw the towels back over top of the floor, standing quickly and scrambling to the bathroom. He didn't care if he wasn't being quiet anymore. Anything to get the image out of his head. He leaned over the sink and splashed water on his face, trying not to be sick.

He stared at his reflection, watching the water droplets fall down his cheeks and slide down his jaw. The reality clicked in his head and he opened the medicine cabinet with such force that he probably could've ripped it off its hinges.

He grabbed around for the specific medicine he was looking for...and once his hands grasped the box, he knew he had found it. He pulled out the medicine and stared at the title.

"Coenzyme q10..." he murmured and read the back to try and find what the medicine was used for. It mostly made sense. "Used to regulate blood pressure, strengthen the immune system..." He carried on. On the other treatments on the bottom, some read internal and external bleeding. He pulled out the other medicine in the cabinet and frantically read the bottles.

*Medication for Treating Hemoptysis, flu symptoms, cholesterol levels, muscle weakness, coughing...*

George was shocked at the amount of medicine that was in his best friend's cabinet. This wasn't stuff taken for a regular flu...this was the stuff found in some old persons medicine shelf. This was serious. He shoved the medicine back in the cabinet out of guilt for going through Dream's things without permission. However, the haunting feeling that Dream really did lie to him and Sapnap stayed in his mind.

The thought of anything bad happening to Dream twisted his heart in his chest. He felt horrible but also an overwhelming urge to want to keep him safe emerged. He tried to focus on getting ready for the day. He stripped down and jumped into the shower, the feeling of warm water falling over his pale skin, relaxed the tension that had been building in his muscles over that morning. He closed his eyes and tried to think about anything else...

...But his mind always went back to Dream.



After George got out of the shower, he ruffled the back of his hair to try and get rid of some of the water before changing into fresh clothes. The bathroom mirror was fogged up of course so George wiped it down with his towel. His eyes cast down to the tiled floor and he spotted something white in the corner behind the toilet. He knelt down and reached out for the pill bottle.

He grasped the small bottle and stared at the words. "Estazolam..." he read out loud. Underneath the title read the words 'sleep medication'.

George grinned and stood up setting the pill bottle down on the sink. He was just grateful he could help Dream out and really commit to helping him. He felt useless so far in helping the younger. Maybe he could bring him some relief after last night when he showed him this. George pulled on a t-shirt and jeans and grabbed the pill bottle heading back to the kitchen.

He sat the bottle on the counter and looked around to find something to distract himself with while the other two boys slept. He glanced at the clock and recognized that it was around 7:30. His stomach growled, and he figured he could make a good breakfast for them when they woke up.

Patches joined him as he bustled around the kitchen to make something good with what he had and put away some of the treats he brought from the Uk in the pantry and fridge.

He explored whatever Dream had...which was quite a bit. Apparently, Dream hadn't been eating much here...which was reasonable since he was in the hospital for a few days. But George had the sneaking suspicion that Dream might've been skipping meals for a while before they even planned the trip. He sighed and pulled out the rest of the food he needed and hunted down the supplies hidden in Dream's kitchen. Trying not to think too much into all the medicine, the blood and Dream himself.

Usually he would stream in order to distract himself or talk to his friends...but unfortunately, his equipment was at home, his friends were asleep, and he only had himself for a distraction.

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George was frying eggs on the stove; the crackling and popping was the only thing that could be heard. George popped his ankle and placed his hand on his hip to support his weight. He hummed lightly enjoying how peaceful it was early in the morning. He kicked his leg back and forth loosely out of pure adrenaline. He was finally starting to stop worrying about that morning's events.

All of a sudden, he felt hot breath touch his neck. He could feel the looming presence of someone leaning over his shoulder. He looked up to see Dream with sleepy sick eyes staring at his cooking.

"Whatcha doing?" He asked curiously.

George tried not to flush too hard, his heart was beating drastically in his chest. He could feel it pounding against his rib cage and gulped before shooting a smile the male's way.

"Uh making breakfast. What does it look like I'm doing?" He raised his eyebrows and sent him a weird look. Dream turned to look at him and George pulled his head away only slightly, so they're faces were close to each other but not touching. It was a very close distance, that made George's heart leap into his heart against his wishes. His eyes betrayed him and moved down to the other boys' lips. But almost as quickly as they traveled down, they looked back up to his eyes. He pursed his lips and broke their comfortable gaze.

"Your breath stinks." He muttered and Dream rolled his eyes backing away from him with a blush.

"Gee thanks." He replied and started to walk away to the bathroom. George suddenly remembered something.

"Oh Dream!" He called for his attention and the tall man turned around to look at him. George grabbed the pill bottle and tossed it to him underhanded. "Found these behind the toilet."

A pleased smile grew on Dream's face and he looked at George gratefully. "Thanks George." He said.

George had to look away to hide his blushing face as he heard Dream walk away to the bathroom. He focused on finishing breakfast.

As he made the plates of food and placed bread in the toaster, he grabbed the apples from the fridge and began to slice them, munching on one of the apples as he went along. Dream came back and slid into the stool watching George.

While the older boy could see him staring at him out of the corner of his eye. He couldn't understand the look in his eyes. It wasn't like the chaotic Dream he listened to all the time over a mic. His eyes were soft and there was something different there that George couldn't really define.

As soon as he looked up, Dream averted his gaze on instinct. George picked up a plate and placed it in front of Dream.

"Looks pretty good." Dream said and poked it. "You sure you didn't poison it or something?" He cast a suspicious glare with an easy-going smile on his face.

George only rolled his eyes. "Yep I'm now an evil witch." He said sarcastically. They both chuckled as George ate another apple slice. He swallowed and finally picked up some courage.

"Hey Dream?" He asked avoiding his gaze. Dream looked up at him cautiously. George took a deep breath. This was it. This was where he could finally talk to Dream about what he had seen. He opened his mouth and spoke.

"I was looking around and I-" He started. Too bad he didn't get to finish.

"WOAH GEORGE DID YOU COOK?" Sapnap startled George out of his thoughts and he jumped.

"Sapnap don't yell this early in the morning!" George argued completely forgetting about what he wanted to ask Dream.

"Yeah yeah wheres my food?" He asked teasingly and George handed him the plate. A new question popped into his mind.

"Hey Dream, how did you get onto the couch with Sapnap last night?" He asked curiously.

A sudden new air filled the room and the two other boys exchanged an odd uncomfortable look. George frowned suddenly wondering if it was more serious than he thought.

"Well..." Dream started. "I woke up in the middle of the night from a nightmare." George could tell he was choosing his words very carefully because he seemed anxious and kept stealing glances at Sapnap. "I walked out to sit on the balcony, and I may or may not have called Bad." Dream said with a nervous laugh.

George frowned. "You called Bad in the middle of the night?"

"Yeah and Sapnap heard so he woke up and we talked." He said and sipped the water that George had just passed to him.

"Oh and Bad might be flying down today." Sapnap added on with a grin.

George shook his head trying to gather his thoughts. "Woah woah woah." He said trying to slow them down. "Bad is now coming down here?" He questioned. "Why would he do that?" George noticed how Dream visibly paled and stumbled with an answer.

"The same reason we flew down George, duh." Sapnap covered for Dream easily.

George shrugged seeming to buy the explanation but was still curious over Dream's body language. The multitude of questions returned. *Why did he avoid my gaze consistently? Why does he look kinda sad? What else did they talk about last night?*

"Whatever." He said slightly annoyed and then smiled looking down at his cup. "It will be nice to see Bad though."

They all agreed and went back to eating, sharing jokes together and waking up for the morning. George offered to do the dishes again for the morning and the other boys took turns with the shower. George turned back around spotting Dream's phone on the counter.

*He probably has some messages on there to Bad...*

His eyes widened when he realized he was about to break the privacy and trust of his best friend. He didn't understand what was wrong with himself! Why the hell did this bother him so badly? He just knew something was wrong with Dream, but he wasn't allowed to say anything?

The situation made him frustrated. He looked out the window as it started raining again. Bad was gonna be here by today, maybe he could ask him what the conversation consisted of. Whatever it was, he couldn't exactly talk to Dream. The younger boy seemed to clamp up if he brought up anything about it.

*Guess I gotta play detective a bit longer.* He thought to himself as he scrubbed the dishes.

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The whole day had been slow. Dream announced Bad was on his way down to them. They must've sat on the couch for half the day just goofing off and watching movie to keep themselves busy. But then chores needed to be done around the house and by the time they started it was already late in the afternoon. Sapnap started off vacuuming while George and Dream tag teamed on cleaning the place up and keeping everything straightened up (despite George's protests saying that Dream needed more rest).

While they were in the middle of cleaning, Dream felt his legs begin to wobble. And suddenly he buckled and tumbled forward, catching himself on the counter last second. George spun around quickly to help him up.

"Dream please go sit down." He said quietly but urgently.

Dream felt defeated, he knew somehow that George was catching on and it scared him badly. He had been thankful for Sapnap buying him some more time but as soon as they had left George to clean the dishes, they exchanged private words about the problem.

Dream was absolutely terrified of telling George, he had admitted those feelings to Sapnap. All of a sudden it felt more real. Even more than before. If George was angry with him for not telling him for so long, he probably would die quicker than just a week.

"I'm fine George how many times do I have to tell you?" He joked and used his elbow to cover his

mouth as a sickening cough emerged.

"Dream you aren't fine. I know you well enough to know your lying to me. I want to be able to help you...I haven't been able to do much for you since I've been here." The older boy said and lifted him with his hand.

Dream looked shocked. "George are you fucking kidding me?" He asked absolutely taken aback by the boys lack of feeling of accomplishment. "Ever since you got here you've been nothing but helpful. Your worrying about me, taking care of some of the chores, you found my sleeping pills and...and you helped me last night. I could've had a breakdown but you were by my side and you didn't leave me...even if it may have ended uncomfortably for you..." He faded off referring to their awkward position.

George met his eyes. "It wasn't uncomfortable..." He said not really realizing the words that came out of his mouth. "It was kinda nice..."

They stared at each other, a repeat of that morning. Dream felt his face go red and he was anxious for whatever George had to say next. The shorter boy lowered his voice so Sapnap couldn't hear over the vacuum.

"Dream..." George started. "...I want you to be okay, but I feel like you're keeping something from me..."

Dream shook his head and looked away too obviously. "I'm not hiding anything..." He said softly. "I promise George."

George pursed his lips and nodded his head with a tight smile.

"Okay." George said uncertainly.

*Liar.* Dream thought.

The silence was tense and awkward for the first time between them and George started to move away from Dream, a sad look on his face.

Dream watched him feeling regretful and suddenly reached out and grabbed his hand pulling him back towards him. "Wait George!" He said and George turned to look back at him with a tilt of his head.

"Yes?" He asked and moved closer. Dream could tell he was hyper focused on his words because George hadn't dropped his hand yet out of embarrassment. And he could tell because he was too weak to really hold his hand back. The eagerness was blatant in his eyes.

"There is something I want to tell you but..." He stumbled over his own words as George moved even closer.

"It's alright Dream just say what's on your mind!" George said not being able to contain his curiosity.

"I...uh..." Dream stuttered for once. *How do you say I love you in this situation?* He thought. "George...I..."

A knock sounded at the door and they both simultaneously dropped their hands and spun towards the door. Dream was almost thankful for the interruption. Even Sapnap stopped vacuuming to peek his head around the corner of the hallway.

Dream walked away from George a blushing mess and looked out the front door peephole. His face suddenly broke into a relieved smile when he saw who was outside. George and Sapnap approached behind him, George standing by his shoulder and Sapnap behind them both.

Dream opened the door revealing the familiar male with a joyful relieved smile and a suitcase. His whole jacket was soaked in the rain and his glasses were fogged up. The man's grin widened when he saw the three of them.

"I hope you don't mind...I did bring some muffins for the muffin tiers get together." He said rubbing the back of his neck with a sweet smile.

The boy's faces burst into humongous grins and they tackled the man in hugs shouting his name.

"Bad!"

And suddenly all the anxiety was gone! It seemed he really did have that effect on people...

## Chapter End Notes

More of a filler episode with harmless pining and George becoming a lil detective leading to the real question...who will confront the other first? George or Dream? Which confession will come first? I'll let you guys try to predict that yourselves! Also Bad is here ready to bring his advice to the situation and I'm so ready to showcase his bond with everyone in the next chapters!

This was definitely a break from those last two heart crushing episodes. I can't say I'm entirely happy with it since I'm so exhausted tonight finishing this at two in the morning but I wanted to get something to you regardless! I love you guys sm and thank you for the support! <3333

## Entry 10: Bruises

### Chapter Notes

WARNING! THERE ARE SOME MINOR DEPRESSIVE THEMES AHEAD!  
and yes I included a little easter egg for the fic seven minutes in heaven, but its seven days in florida...I couldn't help myself.

As for writing I'm not super happy with this chapter but hopefully I'll get better with the last few! Once again I wrote this late at night aka early morning so if theres something wrong or a typo, let me know and I'll fix it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After Bad arrived, he had been equally surprised by how Dream looked. The boys put the chores on pause just to help him get settled in. They helped put away his stuff in Dream's room. Once or twice Bad glanced at the towel laid out on Dream's floor and would exchange a look at Dream curiously. Dream just shook his head quickly as if to say, *Not now*.

Patches was back to laying comfortably on Dream's bed and every time he looked at her, he found himself wanting to cuddle up and go to sleep, maybe he'd wake up and everything was a bad dream. He could go back to the streams and videos. He could speed run all day as long as he had energy. He could talk with his friends through most of the night...screw up his sleep schedule even farther.

He just wanted things to go back to normal. Maybe he would tell George his feelings on a happy meeting...maybe he would've met him at the airport himself...maybe the three of them could've gone to the beach together, maybe they could've played laser tag or gone to the aquarium. Hell, the fourth of July was in another week...they could've been together for it. Maybe it could've been a happy ending.

He wanted to slap himself.

*I still have some time!* He thought to himself. Sometime to make it all right.

But it didn't feel like enough.

He could've told George right there before Bad came in. He could've told him everything...but he found terror clenching his heart and the feeling of his lungs draining of air as he looked at his face. He had thought it was hard telling Bad and Sapnap but when it came to George, he was constantly reminded of what he would lose the chance on. A life with him. He found himself watching the older boy putting some of Bad's clothes in the closet with the others and then turning to talk to him.

Everything about him made him want to walk over and pull him into a hug that would last forever...to tell him he loved him. To just know that they both cared about each other so deeply that he would never have to worry if George was just kidding. He just wanted to know...

*Dream this is all a little weird?*

He could hear his inner doubts taking George's voice and using it to twist his heart cruelly in his

chest. He watched Sapnap sit on the bed to pet Patches while speaking to Bad about how the fans were doing on stream.

Dream took a few steps backwards towards the door almost stumbling. He turned around feeling heat rise in his cheeks and a sickening itch in his throat beginning to build.

"Dream?" George asked and the boy looked at the other. "Where are you going?" His face was narrow as if he was pondering something, or...analyzing Dream.

"I need more water." Dream said as a lame excuse. The others watched him go without giving much of a fight. Dream couldn't help but notice Bad and Sapnap's faces as he turned around. *Curiosity.*

Dream walked past the bathroom hearing George and Sapnap talking about what some fans were saying on twitter. He didn't hear Bad's voice anymore but that was probably because he was directly behind him. He felt his hand rest on his shoulder, and he turned around to see the tall man staring at him with sad hazel eyes behind the glasses.

He took a step closer, but Dream avoided his gaze and backed away feeling the guilt strike just by looking at him. It was silent but it didn't take long for Bad to wrap his arms around the boy anyway who buried his face into his shoulder and accepted the hug finally, letting Bad hold some of his weight. The only sound emerging from the two of them was a shaky breath from the younger as he let the impact and warmth of the embrace soak in. He closed his eyes feeling Bad ruffle his hair lightly.

They stayed in that position for a while, mostly because neither of them wanted to let go because they felt that if they did, the other would just disappear. The muffled voices of their friends still buzzing with chatter in the background didn't seem to disturb the atmosphere they had.

When the cough rose up and started to choke Dream, he pulled away quite quickly and used his elbow to cough. His whole body shaking. He could hear George and Sapnap fall silent from his bedroom just for a second before resuming their conversation. Dream looked up at Bad, the bleak feeling creeping up into his eyes.

"Bad-" he started but the older man just shook his head.

"Outside..." His voice was gentle and soothing, and Dream nodded following him out onto the balcony. Bad held the door open for him before shutting it.

Dream let his arms fall over the plastic bars of the balcony. The clouds above them were brighter than they usually were but the forecast called for more rainy days in the coming days. He stared down at the palm trees on islands in the parking lot and the cars parked beneath them.

"It's crazy dangerous up here." He said darkly. "These plastic bars wobble and don't prevent anything..."

Bad stood beside him, watching his best friend staring at the ground with a sort of interest.

"It's really easy for them to break...." He stretched out his hand, reaching for the ground as if he was reaching for his own demise. "...And so much easier to fall." The last part came out in a whisper.

Bad's eyes widened and he grabbed Dream by the shirt collar to pull him back. Dream let out a sharp gasp and grabbed a hold of the balcony to keep his balance.

"What the hell Bad? It's not like I was going to do anything!" He argued, his green eyes sharpening as he rubbed his neck and looked at the man.

"That wasn't what I saw." Bad said quietly staring at him like a hawk. "You start off the conversation like that and you may not have noticed but you were leaning over that edge way farther than what was safe."

Dream opened his mouth for a snapping comment but the look in Bad's eyes silenced him.

"Did they give you antidepressants?" Bad asked carefully. "Or is this feeling...new?" Dream frowned and looked away, obviously in denial.

"I'm not depressed Bad." He said refusing to acknowledge those words.

"Dream you sounded so obviously upset over the phone...you're going through this thing that's really hard to deal with...and I just watched you hang over the balcony with a weird looks on your face..." he said looking genuinely scared. "Maybe you weren't moving but the way you talked...I really thought you just wanted to jump."

Dream looked at the edge once more and sat down in the same chair he had the other night ready to relive the talk.

"I'm sorry Bad...I'm not myself." He said in a hushed voice. "I told Sapnap...and it was so fucking hard. Now I have to tell George but...I keep telling him I'm fine so many times. I've already hidden it from him longer than I should have and the guilt is eating me from the inside...maybe I just thought for a second how easy it would be to just...avoid it all."

As much as Dream talked on the camera, he was terrible with some emotional confrontations...either he got too angry or too sensitive. Either way it would end up a mess that would hurt him even more. At that moment it seemed the pavement was more welcoming to the pain that would come when he finally spoke up.

Bad sat down and didn't say anything. He just nodded his head to let Dream know he was listening so the boy could continue.

"Every time I look at him, I can just imagine his face when I tell him...and it's not something I want to see." He ran his fingers through his dirty blonde hair and tried to catch the breath he didn't even realize he had been building up when he spoke. "And anything sounds better than having to see him be like that or to even hear.... that maybe he doesn't care."

"Dream do you even hear what you're saying?" Bad asked him, leaning forward in his chair and brought himself closer to the boy. "You'd rather.... you'd rather think about doing whatever your thinking then telling the truth!" Whoever said Bad wasn't as kind in real life was dead wrong. Dream could see the look of pain and sadness in his eyes and it was so undeniable that all he could hear was Bad's tears on the other side of the phone. "It doesn't make sense...you'd only hurt him and yourself more..." he whispered. "Please don't think about things like that Dream please."

Dream didn't answer but nodded his head solemnly. They both know that he can't make promises of thoughts that spiral uncontrollably in his mind.

"I know you...have feelings for George, Dream." He said quietly. Dream's head snapped up and the anxiety returned.

"Did Sapnap-" He started already getting angry at the thought of his close friend betraying his trust overnight.



"-Tell me? No" Bad said. "I just always kinda knew for a while...and that reaction definitely proved my point." He laughed creating a sweet lighthearted moment but Dream rubbed his arm. "I'm good at seeing these things Dream."

"Yeah yeah, well...the feelings really don't help me telling him I'll be gone in maybe a few more days." Dream replied curtly with a sour look on his face.

"No... but they should give you a reason to." Bad added on with a relaxed smile. Dream frowned not exactly understanding, so Bad continued. "If you love him so much, then why do you choose to prolong the inevitable?" There was a brief pause allowing Dream time to think.

"I told you Bad, I don't want to see him sad...and I definitely don't want him to think that me telling him that I love him will make everything have some stupid happy ending." Dream reached for words...but suddenly his own thoughts didn't seem to make sense. He was just confusing himself with so many doubts and what if situations that only bad ends existed in his mind.

***You think of negatives in life and how it will make them suffer when your alive...what about when your gone?***

The words from his dreams came back to him in an instant and he buried his head in his hands groaning.

*How did I already forget?* He thought.

***You said you weren't ready to go but you've already been prepared for death.***

"Dream, I know it's hard." Bad said. "But you said it yourself...you don't have much time left."

***Your letting yourself fade because you don't believe anything can help you now.***

"Soon I'm sure something bad will happen and you'll end up in the hospital and some doctor will end up saying it instead of you and then what will George think? You lied to him till the very end...you'll regret it." Bad warned hesitantly trying to catch the others dazed green eyes in his gaze.

Puzzle pieces clicked together in Dream's brain as he connected the dots to some meaning...but the picture was faded and not fully put together. There was just one piece missing. And Dream was struggling trying to figure it out.

"Dream!" Bad yelled pulling the younger from his thoughts where he was rubbing his neck self consciously.

"What?" He asked and felt Bad grab his hand and pull it away from his neck. "Hey!"

"Stop squirming...you have something on your neck." Bad said in a motherly tone and stared at the neck. Dream tried to distinguish the look on his face. It was confusion and then something twisted and it was...fear?

"Dream roll up your shirt." Bad demanded and Dream was taken aback.

"Bad what's wrong?" He asked curiously.

"Stand up and roll up your shirt and then you'll see!" Bad snapped and Dream complied, standing to roll up his shirt.

When he looked down at his shirt, he let out a gasp. There were bruises all over his

torso...stretching up to his chest like tiny fingerprints pressing into his skin and leaving bits of purple and black behind. He twisted his head around and they were at the base of his back as well. He didn't even realize how he hadn't noticed it when he was changing...maybe he was too lost in his own thoughts to even notice. He let the shirt fall back down over his bruised body.

"B-But I haven't really ran into anything." He stuttered trying to comprehend how his body could look like that.

"Hang on...just wait here I'll be right back." Bad said covering his mouth from the gruesome sight. He disappeared inside the apartment. Dream realized how badly he was shaking at the sight and felt like throwing up...instead of throwing up, he only felt himself cough roughly. His throat was on fire. He collapsed back into the chair and leaned his head back breathing heavily.

His heart was beating in a strange rhythm, one that surely wasn't normal. He rolled up his shirt and looked at the bruises yet again casting a new color on his paling skin. He pressed his finger down on one and felt the pressure build up in pain. He whimpered lightly and pulled his hand away leaning his head back in the chair and trying to steady his breathing.

*Don't panic Dream...it's just a few bruises. Maybe you got them from falling.* He reassured himself.

He heard the sliding door open and Bad came out followed by Sapnap. He thrust the shirt down looking panicked and tilting his head at the door as Bad closed it.

"George is finishing vacuuming." Sapnap reassured and Dream gulped lifting his shirt.

Sapnap cringed in disgust and nodded. "Yeah thats not good..." He muttered. Dream looked at him with a frown.

"How would you know?" He asked with anxiety on the tip of his tongue.

Sapnap looked at him. "I've heard about stuff like this in school." He said. "It's like if you internally bleed a lot or your blood vessels burst...or something...your skin starts to gather bruises from it that show on the outside."

Dream dropped his shirt and let his head fall back putting his hands to his face.

"This is what I get for not finishing highschool I guess. Have I not been messed with enough?" He asked the air through gritted teeth.

Sapnap and Bad exchanged a look before turning their attention back to Dream. "Dream maybe we should call the doctor." Bad encouraged.

"It doesn't hurt that bad honestly..." He reassured. "Listen..." Dream said. "I know I'm being stupid for making this as long as it could possibly be...you don't have to remind me." He stood up slowly and clutched his stomach look at his two friends. "But if I go to that hospital now then I know I won't ever come back out...and I need more time." He argued.

Bad's face hardened. "Your being ridiculous, this is dangerous Dream. You could..." He started but Dream finished.

"Die? Yeah I know...going to the hospital won't make a difference." He said eyeing them down intensely. Silence stretched over the group.

Sapnap looked between the two with and uncomfortable grimace on his face. It felt so wrong to be forcing them to make a decision like this...but Dream knew that unless he was in a great pain...then

the hospital didn't need to look after him.

The sliding door opened, and everybody dropped their stand off to look at George who was looking between the three of them curiously.

"What's going on out here?" He asked and Dream shrugged his shoulders.

"We were just talking about what to do tomorrow." He responded but this time it wasn't even like he bothered to try and cover up with the usual mask of happiness. Instead it sounded so monotone and weak that George looked more concerned if anything.

Dream pushed past George...with little to no force...and went to his room slamming the door shut and collapsing onto his bed. He huddled up under the blankets and pulled them to his chin wanting to stay away from the group for a little while. The depressing thoughts came back in no time and Patches made her way up to Dream, cuddling into him so he could try and relax the fast beating heart.

*I can't do anything but push them away...why do I insist on keeping them away... Where is the last puzzle piece?* He wondered to himself and stayed in his own haunted thoughts for the few minutes he had to himself.

Time sure did pass slowly.

His door slowly creaked open and then shut quietly. He could hear soft footsteps on the carpeted floor and then the bed weight shift as someone sat beside him.

"Dream..." George said softly causing Dream to pull his blankets up over his face in order to avoid the boys piercing gaze.

"We need to talk."

## Chapter End Notes

We all know Dream is being stubborn and stupid...so much so he knows it as well but hes prolonging himself being in the hospital as much as possible...and even though he did make a promise that he would try to fight, its waaaaay harder than it seems. Hope you enjoy the cliffhanger cause the next chapter is the thing you've all been waiting for ;)

## Entry 11: Remember...?

### Chapter Notes

Angst ahead...long chapter...But finally you get something out of these two boyos.  
Thank you sm for the support so far guys, its been tremendous and so heart warming. I  
can't help but be grateful! <3333

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George came into his friends' room and stared at the lump hiding under the bed sheets. He held a few crackers wrapped in a napkin and walked into the room sitting beside Dream on the bed, clearly noticing the clump tense up.

"Dream, we need to talk." George said softly.

When there was no response, George leaned over his friends' body and tapped his side.

"Dream? Are you listening?" He asked and narrowed his eyes holding out the napkin. "I brought you some crackers to eat...I noticed you picking around your food at lunch."

Dream let out a grumble and George smiled at the lump poking him in the side trying to irritate him. "C'mon Dream...at least look at me?"

The small tuft of light hair peeked out from beneath the blankets and George sighed dramatically leaning back against the bed post and let one leg dangle off the bed while the other was tucked underneath his bottom.

"Dreeeeeeaaaaammmmm" He singsonged and looked at the male's hair unmoving. He could also see Patches tail peeking out from beneath the blankets and he just knew the two were cuddling. He raised his hand and reached over placing his hand on Dream's head and twirling his strands of hair absentmindedly. He stared toward him with a dazed smile not even realizing what he was doing.

"George?" Dream suddenly murmured. "Are you pulling my hair?" George looked at him with raised eyebrows and pursed his lips.

"Do you really mind? I'll stop if you talk to me." George covered for himself smoothly. Dream was silent as if thinking to himself what he wanted to say next.

"You know what? I don't mind it that much." He retorted smartly causing George to roll his eyes. He was here for answers...not to lose to his stubborn best friend. He would make sure of that.

The older boy grabbed the blankets and ripped them off Dream causing Patches to slip away out of fear...and there was Dream, arms hugged up to his chest, head bowed, and legs halfway pulled to his chest. George's heartbeat faster at the sight of him. He gulped and tugged at the collar of his own shirt, nervously taking a breath. He picked up the crackers where he sat them and leaned his arm over to set them in front of Dream's face on the pillow, but Dream rolled over slightly to look at him just as he put his hand down causing him to tumble forward.

He let out a sharp gasp and collapsed on Dream chest. He could hear a groan of pain coming from Dream and he sat up blushing profusely and apologizing repeatedly. Dream chuckled and waved it

off. It was just a quick moment, but it made George's head jump into a panicked rush. Dream sat up on the and George faces him with his arms crossed directly in his lap. The red blush dusted his pale cheeks and he looked down towards the bedsheets.

He felt the napkin fall into his chest and he frowned, his head shooting up to look at the male in front of him. Dream stared at him with blank eyes.

"I don't really want to eat." He admitted solemnly. George took the wrapped-up pouch and shoved it right back at him.

"Dream you have to eat something." He said softly and placed the napkin back into his lap.

"No." Dream persisted pushing back.

"Dream!" George shouted feeling the crackers inside the rolled-up napkin crumble inside.

"I don't want them!" Dream covered his mouth like a child and looked away.

"Oh my god.... your acting like a child!" George tried to pry the boy's hands away from his mouth and the two of them struggled for a bit, wrestling on the bedsheets to get Dream to just shut up and accept the help.

"Get off me George!" Dream cried out and his arms pinwheeled backwards as George tried to keep his hands away from his mouth.

"Stop being a brat! I'm stronger than you are right now!" George shouted and felt Dream grab his wrist. The two of them tumbling off the bed in a heaping mess on the floor with George leaning over Dream. The two were breathing heavily and Dream rubbed his forehead with a groan of pain.

"That hurt..." He muttered and George met his eyes directly above him. *Not again.* He thought to himself. He stared at the other boy with such uncertainty that he was sure Dream could spot his panic clear as day.

Dream looked up at him intently. A sort of sad grin on his dry lips.

"George? Are you fading on me?" He asked and George shook his head a smile breaking out onto his face.

"I don't think so...I think you just lost." He said laughing and Dream pouted.

"Since when was this a competition?" Dream asked crossing his arms over his chest. George stood and helped him up with both hands.

"Since I made it one to begin with and completely proved I was stronger." He said as if it were glaringly obvious. Dream rolled his eyes.

"Yeah whatever." He mumbled and used George to steady himself as he stood up. George went to the bed and retrieved the rolled-up napkin.

"Now take it and eat." He said shoving it into Dream's hands and speaking with such authority.

Dream rolled his eyes and sat down on the bed, his face looking drained and upset. He looked away from George and held the napkin loosely. His hand collapsing in his lap.

"I'm afraid I'll throw up..." he said voicing his worries aloud. George frowned and sat beside him curiously looking at his face.

“What do you mean? You haven’t thrown up since we got here.” He reassured as best he could but Dream only shook his head.

“I don’t want to feel nauseous...and I don’t want to throw up in front of you guys and cause a scene...that’s really gross.” He looked self-conscious and kinda scared.

George let out a ‘pfft’ and rolled his eyes. “I’ve seen grosser things than throw up Dream.” He raised his hand to touch Dream’s shoulder but faded off remembering the blood stain on the floor by Dream’s bed. “Much worse things...” He retracted his hand and looked away. “Dream...are you afraid to throw up...blood?” He suddenly asked.

In the corner of his vision, Dream stared at him with such shock that George thought he might fall off the bed.

“W-what do you mean?” He asked in a nervous voice, his lips pressed in a thin line. George looked at him dead on and pointed at the towels on the carpet.

“Blood...Dream.” He repeated softly. “Throwing up blood.” Both went silent and George could tell Dream was reaching for some sort of explanation but coming up blank.

“I told you I s-spilled my drink.” The younger said nervously and coughed, covering his mouth when the violent hack came. George pursed his lips before standing angrily and walking over to the towel quickly, ripping it up off the floor quickly enough just to spite him. The copper stain stuck out like a sore thumb on the light carpet.

George couldn’t even look at because he was afraid, he’d throw up at the sight of it.

“That’s your blood Dream don’t try to deny it.” He said, a sudden built up hiss in his voice. He tried not to get too angry... he didn’t want Dream to feel the overwhelming sense of pain of seeing him yell. He also didn’t want Bad and Sapnap to come rushing in to see this. He wanted to confirm it with Dream before telling them. That much was for certain.

Dream stared at the crackers in his hands and George could see his Adam’s apple bob up and down. The frown permanently etched on his face. He looked like he had just seen a ghost and it made the older boy terrified.

“Dream.” He whispered more calmly. “Is this from the stream? The one before you went to the hospital?” He asked.

Dream was still for a moment, still avoiding George’s gaze. He nodded wordlessly and George let out a sharp breath of air. His heart hurting at the sight of Dream looking so sad and anxious.

“I-Is it actually blood?” Now he desperately wanted for it not to be true...he wanted Dream to tell him it was just coffee that he had knocked over. He didn’t want to hear that he had been hurt, sitting here. He didn’t want to hear how much blood he had actually lost.

Dream nodded again.

He held onto the desk to keep himself standing somewhat strongly. An insane amount of blood. That was not something that he wanted to see.

“Oh my god Dream...” He whispered. “And the medication...the pills.” He looked at him with wide sad eyes. “What’s going on? Why do you have so many?”

He walked over to him hurriedly and sat down beside him holding his bandaged hand in front of

him. "What really happened to your hand...what's really going on?" He asked with a scared determination flickering in his brown eyes.

Dream looked at him with glassy eyes and his lips slightly parted. "I really don't want to tell you." He said softly. "It could only hurt you more."

George sat up all of a sudden. "What could possibly hurt more than you not telling me what's going on Dream?" He asked with his brain spinning in a rage. "Clearly your keeping secrets and that's not what we do!"

He knelt in front of him. "You're my best friend...you can tell me...I swear you can. Please don't keep things from me. It only hurts me more that you don't want to tell me, and it hurts you more because I can't help you." He pointed out.

For once the boy sounded completely desperate...if Dream wasn't giving off so many bad signals than maybe this wouldn't be the case. But Dream was definitely a mess, and something was going on.

"George...I'm really sorry." He said looked down at George who stared up at him curiously. George moved back to sitting beside him. The bed barely made a creak when he sat down but he said nothing else hoping Dream would just spit it out.

Dream clutched the napkin in his hand and covered his eyes with his messed-up hand, probably so he wouldn't show his eyes. Without saying a word, he lifted his hand to point at the wall behind them.

"There used to be a mirror there..." He said quietly still making sure to avoid eye contact. "...And I smashed it with my hand on the same day I went on stream with you."

George's eyes widened and he turned to face the back wall with a frown. Sure enough there was a faded light on the wall like something had sat there for ages and was now gone. He slowly turned back around to look at Dream's bad hand and pulled it away from his eyes. He wanted Dream to look at him when he told this story.

Dream sucked in a harsh breath through his teeth and looked at George, letting his hand fall to his side. He looked guilty. That's all George could take off of him. He looked so terrified of George that he stopped breathing.

"G-George I didn't mean to lie to you." He said with his voice breaking in a stutter. Tears dotted his eyes threatening to roll down his cheeks. George shifted closer and looked at him crying, his hand automatically going to his, even if it was broken.

"Hey...hey...its okay.... just tell me whats going on. It can't be worse than smashing your hand in a mirror, right?" George asked trying to give him a supportive smile to ease his worried. Dream shook his head furiously and looked down, a dry sob breaking through the mask.

"No..It's worse." He whispered and set aside the crackers. "I- I just- really- I really..." He stuttered and panicked, his breathing quickening. George could sense he was panicking. His chest was rising and falling unnaturally, his breathing was quick and irregular like he could not get enough air. It pained George to hear.

"Dream...Dream...breathe...okay just take a second to breathe." George held Dream's hand with the hand that was farthest away while he used his closer hand to resume what he had done the night before. He rubbed slow circles on Dream's back...only this time Dream seemed to flinch at the

touch.

“It looks like you take this as seriously as your speed running.” George joked causing a thin smile to appear on Dream who tried to laugh through heavy breathing. George tried to laugh along with him...but it was hard considering how scared Dream was making him.

“I-I lied when I said it was the flu.” He said and bunched his shoulders up to his chin. “It’s worse than the flu.”

George went still and stopped tracing circles on Dream’s back. “How serious?” He asked coolly.

Dream looked at him and shook his head. “G-George I didn’t mean too...”

“Dream....H-how serious?” He asked more harshly than before.

Dream didn’t answer him so George fumbled for what the possible answer could be.

“I-is it some kind of disease?” He asked. Dream nodded and George felt his heart stop. He knew Dream wasn’t going to give him an outright answer, so he kept asking more questions.

“Well is it temporary?” Dream paused and then shook his head no. George felt his breathing quicken with Dreams.

“Is it chronic?” Dream looked up at the ceiling as if it would magically dry his eyes and stop him from crying.

“S-sort of.” Dream responded with his voice barely raised above a whisper.

“What do you mean sort of? How long does it last?” George asked quickly, looking at him closer.

Dream finally looked at him in the eyes, his eyes wandering it the others murky depths.

“For maybe just a few more days...” He admitted. George wanted to tell him that was temporary... that it was fine. But the look in Dream’s eyes didn’t give him any hope. George furrowed his eyebrows and let his hands fall away.

“W-What happens in a few days?” He asked not wanting to believe what his own mind was telling him.

“George...” Dream whispered looking at him and reaching out for him. George pulled away quickly so Dream couldn’t touch him.

“Tell me!” He said loudly and Dream’s lip quivered. It was silent between them for a minute and Dream’s lips parted, his words passing through George like a cloud of ice.

“You know what happens...your thinking it right now.” He whispered and George shivered and looked away. His face scrunched up as he tried to hold back any emotions that had been buried deep down until now.

“Please say this is a prank...” He whispered and shook his head as tears welled up. He felt faint. “Dream please say its all a sick joke.”

Dream’s eyes cast down towards the ground, the unmistakable guilt stinking up the room. George found it hard to look at him. He stood up, his heart pounding in his chest, he could hear it in his ears.



“Your dying...” he whispered finally. “All the pills...the blood...and...” He covered his mouth. “Oh my god what if I hurt you badly earlier?” His mind was swirling with the thoughts of Dream being gone...before going back to how long he would’ve known in the first place.

Dream stood up quickly. “No George you didn’t hurt me I swear! You could never hurt me!” He held out his hands trying to steady the other male accept George lifted his hand up and placed it flat against Dream’s chest keeping him at a distance. He looked up at Dream, eyes wide and angry.

“So then why are you hurting me?” He asked angrily, his words coming out spiteful between his clenched teeth.

“Hurting you?” Dream asked confused. “How- When did I ever h-“

“Why did you lie to me, to all of us?” He spat angrily causing Dream to stumble back and sit on the bed lamely with his mouth opened wide. “Why didn’t you tell us as soon as you woke up in the hospital...or...or the night before you left...or even LAST NIGHT Dream! You could’ve told me last night; you could’ve told me before Bad came...you could’ve told us all!”

Dream stared at him eyes wide open in shock before biting his lip and casting his eyes down.

“...They already know...” He said softly awaiting George’s anger to strike again.

George was in shock, standing there. *I was the only one?*

“When?” He asked sharply.

“Last night...” Dream replied drawing off coughing again, his throat probably dry from so much talk.

*Oh.*

Dream was on the couch with Sapnap last night...Bad made sudden plans to visit...It all made sense.

“So you lied to us for days and when you told the others...you thought everything would be okay? You thought...’Oh I don’t need to tell George because he would just know after I’m already gone’, is that it?” His blood was boiling and while he told himself he should’ve gone easy on him the other half of him was fighting to stay angry...rather than shed tears and give Dream any sympathy.

Part of him wanted to just hug him and tell him he wasn’t mad, and he cared but...George was angry. He thought Dream trusted him. Clearly, he was wrong.

“But you had all the opportunities to tell me today...and you didn’t...” He relaxed his shoulders, finally allowing the tears to roll down his cheeks. “Were you ever going to tell me?” He whispered as the pain hit his heart like a knife stabbing into him.

Dream nodded immediately probably trying to save whatever they had left.

“I was I swear! But everytime I tried to...or...everytime I wanted to, I- I just couldn’t, and I didn’t know how.” He fought for the words to keep George there. Anything to keep George from walking out right now.

“But you could tell Sapnap? You could tell Bad?” He questioned looking so visibly pained and hurt. “You just couldn’t tell me? Why?” He wanted answers but he felt like he would never stop crying...he would never be able to look at him if this conversation continued and he got those

answers.

*Does Dream not care about what I think of him? Is it something I did? I thought he knew I cared.*

Doubts and worries spiraled through the older boy's head as Dream struggled to speak in front of him.

"I wanted to tell you George! I really did but its because...its because..." Dream faded off so easily that George shook his head disappointed and wiped his eyes, looking down at the ground.

"You should really eat..." he mumbled and turned to walk away. Dream caught his hand and tried to pull him back.

"George please hear me out!" He said hurriedly. "Please!"

George ripped his hand away easily and without looking at him left the room, slamming the door behind him. He stood still in the hallway; his hand gripped on the handle holding on.

*Should I turn around?*

He shook his head and looked back once before dropping his head and letting the handle slip from the palm of his cold hand.

*I'm sorry Dream but I need time to think...*

---

When George left Dream's room and went straight to the balcony, Bad and Sapnap both knew what had happened. However, George was too angry to look at either one of them. The only thing he could picture was them lying to him just as much as Dream did in the end.

He had slammed the sliding glass door shut and sat on the chair balling his hands into his hair and squeezing his eyes shut.

"Please..." He whispered. "Please just be a god damn dream..." His voice choked off with a sob and he pulled himself into his shell.

He never meant to get angry, but he just got carried away...he just wanted Dream to see he was wrong. In some selfish way he wanted him to feel guilty. But...

"My best friend is dying..." he muttered to himself having to hear it in order to truly believe that everything was real...that he was sitting here on Dream's balcony for the first and only time in his life. He would never hear his voice again, never see him happy and healthy, never play video games with him or talk to him when he just needed someone to listen...

*Never again...*

He let out a loud sob halfway caught in an angry yell. He wanted to tear his hair out. Instead he let his grip loosen, feeling strands of hair slip out from between his fingers and he slapped the back of his head repeatedly in an attempt to wake up.

George tried to picture a life without him...one devoid of his generally annoying presence. One without his easily pinpointed wheeze and giggles. A life without his friendly encouragement. Without his kindness and support. He could practically hear Dream's laughter echoing around his head and it only brought on more sad tears.

A life without Dream was a life George didn't want to picture.

After sitting outside for a while George noticed the sky darken as the sun set...the clouds were darkening and there was a brief rumble of thunder outside.

He stood up, arms and legs weak from tensing for too long. His face felt numb from the tears he had shed. He turned around and opened the sliding door. He moved inside sluggishly, and his eyes held a blank stare.

Bad and Sapnap quickly got up from where they were sitting at the counter and reached out to him.

“George!” Bad started but George shoved their hands away and moved past them to the couch. He collapsed on the sofa and leaned back.

The other two watched from a distance as George placed a clammy hand to his own forehead to cover his eyes and face. His lips parted only a bit. He didn’t look at the other two boys.

“Why would he tell you guys and not me?” He whispered. Bad and Sapnap exchanged a look. “I care about him...does he think otherwise?” He sat up. “I thought he understood...when we talked, I thought he understood.” His voice broke but he was empty of any tears.

“But he told you now right? So he does care!” Sapnap tried to put in only to receive a terrifying glare from the older boy.

“No Sapnap...I confronted him about it...only then he told me the shit he was hiding...and you all fucking knew, and you didn’t say anything?” He made a point to look incredibly angry with the both of them even if he couldn’t exactly find it in his heart to be entirely too mad.

“We wanted Dream to tell you...we also wanted to go to the hospital, but you know Dream...” Bad replied quietly leaning on the counter. “He’s stubborn and wanted to find the time to talk to you by himself.”

George scoffed and looked away shaking his head. “A time? Like when he’s dead?” He questioned with venom dripping off of his tongue.

Sapnap moved to sit in the rocking chair near George.

“We all don’t like this George...none of us do...but I can’t betray his trust...” Sapnap said softly staring at the older boy. “He’s dying and I forced him against his will to admit or do things...then what kind of person would I be?”

“A smart one.” George replied curtly and Sapnap rolled his eyes.

“Well yeah but then I’m just telling Dream I have no faith in him left. I’d feel awful” The younger boy folded his hands in front of him and pursed his lips. “I wanted him to at least try to talk things out with you before I did. Bad agreed.” He pointed out and Bad nodded from the side causing George to turn his glassy eyes to him in a firm glare.

“Did you let him try to explain to you why he didn’t tell you? At least?” Bad questioned and raised his eyebrow. George turned away and puffed out his cheeks.

“What could he possibly have in his defense?” He muttered.

“Well you never know unless you listen instead of talk...” Bad replied wisely and Sapnap grinned.

“I agree with Bad...maybe you should try talking to him again?” The youngest suggested and leaned forward in his seat giving an eager look towards the brunette.

George looked away. "I-I'm still thinking...I don't know if I want to see him right now." He admitted sadly. The other two nodded and Sapnap stood up.

"Let's just make dinner." He said. "We can heat up the soup Ella made for us. The three went into the kitchen and George cast a long look down the hallway where Dream's room was still closed.

He hoped for a second it might swing open and Dream would appear with a happy smile on his face to join them for dinner.

But nothing happened...

The door stayed shut, the room was silent, and George was still standing there looking on longingly.

He turned to join the others in making the meal and hoped things would change soon.

---

While they warmed up the soup and made dinner, Sapnap turned on the tv to watch the weather channel. They were calling for thunderstorms for the next few days and nonstop rain. George tuned out most of the words on the screen and went back to sitting at the bar watching Bad cook. Dream only left his room once. When George thought he was coming down the hallways he actually turned to the bathroom and the shower could be heard running. When he was done, he returned to his bedroom and slammed the door shut.

Sapnap and Bad were worried...George was trying not to show his.

Every once and a while he looked down the hallway at Dream's room. There was no sound coming from within and George felt himself growing more worried the longer they didn't see him.

*I should be mad at him.* He thought to himself. *I shouldn't go off looking for him. It's not my problem.* He was trying so hard to believe that and it really wasn't working.

When Bad handed him his bowl of soup, George sat there and spun the liquid around over and over again with his spoon watching the whirlpool of broth develop in the center. Bad then went down the hallway and knocked on the door to Dream's room.

"Dream?" He called out. "We made soup, can you come out?"

If there was a response, George didn't hear it and only went back to staring at his own bowl. Trying to ignore his fast beating heart when Bad came back, a sad frown visible on his face. One of clear distress.

"He probably doesn't want to eat..." George murmured just loud enough so Bad could hear him.

Bad stopped and stared at him. "Well he has to." He replied looking at George with narrowed eyes. "So maybe when you're done moping, you can go give him his bowl and finish the talk right."

George stared at him with an open mouth full of shock.

"This isn't my fault why should I be the one to go to him?" He asked spitefully though he felt guilty for how much his heart betrayed him and yearned to see Dream.

"Because you're the one that left the conversation on a dead end, both of you need to fix it...before I do." Bad muttered and returned to the kitchen to make him and Sapnap a bowl. George stared at him surprised and gulped. Bad could be a little scary but he always seemed right so George knew it

was probably better not to argue.

He finished up his bowl, hearing Sappnap turn on cartoons and begin to talk to Bad. He got up silently and placed his bowl in the sink before making a new one for Dream. The ladle shook in his hands and frowned, dropping it back into the pot and trying to steady his own hands. He didn't understand why he shook so badly.

He grabbed an extra spoon and turned around, stopping at the end of the hallway. It seemed so long now.

One step...

*Just give him the soup and leave.*

In front of...

*At least say something.*

The other....

*How am I supposed to talk to him now?*

He stood directly outside of the door, hand outstretched, heart heavy with sadness. He swallowed his pride and knocked lightly. Hearing nothing, he opened the door to see Dream sitting on the bed facing him.

The male was sitting there with no shirt, purple and black bruises dotting his stomach and part of his chest. He was trying to rewrap fresh bandages over his bad hand. George could see how gnarled it looked, the supposed bloody spots were sort of gray and scabbed. The cuts were noticeable, and it just looked painful.

Dream's eyes turned upwards to look at George standing in his doorway. The frustration and sadness were apparent in his eyes. He was struggling with the bandages and he must've already been upset with what went down between them because his eyes were red and puffy like he had just been crying.

He closed the door behind his back, without breaking eye contact with Dream. As much as he wanted to he was held in that piercing gaze of loneliness. As soon as they were completely alone and the tv was blocked out of his hearing, he walked over and set the soup on the nightstand. He slowly sat down next to Dream and held out his hands.

Dream stared at him for a second longer before handing his hand and bandages over hesitantly.

"George..." He started but George just took his hand gently caressing his palms and shook his head.

"Let's just stay quiet for a bit." He replied in a hushed voice. Dream complied and shut his mouth. He only stared at George who wrapped his hand in the bandages. He noticed he was being extremely careful where to touch and how fast he wrapped so he wouldn't hurt Dream.

He wasn't sure why but ever flinch he saw from the others body language; he felt a pang in his heart.

As he twisted the bandages around Dream's arm, he felt his eyes on him. He looked up staring at him and pausing from his task, the long strand of bandage still held halfway up in the air. He could

see a strange fondness and relief in Dream's eyes.

The room was quiet besides they're silent breaths. George felt like a magnet being pulled in and he could see Dream reciprocating. They're lips almost drifting for each other. When it got too close for George's comfort, he looked back down at the arm causing Dream to stop.

George's heart was racing, and he felt like if that had gone on any longer, he would've passed out from the sheer panic of it all.

He finished wrapping up Dream's arm and tucked the last bandage strap under the other. Nothing was loose and Dream lifted his hand to test how comfortable it was and stretching his hands and fingers.

"Thanks." He whispered and avoided his gaze. After that insanely intimate moment the two of them couldn't bring themselves to stare at the other in fear of what he would say. Of what would happen.

"I'm sorry I yelled." George said softly forgetting about Dream's dinner and finally turned to look at him. "I really should've just stayed instead of storming out and being like that."

Dream stared at him with his lips open in a silent 'O' shape. He quickly recovered his voice and shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't blame you George...I would've been upset too. I've felt awful for not telling you. It's just been hard because..." He dropped off again, his face paling and George rested a hand on his shoulder.

"Dream it's okay you don't have to say anything about it." George said looking away. "I don't want you to be stressed out...just tell me when your ready." He said and then turned his gaze to the younger boy's torso once again.

Dream looked ashamed and George noticed him wrap his arms around himself almost self consciously trying to hide his body from George's eyes. Instead the older boy rested a hand on his upper arm and smiled.

"I'm not disgusted Dream...I told you I have seen stuff that's incredibly gross before." George claimed easily trying to reassure his friend. Dream leaned forward and tilted his head to the side, his dirty blonde hair still slick with water droplets from his shower flicked to the side.

"Oh yeah?" He asked with a challenging gaze.

"Yeah!" George argued and leaned forward butting their foreheads together. Neither of them seemed to realize how intimate the moment was because they only pushed against each other with a giggle.

"Like what?" Dream questioned.

"Your feet pics." George shot back and the two broke down in laughter pulling away from each other and tried to stifle their giggles. Dream wheezed so hard he only ended up coughing once more...but as soon as George looked worried, Dream waved his hand.

"At this point there's no reason to be worried...if it happens it happens." He said accepting the easy fate. George frowned and shook his head.

"I think I reserve the right to be worried about you Dream." He said quietly and kicked his legs off

the bed. His eyes darkened with fear. "What exactly is going to happen?" He wanted to be prepared for whatever was going to happen next but what could possibly prepare him for losing the person he really cared about forever.

Dream gulped and shrugged. "I've been showing signs of getting better...and soon enough I'll have something they call a relapse. I don't know what exactly will happen...but its gonna get bad. I might have to go into surgery depending on my chances but...I don't know if I even have any left." He said.

"I wasted them all...I didn't listen to anyone and I didn't take care of myself and that's my fault." He said, his voice cracking when he said the word 'wasted'. Dream looked utterly miserable and George felt like there was nothing on earth he could do to stop him from feeling that way. He felt hopeless even if Dream always reassured him that he had been the most hopeful person while he was there.

"Your stubborn." George said reaching out and holding his hand. "We're all stubborn sometimes... I mean yeah you made a mistake but your trying to make it up to us now." He said and rubbed small circles on his hand with his thumb. "I'd rather you tell me like this then it not happen at all Dream I can tell you that much." He chuckled lightly; eyes filled with sorrow.

Dream smiled at him; the rain poured down on the windows outside again. George laid his head onto Dream's bare shoulder. He wished it could stay like this forever. They could stay unmoving...but forever wasn't meant for Dream...and that hurt George the most.

"Remember when you kicked me and Sapnap's butt at manhunt?" He asked in a hushed broken voice.

"Which one?" Dream responded with a laugh causing his shoulders to move slightly under George who didn't even seem to mind.

"Okay okay... well remember how long our conversations lasted after you beat us...and how you always sounded so happy and crazy?" He looked up at him. "I wish I could hear you sound like that now."

Dream smirked and raised his hands up. "How about now?" He asked and tickled George's sides with his gleeful voice rising above the cracking sadness. "Ooohhhh Georgieeee."

George giggled and batted his hands away with a light smile, color rising to his cheeks.

"Okay stop stop!" He shouted as Dream kept tickling him. His triumphant voice shouting "YEAH" made George's heart soar with affection as he fell backwards on the bed in a fit of giggles.

Dream finally stopped and laid back beside him the two breathing quite heavily.

"Dream?" George asked staring at the ceiling. "You know I care about you right?"

He could head the other boy's breath catch in his throat.

"Yeah I think I do." He whispered, a sad smiled on his face.

"Good." George said, his voice wavering. "I just want you to know that before- "he choked and couldn't finish his sentence.

He could feel Dream's weak arms pull him into his bare chest to hold him. George could only imagine that he was in pain. He could only think that Dream was holding it in just for him and on

one hand he felt guilt. Guilt that he was causing him a greater pain than death. But on the other hand, he enjoyed his embrace and accepted it without too much of a fight.

“I know George...” Dream whispered into his ear as George sniffled and sobbed. “But I think your always gonna hear my nagging presence around even when I’m gone.” He said quietly.

George laughed through the tears. “Yeah I’m gonna get your annoying shouts every time I mess up on a stupid jump in Minecraft.” He said. “And your stupid wheeze when I die.” He broke down again just imagining how things would be alone from here on out when he went home. Dream hugged him as tight as he was able, and George could hear his sniffles as well.

They both tried to laugh and relive the memories while wrapped in the others embrace. George found himself never wanting time to move from this point forward. He wanted it to stop and he could just be with Bad, Sapnap and Dream forever here. They could have fun and enjoy themselves without worrying where the time would go.

Without dreading the day, he would fall. Silence fell over the two boys cuddled close and George found himself whispering.

“Dream?” He asked blurry eyed from where his head was buried in the other boy’s bare chest.

“Yeah George?” Dream asked with uncertainty.

“I’m not ready for you to go...”

Dream was silent for a minute before a shaky sigh emerged.

“Neither am I.”

## Chapter End Notes

ALSO FOLLOW GALAXIMEE ON INSTAGRAM FOR MORE BEAUTIFUL FANART BUT THEY MADE A PIECE OF WORK ON CHAPTER FIVE THAT I’VE POSTED IN THE Q&A CHAPTER!!!! PLEASE I BEG OF YOU GO LOOK AT IT BECAUSE ITS SO GOOD!!!!



## Entry 12: Pain in the Rain

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next day, Dream opened his eyes to feel George's body directly beside him cuddled up in the blanket. He rubbed his eyes and immediately sat up shifting his arms, so he was no longer holding the older boy. He swung his legs over the side of the bed and touched the small circular bruises on his chest with a frown.

Why did it always make him so god damn uncomfortable? He stood up and trudged out of his bedroom closing the door behind him. Walking to the bathroom he turned on the light, the sudden burst of it burned his eyes and he squeezed them shut in a simple reaction.

When he opened them, he was met with his reflection in the mirror and he didn't like what he saw. His skin looked ridden with goosebumps, dark circles under his eyes and his cheeks pale and sagging. He looked sickly, old... and more dead than he did yesterday.

He rubbed his cheeks and tugged at the flesh trying to tell what was going on with his face. He stared at himself in the mirror as he peeled away flash, he could see the muscles of his cheeks as warm blood raced down and hit the floor. He wanted to puke. His skin looked like it was melting, and he stumbled away in shock.

"What the fuck?" He cried out surprised and found his whole body sinking towards the ground as he pulled off the mask of his face. He tried to hold the pieces back together, but they kept slipping right back off. Dream refused to look in the mirror.

His eyes were opened wide with shock and terror. His hands were a shaking mess. He screamed. He screamed loud and hard. His lungs felt like they were breaking as he tried to cover his face.

"HELP!" He shouted. "PLEASE GEORGE! BAD! SAPNAP!" He crawled on the floor towards the bathroom door, feeling his hands slick with blood slipping on the tile floor beneath him.

He screamed until he could scream no more. He wanted to shout and holler and drag anybody and anything down with him to feel the sickening pain he felt right now.

"*D-Dream!*" Someone called out. Dream sobbed and let out another yell.

"GEORGE PLEASE HELP ME PLEASE!" He cried out.

"*DREAM WAKE UP!*" The voice shouted in his ear, but Dream felt himself being shaken and his skin slip from his hands.

"DON'T LOOK AT ME!" He howled. "DON'T LOOK!"

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A sharp stinging pain caused him to finally open his eyes. He was breathing so heavily. He could see his three friends gathered around him with wide eyes of panic and he realized he was on the floor sitting away from them. He tried to save his breath and turned to look at George. Whose hand was raised above him poised to strike.

Dream looked up at them all, Bad was holding his hand tightly. They were all frightened out of their minds. Dream rubbed his cheek and looked up at George who was panting heavily above him.

He furrowed his eyebrows.

“D-did you just fucking slap me?” He asked with surprise on his lips.

George looked shocked and dropped his hand. “You were screaming my name and Bad’s and Sapnap’s in your sleep! You fell off the bed! You wouldn’t wake up!” He argued and Dream smirked lightly. “Why are you smiling?”

Dream broke out in giggles. “Cause you guys look fucking terrified!” He cackled and laid back down with laughter sinking in. Sapnap joined in while Bad rolled his eyes.

“Language Dream!” The male said argumentatively with a loud voice. Dream kept snickering while George gritted his teeth and punched him in the shoulder as weakly as possible in order to not hurt Dream too badly.

However, by the end the four of them felt better enough. They began laughing together and returned to sitting on the bed which was a lot more comfortable than the floor. It made Dream feel happy. George collapsed beside him and tried to catch his breath.

“You scared us Dream.” He said through a hushed voice.

“I know. I scared myself.” He admitted and met George’s eyes. Seeing his chest rise and fall beside him. They stared for a minute longer before Dream turned to Bad.

“Where did you sleep Bad?” He asked curiously feeling guilty that he hadn’t even said goodnight to the other two males.

Bad shrugged his shoulders and looked at him with a faint smile. “I took the floor in the living area.” He admitted seeing Dream’s guilt. “But don’t worry I had tons of blankets underneath me so I was fine!” He reassured with a light grin causing Dream’s shoulders to relax a bit.

“Well that’s a relief.” Dream said quietly and sat up rubbing his eyes for real. “Anyway, I guess we should make breakfast?” He asked the others. They all nodded and Sapnap stopped them.

“Wait Dream, what was your nightmare about?” He asked curiously.

Dream watched them all fall silent to look at him and he shrugged. “You don’t want to know.” He replied and got up to grab a change of clothes and leave the room so he could head to the bathroom. He walked inside and took his pills for the morning. Staring at his reflection he really didn’t look right...he looked better sure, but Dream felt something was off. It was almost abnormal how healthy he looked after one night.

He felt more pained than ever. He looked at the bruises on his skin and covered himself up with a plain t-shirt and changed his pants. He could hear Sapnap outside joking with George.

“Aw George you and Dream were cuddling all night!”

“Shut up you idiot!” George scolded and Dream could hear the playful shoves in the hallway till Bad interrupted.

“Alright you two stop throwing punches and get along.” Dream scoffed and rolled his eyes practically hearing the boys argue over it.

“YEAH I WANNA SEE WHO WINS WAIT FOR ME!” Dream shouted and listened for a response.

“Shut up Dream!” They both shouted back, and Dream wheezed getting ready for the day. God, he loved those knuckleheads.

They really were complete and utter dorks.

He left the bathroom satisfied and walked over to the others, his hands traveling up to his hair to run his fingers through it remembering George running his fingers through it the night before. George and Sapnap were in front of the fridge and Sapnap pulled out the last can of soda.

“Ha I have the last one George!” He said with a grin. George frowned and crossed his arms angrily.

Bad appeared behind him and swiped the can placing it back in the fridge. “For breakfast Sapnap....really?” He asked.

Sapnap pouted and shrugged his shoulders. “What? It’s not that bad for breakfast.” Bad ignored him and closed the door reaching into the freezer to grab the frozen waffles up top. He popped them in the toaster and looked out the balcony window at the pouring rain that fell in Orlando.

“What do you guys want to do today?” He asked with a grin. Dream noticed how hard it seemed to be for him to smile whenever they met eyes. So Dream sat down on the bar stool and looked away.

“Dream you decide!” Sapnap said lightly. Dream looked up surprised but he felt a twinge of happiness knowing his friends were sacrificing portions of their day just to make him happy. He smirked.

“Well since its raining we can always go to a restaurant.” He said with a shrug of his shoulders. Go out for lunch later? Maybe see a movie?” He asked. “Just you know...have a normal day.”

His friends hummed in agreement and Dream had to admit he was impressed that no one was asking questions about his illness. They seemed to know that talking about it only made Dream more uncomfortable and it made him grateful.

“Sounds good to me! What movie do you guys want to watch?” Bad asked. George and Dream exchanged a glance before both of them blurted out at the same time.

“Anything but horror!” They shared a smile and began to laugh. Dream hated horror movies...he was scared very easily. Bad’s face paled and he frowned.

“Don’t need to tell me twice.” He said and pulled his phone from his back pocket to search up movies nearby.

While he did that Dream heard the toaster oven beep and watched George walk over to retrieve the four waffles. His hands gently lifted them, careful not to burn himself and put them on plates. He looked at Dream with a questioning gaze who already knew where he was going with it.

“Butter’s on the side of the fridge, syrups in the pantry...and I have fruit in there if you guys want something on it.” Dream said smirking at George.

The two males separated their gaze and Dream spotted his own phone on the side counter. He picked it up carefully and unlocked it realizing how long it had been since he touched it, how long it had been since he was on twitter. He sighed lightly and went to his messages to tap the icon with his mother’s face. He bit his lip before typing a message.

D: I finally told them. Can I call you later today? We’re gonna go out for a little bit.

He closed the messages and took a deep breath feeling relief that he had finally listened to his own mother. She would know everything's alright between them and maybe she'd feel less upset.

He opened his twitter as George sat a waffle in front of him along with the syrup and butter. He nodded his thanks and went back to scrolling through his messages.

*Do you think Dream is just pulling a prank?*

*I hope he's doing okay.*

*WHEN ARE U GUYS GOING TO STREAM AGAIN! <33333*

*Feel better soon Dream?*

*U having fun in Florida George? ;)*

*I'm completely lost without them...where did they go?*

*I wish we had more content of you guys but I hope your enjoying yourselves and getting better.*

*What are we supposed to do without you guys?*

Dream gulped and had to place his phone face down on the table. There were dozens of get well messages from other youtubers as well like Skeppy and A6D. Even Techno had wished him well but put in a little added message of *"using this time to get back my clout...hope you get better Dream, guess people haven't been sleeping enough! Miss ya dude."*

Dream felt horrible for his fans the most of all. They were completely lost without him? He knew he had fans that came to him for entertainment when they were sad...if he was gone then they'd be heart broken...what would happen to the groups streams? Would they simply disappear for good? Would George and Sapnap stop streaming for fans if he was no longer with him?

Dream knew that those were the last things he should be worried about...but he cared for his fans so much. He cared for the people who supported him and looked after his well being. Instead he held hi camera up around in a selfie like manor, so the other boys were in the shot.

"Guys get in!" He said loosely. George leaned on the bar right beside him smiling into the camera and putting his hand on Dream's free one unknowingly. Sapnap slung his arm around Dream and held up a peace sign while Bad stood in the back, both hands up in the air in a joyful triumphant stance. Dream stuck his tongue out and took the picture before looking at it.

George and Sapnap peeked over his shoulder to look at the picture.

"You gonna post it?" Sapnap asked curiously as Bad turned away to wash his hands.

Dream stared at the picture of the four of them a little longer. "Maybe later." He said offering up a kind smile to his friends and beginning to eat.

He wanted to have at least a few pictures of them all together...so the fans had something to remember him by when he was gone. He wouldn't post it. Not until the day came...and he could give over his password to his friends and have them post it.

They ate together ignoring the storm. Dream noticed how they didn't have any lights on. The only light was natural coming from outside amidst the darkened clouds. Bad noticed him looking and smiled.

“Not long after you and George fell out last night...together...the rain got so bad it turned to thunder and we lost power. Its lighter now but their still getting things back online.” The older man pointed out and Dream nodded, He found himself blushing when he heard Bad mention him and George.

“How did you guys-“ He questioned.

“We may or may not have walked in on you guys last night. You...kinda fell asleep right next to each other...it looked kinda...snuggly?” Sapnap questioned with a loose grin.

Dream noticed George flush more brightly and he also smiled.

“Yeah and apparently you didn’t eat the soup before you fell out so it was sitting on the bedside cold.” Bad said and narrowed his eyes at George. “Next time make sure he eats before the two of you decide to pass out like that.”

Dream and George looked in opposite directions clearly flustered over that remark. The two of them refused to comment on it any farther and continued to eat listening to Bad listing off the movies his phone finally loaded.

After going through the options Dream pursed his lips. “Uh...maybe the romantic comedy?” He asked. “Need a few laughs today.”

The others nodded quickly, almost too quickly and it sickened Dream knowing exactly what was going through their heads at the moment.

*He wants to laugh before he dies. That’s it.*

Dream looked down at his half-eaten waffle that only had a small bit of butter on it. He wanted to be sick again but fought against every power in his mind just to keep himself steady and on task. He finally heard his phone buzz with a notification and looked down to see his mother had texted back.

E: As long as you think you can handle it, be very careful outside, don’t drive and CALL ME WHEN YOU GET BACK. I love you! <3

Dream smiled and shook his head texting her back.

D: Love you too.

Maybe he and his parents had their differences at times. Dream still cared about them. The arguments they had would never change that.

When they finished eating, he put his dishes in the sink and looked back at his friends who were staring at his back. He turned around and smiled, putting his hands on his hips and looking healthier than hes been all weak.

“Come on guys lets go see a movie...hurry up and get dressed!” He said eagerly and the three boys exchanged glances before chuckling and nodding along to Dream’s childish antics.

“I’ll go get the windbreakers!” Sapnap said and hurried off to Dream’s room.

“Ill dig around for the umbrellas.” Dream stated and went to the closet in the hallway looking for his things. He shuffled around for a bit digging around for the rain gear. While he was knelt down, he felt a tap on his shoulder.

He looked up and saw George standing above him holding out a bit of a crumbled brownie. He wanted to decline at first. But then he saw his eyes. They were eager...probably eager to get something out of him whether it be words or at least a small bite.

Dream took it gently and nodded. "Thanks George." The older boy nodded and leaned against the wall.

"So, a romantic comedy huh?" He questioned.

Dream shrugged. "I figured it would lighten the mood."

George stared at him with arched eyebrows that went into the shape of sadness. He only nodded. "Yeah I guess that makes sense." He said rocking back and forth against the wall.

Dream finished off the brownie and wiped the excess chocolate from his lips. "That was really good." He said giving validation to the boy who shrugged.

"They just came from a pack." He said denying any means of affection.

Dream tilted his head at the constant defense as if he was trying to push away the kindness. He resumed looking for umbrellas. He dug around in the closet looking for the umbrellas and George peeked in looking down at what he was doing.

"How many umbrellas do you have?" George asked curiously.

"Just two." Dream said softly and frowned. "Where the fuck are they?"

George reached in over Dream's head and grabbed one of the umbrellas pulling it out and revealing the same turquoise umbrella Dream had been holding when they first met. He held it out to him and grinned, a small light blush coloring his pale cheeks.

"Guess you and I will have to share again." He said with a stupid grin and Dream stared at him with an open mouth in surprise, watching as George turned away from him and walked down the hall to get ready for the day. Dream looked down at the umbrella and smiled lightly feeling a sudden wave of happiness wash over him. He grabbed the dark red umbrella and pulled it out for Sapnap and Bad.

Standing up he went into the living room to see Sapnap with their windbreakers and he smiled setting down the umbrellas by the door.

"You guys will have to share." He pointed out lightly and Sapnap smirked.

"So I take it your sharing with Georgie?" He asked knowingly.

Dream punched his arm and Sapnap let out a grin and rubbed his arm.

"Your punch actually had some force into it? You feel better?" He asked lightly.

"Yeah I guess so..." Dream said with a wide smile. "I feel a think I look better too!"

Sapnap smiled sadly understanding that it probably wouldn't last too long. "Well that's good." He said softly.

Dream looked away sending the two into a sudden grip of silence and saw Bad enter the area.

"I'm sorry this week got a little sad for you guys." He said wringing his hands together with a sad

smile. Bad set the stuff down and looked at him sadly.

“No Dream don’t be sorry!” He said hurriedly. “Look we’re gonna have a day of fun today and we’re just gonna relax and hang out together.”

“Yeah Dream don’t worry we’re gonna be here beside you the entire time, I promise you!” Sapnap said with a grin. Dream smiled at them sadly and put his arm around Sapnap hugging him and Bad jumped over to join them.

“Yeah we aren’t going anywhere.” He heard the voice from behind him and turned around to see George leaning against the wall. “We’ll be here with you as long as we can Dream.” The boy said with a smile.

Dream locked eyes with him feeling himself blush. He really wasn’t sure what George had going on his head anymore. Was he sending signals? The umbrella...the cuddles...the comfort...He couldn’t tell if it was George just being a good friend or if he was trying to purposely flirt with him. He finally sent him a sideways smile deciding not to look too much into it for now.

“You wanna join the group hug George?” He asked and held out his hand and George rolled his eyes approaching with crossed arms.

“Can’t believe you tried to start one without me.” He pointed out sarcastically with a grin on his face and the four of them joined in a group hug. Dream felt the warmth of his friends and it spread to his heart feeling wonderful.

“This is kinda gay.” Sapnap whispered and Dream wheezed when Bad slapped him in the back of the head. He looked up at George standing beside him a beautiful smile on his lips and his eyes staring at Bad with happiness and joy. Dream was lost staring at him once more. He just got his attention so easily. It was a wonderful feeling that stirred up butterflies in his stomach.

“Yeah it is pretty gay.” Dream said and let his arms fall to his side with a grin on his face trying not to be upset by those words. It didn’t make him mad, but he felt a twinge of guilt since he was lying if he said he didn’t like the moment they shared.

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After they were all set to go to the movies they put on their windbreakers and left the apartment, umbrellas in hand. They ran to Dream’s car parked a little way away. Bad offered to drive and of course Dream trusted him more than the others.

He walked with George huddled up beside him underneath the umbrella. Sapnap meanwhile kept stealing the umbrella away so Bad was left in the pouring rain causing the other two boys to chuckle. Dream tried so very hard not to look at George even when he could feel the shorter boys’ eyes on him. He didn’t want to make him suspect anything after all.

He just had to think of the right things to say.

They got into the car and of course Sapnap had to blare his music loud on the radio while Dream directed Bad from the backseat. He was practically yelling the directions out over the loud radio with George giggling from beside him and Bad gripping the wheel so hard just to keep them from acting like children arguing in the car.

As soon as they arrived at the movie theater, Bad slammed the car in park and finally shouted at them to stay quiet for the rest of the day out with no talking. That sent them into hysterics for sure. They were all in a fit of giggles as Bad stormed off ahead of them and left them behind to their own laughter.

Sapnap screamed when Bad took the umbrella and threw on the hood of his windbreaker running to catch up.

“Bad don’t leave me!” He said chasing after the older man. Dream and George watched as Dream held the umbrella over George’s head as soon as he exited the car.

“I swear they’re both a mess.” George stated with a grin.

“You act like we haven’t always known this.” Dream said watching George slamming the car door closed. They walked down the street seeing Bad breaking into a full sprint away from Sapnap and they both laughed. George rested his hand onto Dream’s upper arm just to keep himself standing in the end.

Dream almost fell to his knees he was laughing so hard at the sight. He suddenly looked at George and moved the umbrella away with a grin, dousing the older boy in rain and chuckling at his surprised face.

“Dream!” He gasped in shock and Dream wheezed moving away as George threatened to punch him. His eyes narrowed and suddenly he was the one chasing Dream down the street, their feet hitting the pavement as Dream cackled. He felt...so much better...It was like he wasn’t sick at all. While he knew it lingered, he had forgotten everything about his disease and just enjoyed the time he had with them.

They ran into the movie theater, breathing heavily and still caught up in tired laughter. Even Dream was wet since running in the rain even with an umbrella was not guaranteed safety from the rain itself. He smiled at George who rested his hands on his knees just to catch his breath.

“How...do you run...so fast?” He asked and Dream smirked.

“What your telling me you just play video games all day?” Dream replied.

“YOU DO THE SAME THING!” George cried out with a stupid smile. Dream shrugged.

“And yet I’m still faster than you.” He pointed out and finally George nudged him playfully and rolled his eyes.

“Whatever let’s find Bad and Sapnap and see your damn rom com.” He said sarcastically. Dream followed him with a grin and shook his head.

“Dang George you sound salty.” He said sharply and George spun around on him.

“I do not!” He argued and Dream ruffled his hair fondly.

“Whatever you say Georgie.” He singsonged to the blushing boy. The two went back inside, faces pink and bashful.

After they bought their tickets, they went to concessions. Bad purchased peanut m&m’s and Sapnap was buying Reese’s peanut butter cups. Dream purchased some Skittles for himself before looking at George. “Want anything?” He asked.

At first George shook his head but Dream noticed how his eyes looked down at the Milky Way’s. He looked at the man working at the concessions.

“Can I get a Milky Way as well?” He asked and handed over the money, coughing into his arm lightly before exchanging for the candy and popcorn. He tossed the candy to George who caught it



with surprise on his face.

“But Dream I can’t pay you back right now...” He said with a look of guilt on his face.

Dream shrugged and patted him on the back. “It’s alright George you’ve helped me this week so I think the least I can do is buy you some candy.” He said with a chuckle.

George muttered his thank you and they met up with the others to exchange in their tickets. When they went into the darkened theater, they went to the perfect seats up top. Dream sat in between George and Sapnap while Bad sat beside Sapnap and the three troublemakers were already eating all the popcorn at the trailers even though Bad was whispering for them to slow down.

The movie was definitely entertaining to say the least. Dream could see Sapnap out of the corner of his eyes eating his candy and staring intently at the screen while Bad was gushing over the cute puppy on screen. When Dream turned to look at George...the boy was bouncing his leg. Dream frowned and tilted his head, drawing George to look at him.

“You okay?” Dream whispered kindly watching the lights from the movie dance across George’s features. George nodded.

“Yeah of course.” He whispered back and the two stared at each other with dumb grins on their faces.

*I’m only doing this because I love you...*

Dream could hear the words on the big screen going off behind them as he stared at the boy he had fallen for.

*You say it everyday and there’s a reason I don’t say it back! I don’t love you that way!*

Dream finally pulled his gaze away from George and the two continued to watch the movie in silence. Not another word was spoken...and Dream wasn’t sure why the words hit so close to home for him. Maybe it was because George never said specifically that he loved him. Maybe that was what kept him so far apart from the truth.

When the movie was over, the lights turned on to reveal Bad balling his eyes out and Sapnap dumping the last of his popcorn into his mouth.

Dream hopped up quickly and the others looked at him weird.

“You okay Dream?” Sapnap asked with a mouth full of popcorn, looking more ridiculous than concerned. They started to stand before Dream pursed his lips.

“I really need to go to the bathroom.” He admitted before leaving the seats in a hurry as the others laughed behind him. A smile was on his face as he tried to find the nearest bathroom to relieve himself.

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After the four of them walked outside they discussed the movie and decided to head to the nearest pizza place for lunch. The car was filled with commentary between everyone but Dream. The boy had stared out the window for most of the ride only opening his mouth to tell Bad where to go. When they pulled up in front of the pizza place and had to park yet again in the back of the lot. Dream heard George shout.

“Hey!” That got his attention enough to look up from where he was staring with a frown at George.

“What’s wrong?” He asked noticing how Bad and Sapnap had left the car.

“They took both the umbrellas.” George mumbled crossing his arms and leaning back. Dream pondered the situation before taking off his windbreaker and holding it above his head, climbing out of the car.

“Dream?” George questioned curiously but the younger didn’t answer and only crossed to George’s side of the car opening the door and making room under the jacket.

“Come on, we’ll just use this as a makeshift umbrella.” He said with a chuckle and a kind smile.

George climbed out getting close next to Dream so the two fit under the windbreaker and held it up over their heads so they wouldn’t get too wet.

“This is completely unnecessary.” George murmured looking away, his cheeks pink.

Dream chuckled. “And yet its effective and I haven’t seen you complain.” He responded. Bad and Sapnap were watching from the restaurant with huge grins on their faces. George flipped them off with a scowl and Dream threw his head back with laughter. He knew Bad and Sapnap’s only reason for leaving them alone together was because they knew Dream had those feelings for George and the rain made them take advantage of that fact.

They met them up on the sidewalk and walked inside buzzing with chatter. Dream finally put down the windbreaker noticing how soaked it was and yet he didn’t care.

“Think they can dry it for me in front of one of the ovens they use to make the pizza?” He asked Sapnap who wrinkled his nose and grinned.

“Not a chance.” He responded and Dream punched the air in an “aw shucks” way causing Sapnap to chuckle.

They went inside taking a table and ordered their pizza. The evening was surrounded by jokes about the movie and it reminded Dream of the streams they did together. How they would just consistently goof off and crack each other up. Except now they were in person and it felt way better. Bad smirked at Dream.

“Okay but George did you at all expect Dream to look like this? I know you’ve seen him Sapnap but like I have to admit I was never able to put a face to you and your...” He faded off trying to find the words and Dream spun his straw around in his water hearing the ice cubes clink against the glass. He smiled sideways at Bad.

“Didn’t expect me to be sexy?” He asked and tilted his head as Sapnap laughed. Bad flushed.

“That is not what...No I...DREAM!” Bad said embarrassed by the forwardness causing everyone else to laugh. There whole table got crazy looks from people when Sapnap slapped the table hard.

“No I didn’t expect Dream to look ‘sexy.’” George said with air quotes and took a sip from his own soda. “And to be honest, I’ve seen better.” He stated with a smirk and cast a sideways glance at Dream to see his reaction. Dream slapped his hand over his heart, not hard enough to hurt of course.

“I’m offended George, who else could be more beautiful then me?” He asked with an open mouth. *Is George into guys?* He wondered to himself, the panic crossing over to the back of his mind.

“Me of course.” George scoffed and Dream felt the hope dissipate again but cracked a smile.

“Uh I think you meant me George.” Sappnap put in with a wink. George rolled his eyes.

“As if!” He said dramatically. Sappnap looked at Bad.

“What about you Bad?” He asked and Bad flushed chewing on his straw.

“Keep me out of this conversation, all of you.” He murmured causing a string of light laughter.

When they finally got their pizza, Sappnap and George had to race to see who could eat more. Dream had to admit that it was a stupid idea but the two of them looked determined, so he kept his mouth shut and let Bad do the mothering. He only laughed at their misfortune.

“We’re gonna tell you I told ya so when you guys both get sick later.” Dream pointed out. But the two boys ignored them completely. Bad looked at Dream begging for some help, but Dream was busy filming it and cheering on Sappnap the entire time. It was clear that Bad was getting no help from him.

Even if the other two boys were finished faster than Dream and Bad, they were both continuing the argument of who won directly.

“Bad seriously who won?” Sappnap asked and Bad stood up silently before walking over to the front of the place and grabbing something from the large bowl. He came back and slammed them down on the table in front of the two boys.

“Take a mint before you speak to me your breath stinks.” He muttered and the boys blushed while Dream almost choked on his pizza with a snort and had to cover his mouth, so nothing fell out onto the table. George made a disgusted face at him while he popped the mint in his mouth. Sappnap took a second to breathe into Bad’s face before eating his, who gagged and looked away.

When they finished, Sappnap and Bad offered to pay. Dream didn’t complain. They got up and Dream grabbed a handful of the mints popping on in his mouth and shoving them into his pocket for later. He would eat them on the ride home. He took the umbrella from Sappnap and resumed holding it above him and George’s head. His windbreaker was still soaked but he shrugged it on anyway because he still felt warm as long as he was by George’s side.

They drove back to the apartment but this time most of them were singing together instead of being so quiet and drawn off. Dream slung his arm around George and the two sang at the top of their lungs in the back while Bad focused on driving, singing along until a bad word came along on the radio to which he would call out “language!” and make the whole group stop to laugh.

When they arrived at the parking lot, they parked and left the car. The rain was not as bad anymore. The skies were still incredibly dark, and thunder could be heard in the distance, but the rain was gentle. So when Sappnap jumped in a puddle near the door and splashed Bad you could imagine the older man’s reaction.

“Sappnap you muffinhead!” He yelled and moved to chase after him kicking water at him. They looked like children. George exited the car with Dream and the two stood on the sidewalk under the safety of the umbrella chuckling and watching their friends with fondness in their eyes.

Dream glanced at George out of the corner of his eyes and resumed what he had done in front of the movie theater, moving the umbrella out from over top of him. This time George pounced on him faster and made a wild grab for the umbrella handle that Dream held away from him. Dream put it higher in the air out of his reach.

George stood on his tip toes and reached as far as he possibly could, one hand resting against

Dream's chest. "C'mon Dream I'm getting wet!" He argued with a pout on his lips. Dream chuckled.

"Wow George you should wear your hair like that more often." He said sarcastically looking at his friends dripping wet locks with a grin on his face. The older boy scoffed and sat back on his heels crossing his arms in front of his body.

"Your being a jerk." He mumbled and Dream cackled.

"Don't be so short and maybe we wouldn't have this problem Georgie!" He teased with a grin on his face.

"Why'd you have to be so tall?" George argued in a whining voice.

"Because somebody needed to hold things out of your reach in the future." Dream said with a snicker. Sapnap and Bad were still splashing each other in the background and dodging between cars. Dream just stared at George. Water droplets fell from strands of his hair onto the pavement. His lashes were dotted with dew and his skin looked flushed in the pouring rain.

"You want to take a picture or something?" George asked with a laugh. Dream's heart skipped a beat and he felt his breathing quicken just looking at him this way. Something was stirring in his gut and Dream wasn't sure what it was.

"Dream?" George asked when his friend was unresponsive and grabbed his bandaged hand probably curious about what was wrong. Dream stared at his lips, imagining how sweet they probably were if they were against his. The thoughts of holding up his chin and breathing softly against his upper lip as he kissed him entered his mind so easily. His heart was racing at the thought of actually doing it.

The corners of his vision seemed fuzzy but he started to let the umbrella drop his body feeling weak to the gaze that George was holding him in. He felt rain wash over his own skin. His somewhat long hair sticking to his forehead. George let out a yelp and moved to pull his hood.

"Ah Dream now we're both getting soaked!" He argued and yet still Dream didn't answer.

### **Say it Dream.**

He could hear the voice of Hope in his head telling him everything to say...a reasonable way to say it. Any way to just tell him the truth and accept it. He wanted to tell him every little thing he loved about him and ask him if he felt the same way...but Dream didn't want to play it safe anymore... he wanted to take the risk. He stared at George who held on his hood between his fingertips, one hand still holding Dream's, and looked up at him nervously.

"Dream..." He started but he never got to finish.

"I think I'm in love with you." Dream said gently and yet felt so truthful about his decision that he didn't dare break the stare they held. He didn't give any reasons and the look on George's face, wide eyes and open mouth told him nothing. His heart was pounding in his chest but all he did was drop the umbrella to the ground and use his free hand to rest his hand on George's shoulder leaning down.

He felt George's lips finally touch his and he closed his eyes feeling waves of nervous joy washing down his spine sending chills back up. The taste of peppermint was on his lips and even if the rest of the world around them was cold. Dream thought George's lips were burning hot. It was a fire almost, igniting a passion in him to kiss harder. He felt George's hand leave his hood and rest on

his side and there it was.

The smallest push back...the smallest add on of weight against his mouth. He could feel it and it sent firecrackers off in his stomach. He was anxious and happy at the same time. His heart was thrusting itself against his ribcage and it did make him worry only for brief minute before he felt the returning urge to let his hand drift up from George's shoulder to his cheek, cupping his cool skin in the palm of his hand and letting the euphoric feeling sink in.

George was the first to pull away. Dream kept his eyes closed a second longer, his head still slightly bent. They fluttered open to see George staring at him with such surprise, his entire face red. Then it turned into a look that he couldn't exactly read.

However, Dream didn't have to look into it too much further...

...He forgot how to breathe....

---

George felt his heart beating a hell of a lot faster when Dream said those words. He was confused, shocked, and overall, just a mess when he heard Dream say that. And when he came in for the kiss...George considered pulling away.

His first thought was, *what if Sapnap and Bad see?*

But he didn't really have to worry about it for too long because once their lips touched George forgot all about them. He forgot everything about his promise he made before he left. He forgot about keeping his feelings to himself. In that moment he felt...an overwhelming amount of joy just knowing his friend felt this way as well.

He placed his hand on Dream and kissed back.

*What are you gay or something?*

George pulled away when that thought hit him. He stared at Dream with surprise and...fear. He feared having something like this. He was so scared of what people would say. As much as he enjoyed this kiss, he felt confused on if it should ever happen again.

"Dream...I- "He faded off noticing Dream's face. He looked confused and his breathing was incredibly off. He saw him grab his chest and stumble backwards.

"Dream?!" He asked starting to feel panicked and grabbed him quickly trying to relax him fighting his own fear of touching him. "Breathe Dream just breathe!" The boy looked at him and shook his head with a terrifying look in his eyes that George didn't like at all.

Dream's eyes rolled upwards, and he began to fall forwards. George let out a cry of shock and caught him in his arms. He underestimated how heavy he was and they both fell to the ground. George patted his cheeks and grabbed his chin forcing him to look at him.

"CLAY!" He cried out and shook him harshly. He looked up feeling tears of panic and adrenaline slip from his eyes. "BAD! SAPNAP! CALL AN AMBULANCE!" He screamed and he could hear the boys yelling back at him from far away.

He looked back at Dream and leaned over his chest hearing a faint heartbeat.

*He looked like he was better.* He thought to himself.

Dream's whole body was limp in his arms, he looked dead and George heard Bad on the phone talking urgently. He felt Sapnap drop to the ground beside him and call out their friend's name demanding George tell them what happened.

George only shook his head and couldn't stop staring at Dream.

"Please...please be okay...please don't die..." He hugged Dream in his arms for a long time shielding him from the rain in his embrace. The clouds darkened and the thunder rolled above.

Sirens sounded in the distance...George held him tighter...

## Chapter End Notes

CLIFFHANGERS...WE'RE NEARING THE END! THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THE SUPPORT YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL!

## Entry 13: Coming Clean

### Chapter Notes

doth mine eyes deceive me? DO WE HAVE A SET ENDING NOW? OH MY GOD WE DO! Seriously guys we're almost there! I apologize in advance, this chapter is not exactly what I had in mind and I'm not very proud of it but I hope you enjoy it anyway and find some good things about it!

Also I'm leaving for vacation Sunday so I hope I'm still able to update while I'm there for the week. If not at least you guys know I didn't up and die on you xD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George always hated hospitals. It always felt depressing and gross. He never wanted to end up in one. All he could think was that people died here. His reason was always that he didn't want to be the person that died....

Looking at it now George never felt more wrong...

Seeing Dream in a hospital bed, with tubes and wires strapped up to him. He'd rather be dying than have to witness this sight. Dream was breathing slowly and shallowly. His skin was pale and slick with sweat along with the somewhat half dried messy blonde hair. His eyes were sunken and closed and the bruises had now traveled up to his neck creeping around his throat like a snake waiting to strangle him...but he was alive.

He was still alive and that was all George was asking. The others had left for the cafeteria to get food, but George insisted on staying behind. He knew nobody wanted to leave Dream behind but he also knew that they still needed to take care of themselves so he held no ill will towards them.

He adjusted himself in his cushioned seat right on the side of Dream's bed and looked at him lying there with a frown on his lips. He could see nothing, but pain and he wished there was something he could do.

Dream had not woken up since they arrived. George had not left his side since they arrived. He sat there without moving at all and waited. His leg was bouncing from the anxiety as they waited for the doctor's results for a while. Now that the others were gone, he was alone with his best friends' unconscious figure.

He gently picked up his hand, being careful not to pull out any of the tubes and held it, rubbing his thumb over the cold clammy skin with a warm touch. His eyes were distant, and he waited... waited for Dream to open his eyes and tell him it was all a joke. He waited for him to wake up and look at him with a big smile before planting a kiss on his lips just as before.

He just wanted Dream back...more than anything he wanted to see his smile and hear his stupid laugh, his stupid voice...

George leaned forward in his chair. His back hurt from leaning over so much but he couldn't find it in him to care about that. His hair was air drying from the rain they just came inside from. He just wanted to see his eyes. He bit his lip feeling stupid but opened his mouth to take a shaky breath.

“Hey Dream...” He said softly to the weak figure in front of him. “I don’t know if you can hear me or anything, but I feel weird looking at you and not...not saying anything.” He poured out the words that were on his chest no matter how stupid he felt.

“I just want you to know that everybody is here for you...and we’re not gonna leave until...” He faded off and paused. *We’re not going to leave until your gone.*

“We’re not going to leave.” He rephrased himself feeling much more confident about those words than any others. The beeping from the monitor was the only sound over the muted background of patients and doctors filtering through the hallway.

He clasped Dream’s hand and gulped feeling nothing but dry emptiness. “I know it sounds selfish, but could you at least open your eyes one more time?” He asked with more tears threatening to spill when he already gave so much. “Maybe just one more time...I want to hear you...and see them.” He started and rubbed his eyes with his free hand.

He brought his hand up to his chest, resting his elbows on the soft bed and dropping his chin onto Dream’s cold hand. He wrapped both of his hands around it and sat there feeling anxiety running through him.

“I’m sorry I yelled at you.” He started; the words seemed to come easier when Dream’s gaze wasn’t there to spread butterflies through his chest. “And...I’m sorry I let you do this to yourself.... but I think I understand why you did it.” He whispered.

*I think I’m in love with you.*

“I understand...why you were so afraid.” He felt a tear trickle down his cheeks.

*George?*

“I wish I said it back...I really do...”

*You know I care about you right?*

“I was avoiding it because I was scared...I thought that if I said something like that...”

*I know...*

“...I would lose you for good...”

*Dream?*

“But I know now...”

*Yes George?*

“That I had bigger things to worry about than stupid love confession.”

*I’m not ready for you to go.*

“I’m not ready to say goodbye so I won’t...you’ll wake up again. I know.” George was willing himself to believe...he was willing himself to keep hope.

“Dream...” He started again. “I do like you...and it’s kinda hard to say that when I’m looking at you in the eyes but I’m going to try. I will.”



Dream's chest stopped for a brief second before picking up again in a rapid catch up. George's heart leapt in his throat for a second and he quickly looked up at the heart monitor to see the heart rate had quickened, the line flying on the screen before dying back down.

He looked down at Dream surprised and raised his eyebrows.

"Dream?" He asked and stood up leaning over him. "Can you hear me?" He looked eager and stared at his face waiting for some small sign to show him that Dream was there and listening.

But it was silent. Nothing happened and Dream's eyes remained shut. George dropped his hand and fell back into his chair and slumped in defeat. He raked his hands over his face and a cracked groan escaped him.

"Of course, he's not listening you idiot, he isn't awake." He muttered under his breath with a frown. He didn't want to keep looking because he always just expected the same thing. He always expected for him to be sitting up with his eyes open...looking at him.

He stood up frustrated and paced back and forth through the room, he bit his thumb and chewed the inside of his mouth trying to avoid looking at Dream at all. He didn't want to keep staring at the bruises around his neck or the lack of warmth in his cheeks. He couldn't bare seeing his face so downturned and sad.

He looked up at the ceiling, small tears escaped one by one and rolled down his cheeks. Crying was inescapable at this point. He covered his eyes with one hand and let them fall down his cheeks and hit the tile floor.

The rumble of thunder could be heard outside of the sturdy walls. It was dark outside through the windows and George couldn't remember how long they had been here, but it felt like it was longer than a day.

He looked back at Dream's slow rising chest and bit his lip. "You're in a safe spot Dream." He tried speaking words of comfort much easier but found that it didn't exactly bring himself reassurance. He walked back over to the bed side and let his hand drop. His fingers tracing Dream's cool skin as he imagined the feeling of them touching his face just moments before.

*God you act like I'm your boyfriend.* He remembered the late-night talk so well right now. All their past conversations seemed to come back to him now even if they never really used to.

George didn't really pray too often. He didn't get involved in too many religious ideals because of the internet. But pushing away his beliefs for once he prayed for Dream to live. He never wanted anything more in his life.

*Not even all the Supreme in the world?* He could hear Dream's chuckle in his head, hearing his stupid voice. He shook his head and smiled lightly reaching up to touch his cheek lightly and saw Dream's eyes move under the eyelids.

"Not even." He said in response hearing the laughter fall back out of his mind at the droplets slipped off his chin and onto the bed sheets right on top of Dream. He felt sick and wiped them away before hearing the door slam open. He looked over at his two friends who had entered with Dream's mother. He felt guilty looking at her, so he turned away and let his hand fall away from Dream quickly. He collapsed into the seat and stared at the wall.

He could see Ella cross over to sit on the other side looking at her son with panicked eyes. Her hair was wild, and she looked restless. Her eyes were puffy from crying and George felt awful. Ella had

demanded that Dream's father take his sister home to get her ready for camp the next morning. George could tell the man really didn't want to leave but they had another kid to take care of and his phone was on speed dial in case something really did happen.

George saw a plate appear in front of his face and he looked up surprised to see a salad on the platter. Sapnap was holding it out.

"Why would you get a salad? There were so many options?" Sapnap asked curiously as George took the plate with a quite mumble of gratitude.

"Someone told me what was good and what isn't..." He said with a forced smile remembering he and Dream conversate on the phone the day before he flew in. Despite the protests in his stomach he set the plate to the side feeling sick rather than hungry. The pizza from earlier that day hadn't sat well with him and he didn't want to force anything down that would just come up again later.

Bad stared at him with a frown and his gaze went between the food, George and Dream.

"George?" He asked bringing the younger man's attention to him.

George looked at him curiously. "What?"

"Eat." Bad said simply and George looked down at his hands away from Bad.

"I'm...not that hungry anymore." He whispered. Sapnap looked up from his seat with a visible frown on his face.

"George come on, just eat something dude." He argued persistently. George shook his head stubbornly.

"I don't want to eat Sapnap, not right now!" George argued with a sad look in his eyes.

"Why are you acting like this? Dream would've wanted you to eat!" Sapnap argued.

"Well Dream isn't in any condition to voice his opinion, is he?" George said with venom on his tongue and Sapnap fell silent. George saw his face morph into one of hurt and sadness and he looked away. He could hear Ella suck in a breath.

"I'm sorry...I shouldn't have..." He started to phrase an apology, but it was hard to grip onto the right words. So Sapnap found them for him.

"It's okay George I get it. But we're all upset...don't think for a minute that you're the only one affected by this." Sapnap stated while avoiding the older boy's gaze. George, feeling overcome with guilt nodded his head and reached for the plate. He watched his own hand outstretched and reaching for it and his mind went blank.

*I'm afraid I'll throw up.* Dream's voice echoed around his head. He hated that. It always seemed like he was there just to invade his thoughts and make him feel incredibly miserable. He gently picked up the plate and sat it on his lap picking at the lettuce with his fork. When he finally took a bite, Bad and Sapnap seemed satisfied enough to finally look away.

"He looked fine a few hours ago." Bad said to Ella's mother. The two hadn't met formally but right away Ella had hugged him and thanked him for his help. She knew exactly who he was, and she thanked him for keeping her son in line. "We were just goofing around, and he was laughing, and he looked healthy...We didn't know..."

“You don’t have to apologize Darryl.” Ella said in a whisper. “I know that must have been awful for you all to watch.” She turned her head to George. “All of you...” George gulped and averted his gaze remembering how panicked she was when they arrived. How she had stood over Dream crying for a while as the doctors performed their assessment.

Now she was sitting there with her hands wrapped around Dream’s good one. Her eyes broken and full of hidden terror. Something she seemed to have been hiding since she finally calmed.

“I’m sorry you and Dream had to deal with this on your own for so long.” Sapnap added on. “I wish I could’ve known sooner, maybe something else could’ve been done.” He murmured.

“There was something else.” She said softly and they all turned to look at her. “When the doctors told Dream what was wrong, he had an option to get surgeries after the relapse.” She looked up misty eyed. “At first he didn’t want to take it...because the doctors said there wasn’t a guaranteed success rate with his chances already being so low...”

George’s eyes widened. Dream was really going to throw away his last lifeline. He wasn’t even going to try. George found it was hard to listen to such words. Knowing that Dream wanted to give up before they even got there...he was so accepting of it?

“But...last night he called back.” She said and that drew George’s attention. It had to have been after he and Dream talked yesterday...after George yelled at him and left. “The doctors said he called in and changed his mind. He said he wanted the surgery.” She smiled and the boys felt their own sad smiles creep onto their faces.

“I don’t know what you guys had been doing the past few days...but whatever you did...it made him want to try again...so thank you.” She pursed her lips.

“But...we didn’t do anything.” George whispered wondering why in the world Dream would change his mind after he shouted at him. Ella stared at him.

“He cares about you all so much. You’ve done more for him than you could ever know.” She whispered. George looked back at his friends almost lifeless form.

*Did you change your mind because you didn’t want things to end that way?* He wondered.

They ate their dinner silently. There were no words between them at all. They just sat there anxiously waiting, a tension over the four of them.

Then the door opened, and a middle-aged man entered pulling Dream’s mother outside to talk. George could hear the mumbling voices outside. He looked at Bad who had his hands covering his mouth and his eyes staring at Dream with little movement. As if he were pleading him silently to get up and leave his bed.

Sapnap was leaned back with his arms crossed and his legs bouncing similarly to George.

“He’s going to wake up, isn’t he?” Bad asked. The older man didn’t look so sure anymore. He looked more terrified then ever. George nodded.

“Of course he is.” He said softly. “He’s fighting I know it...”

Sapnap looked at George. “Can you tell me what happened now?” He asked curiously.

George sucked in a breath. Flashes from sirens, the urgent shouts to Bad and Sapnap to get the car, the ambulance ride with Dream and the other doctors on hand. The vision slowed and put his head

into his hands.

“We were just talking...and he collapsed.” He said softly debating saying any details. Obviously, he chose to leave them out. Sapnap narrowed his eyes.

“Is that it?” He asked curiously. George began to nod.

“You left out that kiss...” Bad finally spoke up and George quickly stared at him slack jawed. His face grew red, his eyes were wide with panic.

“A kiss?” Sapnap questioned sounding astonished and looked at George who began to hyperventilate. Sapnap took notice immediately and stood up to grab him some water. “Relax George, a kiss didn’t hurt Dream.”

George frowned and looked at them curiously taking the water with a shaky hand from Sapnap. Were they not grossed out by that?

“But isn’t it weird?” George asked gripping the cup tightly. “That we kissed?” Bad and Sapnap exchanged a look.

“Do you think its weird George?” Bad asked curiously. George shrugged his shoulders.

“I just didn’t know if...you guys accepted that stuff and he should be my best friend...not...whatever that way...” He murmured. Sapnap scoffed.

“George of course we’re okay with guys dating guys! It’s totally normal, nothing weird about it! Besides you and Dream have been flirting for months. This is not that huge of a surprise.” He crossed back around the bed to sit down.

“Just because he’s your best friend, it doesn’t mean you can’t love him like that George.” Bad spoke smoothly. “And you guys are really close...and the kiss seemed real enough for the both of you.”

George flushed and looked away with a small smile on his face. He could hear Sapnap whining about how he didn’t get to see it. George looked up at Bad and nodded.

“I was teased a lot when I was a kid about...liking boys.” George said coming clean, but the hesitance was evident in his voice. “Everyone said it was gross and called me names, so I learned to just keep my head down and stop talking about it.” Sapnap and Bad looked at him sadly. “I know people come out now and things aren’t...as bad as they were but I can’t help being afraid.” He bit his lip and fumbled with his hands as a distraction.

“And then I started feeling things for Dream and I...didn’t say anything.” He said. “Because if I said something like that then everyone would know and then what would they think of me?” He felt so stressed out over his own identity that he wanted to curl up in a ball and hide his face from them.

“I’m just...so scared of telling the world that I like guys and I was even more scared to tell Dream because I thought...I thought he was straight and if I said anything it would only ruin our friendship.” He cast a long solemn look over at his best friend laying there. “I had no idea he was going through it as well...”

He looked back at his two friends, both staring at him with an odd look on their faces. “I’m sorry.” He whispered suddenly feeling very out of touch with them. “I should’ve told you guys sooner...” They quickly shook their heads.

“Are you kidding me George? You get to decide when you want to talk about it, not us. Keeping it a secret all those years is valid. I get it!” Sapnap said with a light smile.

“Yeah this is big for you George. I’m happy you feel okay enough to trust us with it now.” Bad put in and placed his hand on George’s shoulder. “That isn’t going to change how we look at you. I promise.” Sapnap nodded.

“Me too, I’m proud you’re my gay best friend.” He said and Bad punched him in the shoulder. The comment made George giggle and finally relax.

“Thanks, you guys.” He said and stood up to wrap his arms around them, his head in between theirs. He felt their accepting embrace around him. He knew they would be accepting. He may have been too afraid to accept it himself, but he always knew these guys were loyal no matter what.

They pulled away and the atmosphere lightened. Sapnap was the first to break the silence.

“So is Dream a good kisser? I’ve always been curious.” He joked and George rolled his eyes slumping down in the chair. He shook his head and pursed his lips debating answering the ridiculous question. He stared at Dream and smiled pleasantly at the memory.

“It was a nice kiss.” He admitted. “I wouldn’t know the difference between bad and good though.” The others laughed and sat back down. George finally felt comfortable enough to reach out for the bandaged hand in front of him and hold it again...this time in front of his friends. He leaned forward onto the bed and waited for Ella to return.

When the door finally did open, he stood up quickly and saw her standing there looking at him in surprise. Yet again he dropped Dream’s hand. She paused before smiling and looking at the boys.

“He should hold out for the night. The doctor says his vitals are somewhat stable. The surgery will happen a day after.... he wakes up.” George could practically read her mind. *Just let him wake up.*

Dream would have one day to recuperate before his surgery...it was a rush, but Dream didn’t have much time left anyway so they needed to be fast. The sooner Dream woke up the better.

“The doctor says that visiting hours are over though and since Clay is stable in their hands...and they’ll call me if anything happens...we need to go home now and get some rest.” She stated running her fingers through her long-tangled hair.

George hesitated and stared at her. He didn’t want to leave Dream alone here. What if he woke up and no one was here with him? George hated the thought of Dream waking up alone in a hospital bed. The others rose from their seats and wished Dream good luck through the night before leaving the room. Even Ella came over and kissed him goodnight as if she were tucking in her child. George couldn’t imagine how hard it must feel to see your child this way. Then she left as well.

George waited until they were gone, until it was just him and Dream again. He gently picked up his hand holding it up to his chest and leaned over slowly, placing a soft kiss to his forehead, the cool touch of his skin on his lips. He closed his eyes for only a second before pulling away just a few inches to whisper...

“I love you Dream.”

The words slipped out and he let them go. He didn’t put up a fight to keep them inside any longer. He placed Dream’s hand on his stomach and backed away. He could see the boy’s lips trying to move but no sound left them. He turned to exit the room and saw Dream’s mother standing there.

At first his eyes went wide with fear, but Ella only smiled sympathetically and held out her hand to him. He stared at it with confusion before reaching out and taking it. She slowly led him out of the room, so he had one reason to leave without crying.

Together the two walked outside into the dark where the storm had finally passed, leaving the humid air behind. They stopped on the front steps stopping for just a minute. Ella turned to hug George tightly.

“You’re a good person George.” She said and his heart warmed as he hugged her back. “I’m glad my son picked you.” George pulled away to look at her eyes worried for what he would see. Instead he was met with the same tired happy smile she always had.

She reached out and brushed his hair to the side and rested her palm to his cheek as a showing sign of comfort. “Welcome to the family George.” She said with a smile. “Thanks for everything.” Right then and there George wanted to burst into emotion. He wanted to hug her again and again and tell her that he should be the one thanking her. But he only nodded in return. The haunting thoughts of Dream still lingering in his mind. He only managed to get out one thing.

“Thank you for accepting me.” While it could’ve been by some miracle that Ella saw him with Dream...George suddenly got the feeling that Ella always knew.

He could hear the car horn beep and he saw Bad pulling up front of the hospital waving him to the car. George looked back at Ella and started to back up.

“Bye Ella, drive home safe and call us if you get any news yeah?” He said quickly and she nodded, waving goodbye to the three of them as they got into the car. George watched from the back window as her figure disappeared into the parking lot. He turned back around. The car ride home was a quiet one. The only sound was the city and the faint music coming from the radio.

Once they finally reach the apartment, everyone is too drained to talk to each other. They just take turns in the bathroom getting changed and ready for bed. Bad sets up on the floor despite George’s protests and Sapnap takes the couch. George hears the television turn on and he trudges to the bathroom.

He stared at the pill bottles up on the shelf one last time, taking in the sight with the knowledge that they probably won’t get opened again. He pulled on his light t-shirt and pajama pants and stared at the dull reflection in front of him. The only thing that wasn’t exactly yellow was the blue and black on his pants. He brushed his teeth and left the bathroom, rubbing his tired eyes.

Everything felt much quieter now. Just knowing that Dream was still in the hospital and not here with them made George feel different. He walked into the kitchen and made Patches dinner. He could barely lift the food bag with his tired arms. His hands were shaking so terribly that he ended up spilling more food on the floor rather than the bowl.

He groaned as Patches swung around the corner hearing the food bowl. George swept some of the food back into the bag and stood slowly. He watched Patches munch on the food he had given her, and he reached down rubbing her behind the ears, her soft purring was very noticeable despite her head being in the bowl.

George moved sluggishly into the living room seeing Bad already laid down and ready to pass out. Sapnap was laying down as well with his eyes blankly resting on the tv. George had a feeling he wasn’t even really watching.

“Goodnight.” He said softly to them, his voice wavering. They smiled at him and wished him a

goodnight as well. However, they all knew that nobody was going to sleep well enough.

George goes into Dream's room and looks around. It feels somber in here and he wishes he wasn't alone. He wishes Dream were here with him again. He goes to one of the drawers that Dream had and looks through. He finally spots a soft gray hoodie and swipes it from where it was placed.

He pulls the fabric over his head and pushes his arms through. It's too big for him and the sleeves don't measure up on his arms right, but George is too tired to care.

*It feels like he's still here.* He thought to himself looking down at the sweatshirt before climbing into Dream's bed and cuddled up below the blankets trying to fall asleep. He missed Dream wrapping his arms around his waist already. A few minutes later something jumped onto the bed beside him.

George looked up to see Patches crossing over his legs and staring at him through the darkness. He stroked her head and smiled sadly. She curled up into his chest and he put his arm around her feeling comfort in the cat's presence. He buried his chin into the clothing.

He tried to imagine Dream was beside him, holding him...He just wanted him there...hell he would sleep in the hospital if he could. Slowly but surely...he drifted off into slumber, along with Patches. He knew for sure his night would be restless while he waited to return again tomorrow....

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*...When the sirens sounded George had only held Dream tighter. Sapanap shouted at him, trying to get him to come to his senses. Bad was yelling into a phone. George was crying.*

*When people finally came, they lifted Dream into the emergency vehicle taking him away from George who reached for him desperately. George had been the first one to offer jumping into the ambulance while Bad and Sapanap went to grab the car.*

*He had sat there unknowingly holding Dream's hand for the entire ride. He called Dream's mom who was in just as much panic as he was, maybe more.*

*Everything moved very quickly. George couldn't stop crying. The men were saying these big words about Dream that he didn't understand. They had to be medical terms but some of them really terrified him. There were a few times he really thought Dream's monitor would become a flatline for sure.*

*The group was at a disarray as they ran into the hospital. George watched his best friend being wheeled away and was told not to follow. He paced back and forth waiting for the others to arrive. He waited for news that Dream had passed...so many options...Why did everything have to hurt so bad?*

George sniffled in his sleep as tears dropped from his eyes...watering from the memory of the horrifying ride. The one he thought he would never come back from, the one where he thought Dream would just die on. He started thinking of all the negatives, all the bad things that could happen

Patches cuddled into the boy closer as he cried and cried...all...night...long...

George trying to hold onto Dream while he still can? You betcha...

Once again I appreciate the love and support from you all! It really helps!



## Entry 14: Waking Up

### Chapter Notes

Another chapter I'm not exactly happy with unfortunately (the timeline got a bit funky) not too much happened this time but we got some cute stuff ahead to I hope you really enjoy it! I've gotten a lot of attention over these past months and I'm utterly blown away. I really do thank you guys so much for sticking with me!

Also I may have more projects being planned with beautiful concept art being made in alternate universes. I hope you stick around if your interested in that as well!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He was drowning...or suffocating...Whatever it was that he was going through he could feel his lungs filling up with water instead of air. His eyes were closed as the murky black tugged him underneath, a thorny vine wrapped around his ankle dragging him down further and further.

The water chilled him to the bones, and he was sure his skin was probably turned purple. It chilled him, icy fingers wrapping around his heart slowing it down further. The green-eyed boy could hear voices whispering in the back of his mind. They were all incredibly familiar.

The voices were muffled but he opened his eyes slowly, allowing his lids to crack open just enough to see a blur above him. He could hear but he could not see. He looked around sluggishly, his head not moving quite fast enough.

*"Hey Dream."* Dreams eyes shot open recognizing George's voice around him. The vine wrapped around his leg tugged more viciously. Dream opened his mouth taking in more of the choked feeling of water and held his throat as the pain in his ankle sunk in.

He quickly clamped his mouth shut and gritted his teeth trying to fight back against the sinking feeling. The darkness threatened to swallow him up whole. The worst part was the Dream could not see where the surface started and where it ended. All he could do was feel that he was underwater, he had no idea where he was.

*"I don't know if you can hear me or anything, but I feel weird looking at you and not...not saying anything."* The voice said again, and Dream reached up to the surface clawing at the water substance around him. He wanted to scream out that he was listening, that he could hear him, and he was there. But when he tried to open his mouth, his speech was always cut off and water filled his lungs making it hard to breathe.

*"I just want you to know that everybody is here for you...and we're not gonna leave until..."* Dream could hear the pause and he scrambled for the surface wherever that was. *"We're not going to leave."* Dream frowned wondering why he was back here, why he could hear George's voice. What happened before I got here?

*"I know it sounds selfish, but could you at least open your eyes one more time?"* Dream wondered if he was already dead. What if that was the case and he just didn't know it? *"Maybe just one more time...I want to hear you...and see them."* Dream screamed into the water and pried at the vine. He wanted to wake up and tell George he was still kicking and alive, but everything was dragging him

down. He could feel the tendrils cutting into the soft palms of his hand and he flinched in pain, continuing to tug at them anyway.

*"I'm sorry I yelled at you."* Dream froze mid tug and let his whole body stop moving, the vines resumed to pull him down as he stared into the darkness in the direction of George's voice. He was lost feeling the emotion stir in his chest. *"And...I'm sorry I let you do this to yourself.... but I think I understand why you did it."* Dream was unmoving in surprise. The memories all came back to him...him kissing George...the kiss back...everything going black....

*"I understand...why you were so afraid."* Dream felt his heart soften and he relaxed, he could feel his hair waving in the water brush against his forehead. *"I wish I said it back...I really do..."* Dream imagined George in front of him. He could hear the pain in his voice, and he felt horrible.

*"I was avoiding it because I was scared...I thought that if I said something like that...I would lose you for good..."* Dream shook his head quickly wanted to tell George how he could never lose him. He wanted to tell him that he felt that way too and that he shouldn't be worried like that. Dream resumed his harsh tugging on the vine wrapped around his ankle.

*"But I know now that I had bigger things to worry about then stupid love confession."* Dream screamed in pain feeling the thorns rip into his ankle and shred his skin, water warming around him, but he tugged free and swam upwards as fast as possible, feeling himself growing lightheaded and dizzy. He could practically feel the vine moving in the water beneath him and growing to catch him again.

*"I'm not ready to say goodbye so I won't...you'll wake up again. I know."* Those words alone sent hope through his chest. George wasn't giving up on him...so he had to live for him...he had to fight for him.

*"Dream..."* He could hear the seriousness in his tone as the pressure of water grew lighter and lighter. *"I do like you...and it's kinda hard to say that when I'm looking at you in the eyes but I'm going to try. I will."*

Those were the words he needed to hear. Dream burst to the surface clawing his way out and taking a gasp of air. He didn't even realize his heart monitor in real life had sped up.

*"Geor-!"* He started out before the vine grabbed him by the torso and pulled him back down. He screamed as the thorns dug into his sides, piercing pain traveling up his skin.

*"Dream?"* Dream felt himself relieved that at least George saw something, but he still pulled and ripped to get out of the grip. *"Can you hear me?"* Dream nodded his head vigorously. Tears pricked his eyes because he just wanted to be able to open his eyes and let George know he was okay.

*"Of course, he's not listening you idiot, he isn't awake."* Dream let out a low cry of frustration and pulled and pulled but his eyelids were growing heavy. He felt the pressure once again return to his head. His heart was beating so quickly out of fright that he really was dying.

*"You're in a safe spot Dream."* Those words alone gave him comfort enough and his body went slack as he felt safer in the ice-cold depths. A flash of silver light flickered in his dimming vision and he thought it so familiar. He felt the vines pulling away from him and he just floated, finding himself drifting asleep. The only words he could remember hearing when he fell out again were...

*"I love you Dream."*

And peace washed over him.

---

When he opened his eyes again, he was sitting on top of the water soaking wet. He came to and rolled over his side feeling the growing pain in his chest. He hacked up large amounts of water, feeling disgusting as it fell everywhere. There was light...but it was dim. He sat up straight and saw Hope in front of him, they're light growing faint and their face sad...this time it was his own face.

Now Dream was the first to speak.

"I'm not giving up." He choked out, his throat hoarse and suddenly incredibly dry. Dream held his neck with one hand and glared at the figure. "Are you here to belittle me again? Make me frustrated like you did before? I see you've chosen my face. I did what you asked!" He snapped and had to close his eyes already dizzy from the yelling.

Hope just stared at him lacking any feeling. The eyes were blank, and Dream breathed heavily feeling unnerved around the apparition. Finally, it slowly shook its head, but Dream refused to let his guard down around Hope.

**"You did."** He started. **"You made peace somewhat with yourself. If you must die...then at least you'll be free of any restraints holding you."**

Dream looked away feeling the sadness sink back in. "So this is it..." He whispered. "I'm at the end?" Hope nodded and reached out holding his hand.

**"I won't give up if you don't but...even I don't know what happens next for us."** Dream thought it was odd staring at himself like this. It felt incredibly unnerving for him and he wanted to look away and avoid the gaze now more than ever.

"For the both of us?" He asked curiously staring at the mirror of his face thinking of how odd he looked. "I went through all this trouble and I'm still dying huh?" He said almost jokingly but the tense air between them said differently.

**"Only time will tell Dream."** Hope said but then the figure's shine flickered, and it let out a gasp falling forward. Dream looked surprised but made no move to help. It was one thing to look at someone else as the figure, it was another to see himself, let alone console himself.

**"I really don't have much left in me at all."** It spoke with ragged breath. **It takes a lot to keep you alive..."** They eyed each other warily and waited for one to speak. The real Dream chose to speak first.

"It'll happen soon won't it...I'm going to wake up just to be put under again." He put forth and Hope nodded. "If the surgery is a success then my chances are improved..."

**"And if it fails..."** Hope began.

"I know. I know. But I told George I wasn't ready...I want to at least try for him...for Sapnap and Bad and the rest of my friends...for my family..." He stated looked stronger than ever. "If I think of them, I know I can get through it." He said quickly and stood up. Hope smiled up at him.

**"Your different somehow Dream."** He said with a tilt of his head. Dream grinned feeling the air around him lighten and start to brighten and fuzz. **"What do you have now that's different?"**

“Ironically, its hope I guess. “ Dream said with a smirk and he could hear his own laughter sounding as he finally disturbed his slumber.

His eyes opened and everything was blurry and bright white. He looked around the room to see he was mostly alone besides a figure next to him. His head was rested on his arms on the blankets by Dream’s side. His eyes shut and his face glowing. He smiled at George’s sleeping figure and looked out the bright sunny window. Clearly the night had passed.

He could also see Sapnap and Bad in the corner talking together in hushed voices with their backs turned. Every once and a while his sleepy eyes caught the cards in their hands. They seemed to be playing a game. He looked at the sleeping boy beside him. The feeling returned to his hands and face. He could feel the long tube around his face, delivering air to his nose.

His body definitely felt weak...and his insides churned. Yet he battled against all of the stiffness in his joints to raise his hand and place it on George’s soft hair, running his fingers through it and remembering all the words he had heard when he was out. He opened his mouth to speak but all that came out was a raspy cough.

Immediately everyone’s heads went up. George opened his eyes and stared at Dream in surprise while Sapnap and Bad stopped playing cards to stare at their friend. Dream chuckled with his throat dry and parched.

“My back hurts...” He grumbled and they immediately stood up and went to him with shouts.

“Dream!” He could tell how excited they were. George stood up and leaned over him with relief in his gaze. The laying boy looked up at those beautiful brown eyes and smiled.

“It’s kinda hard to move.” He murmured. “How long was I out?” He asked looking at Bad and Sapnap

“Just over night, almost a day now actually.” Sapnap put in. “We wanted to stay last night but we weren’t allowed.”

Dream glanced over at George. “But you were here as long as you could be.” He said and they nodded eagerly. George’s eyes met his and he remembered his touching words from the night before.

“I’ll get the doctor.” Bad said still undoubtedly happy that his friend was awake. He hurried out of the room and Dream watched him go. “I’ll get your mom and dad; I think they’re somewhere outside.” He said and followed Bad’s lead.

George leaned over Dream with a smile. “I’m glad you actually woke up.” He said relieved.

“I don’t know if I was actually asleep...” Dream pointed out and blinked looking at George who looked at the bedsheets nervously picking at them. “I could still hear.” Their eyes met again but George’s face a flushing pink and Dream had a knowing smirk before resting his hand on top of the older boys and giving it a weak squeeze.

“I love you too George.” He reassured and a smile grew on George’s face. He leaned forward slowly, and Dream felt his heart quicken...clearly, he wasn’t the only one because the heart monitor’s beeping sped up with it and George collapsed his face into Dream’s chest in a fit of laughter. Dream blushed and scoffed.

“This damn thing is ruining the moment...” He sputtered and George looked up at him with a smile.

“It’s cute.” He admitted and Dream’s heart went through a rush again. George looked down at his lips, pulling himself up to sit on the bed beside him and leaned over him. Of course, the heart monitor betrayed Dream’s true feelings. The sound was blocked out of his mind the closer George got. Both their eyes fluttered shut as George kissed Dream.

Dream could feel an undeniable warmth spreading through him when he was kissed. Now he knew nothing was in vain. He knew George felt the same and he felt more relieved than ever. He wanted to sit up or cup his cheek with his hand, but it was almost impossible to move very far with how weak he felt. Instead George’s hand was rested on his cheek. When George finally pulled away, they stared at each other quite closely and fondly.

Then the door swung open and George practically fell off the bed in surprise, he pulled away so hard. Dream wheezed when he rolled off and turned his gaze to the door to see his mother and father rushing to him. He smiled at them when they came running over to his bedside to ask him questions and see if he’s okay. Sapnap lagged behind him with George. He reassures them, a bit overwhelmed by it all. Then the door opens a second time.

“It’s good to see you awake Mr. Hudson. How do you feel?” The doctor asked as he came in, Bad was by his side.

“Tired...its really hard to move...and I feel kinda disgusting...” He admitted. The doctor nodded solemnly.

“Sounds about right...when you came in, we ran some tests and your muscles deteriorated rapidly...mostly in your legs.” He said with sympathy. “If you recover after surgeries it might take years for you to get back on your feet like you used to.”

Dream wasn’t surprised at this point...He learned to expect the worse after all. Everything seemed to go terribly for him after all. However, a voice spoke up.

“Not if, when...” They looked at the source of the voice to see Bad standing there looking at them, head held high and Dream felt his heart soar with pride when his friend stood up for him. Sapnap and George nodded eagerly.

“You have twenty-four hours before your surgery.” He said and gave him a nod and small sad smile. “We will do everything we can to make sure your comfortable before then.” He nodded his head to him and then turned to his mother and father. “When your ready come and find me and I’ll give you the details of the surgery.”

The doctor began to leave before turned back around. “Oh, and Clay...how does your heart feel?” He asked.

Dream paused. “What do you mean?” He asked anxiously.

“Well its just there was a bit of a warning on your heart rate speeding up and slowing down quite rapidly when I was on my way here.” He admitted. Dream and George blushed.

“My heart feels okay Doc.” Dream said, and the doctor nodded exiting the room.

Everyone looked at George and Dream who were staring literally anywhere but each other. Nobody questioned them but the day went on and gradually there was less talk of sadness and more games and jokes. Everybody seemed content there, even Dream, who could barely move.

As time passed on George got closer to Dream’s bedside until he was right beside him holding his hand...nobody seemed to mind or question it. When Dream’s parents stepped out to speak with the

doctor on more news of surgery Dream was left with their friends and he felt George squeeze his hand lightly.

“Thanks for being here guys.” He said lightly. “It means a lot to me.” The others sat around him and nodded their heads.

“Of course, dude we aren’t going anywhere.” Sapnap said with a big grin.

“No but you guys had the idea to come down here...It probably would have never happened if you hadn’t...and I’m really happy your all here with me.” Dream said carefully avoiding any words about his surgery.

Bad rested his hand on Dream free one and nodded. “Dream I think we can all agree this was a trip worth taking.” He admitted and the others voices their agreement.

He looked at George who shrugged his shoulders. “If I hadn’t come to see you there was a chance I never would. I’m glad I took the chance now.” He said and Dream grinned.

“You guys are so sappy.” He watched them all turn to glares.

“Let us have a moment Dream!” Sapnap argued.

“Wow I suddenly regret recent decisions.” George muttered sarcastically with a smirk.

“Hey, I fucking loved your decisions don’t forget that Georgie!” Dream said wheezing and coughing.

“Uh- Language!” Bad said looking at him with a frown.

“Oh come one Bad its just one swear!” Sapnap said with a giggle.

“You guys should have heard Bad when I called him on the phone! I shit you not, he actually swore at me!” Dream said and Bad blushed.

“What no way! Bad did you stoop to our level?” George asked in surprise with the same evil grin as Dream on his face. Bad looked away.

“Pfft it was maybe a small swear...” He murmured and bit his lip looking bashful.

“Aw Bad it’s okay, it was just the word bullshit, no harm done.” Dream said grinning at his friend’s reaction to being exposed.

“What the muffin Bad?” Sapnap teased feigning a look of shock.

The three giggled while Bad went bright red to his ears. “This isn’t fair!” He said only causing them to laugh harder. A joyful moment between them making them forget all the bad in the world for a time. When it was time for them to say goodbye for the night, they all waved to him and went their separate ways except for George.

“You guys will come back before the surgery tomorrow, won’t you?” Dream asked, eyes flashing with worry. George smiled lightly.

“You think we’re gonna leave you here alone? If you wanted us gone so badly, we’d listen.” George joked simply but Dream reached out and grabbed his hand.

“I don’t...I don’t want to be alone before it happens.” He admitted with fear in his eyes.

George stared at him for a second longer before sitting beside him on the bed. "I'm not gonna leave Dream. None of us will. I promise." He said and held out his pinky finger.

Dream raised an eyebrow. "Seriously a pinky swear?" He asked with sarcasm.

George rolled his eyes. "I'm giving you a promise, right?" He asked and Dream brought up his bandaged hand up to stick out his pinky finger and lock them together. George stared him in the eyes. "I promise that I'll be here first thing tomorrow to be with you. Is that better?"

Dream stared at the ceiling as if he was pondering it before nodding. "I guess it's a little better." He admitted and stared at George's lips again. As if reading the others mind George leaned down and kissed him again. The two sharing the moment together alone in the room. George pulled away startled.

"I almost forgot!" He said and Dream tilted his head already upset the kiss was over. George brought out Dream's phone and earbuds from his pocket and held them out to him. "I figured you might be bored throughout the night...so if you want you can listen to your music. If you want to talk you can BUT-" He pulled away the phone before Dream could grab it.

"-I really think you should get some sleep." Dream rolled his eyes and nodded.

"Fine, fine but I'm not gonna promise to that." The younger boy responded in a smug voice. George shook his head. "How is Patches? Your taking care of her right?"

"If you get bored you always have books they have here for you. I know you like to read and write, maybe you won't get too bored with them. And yes, Patches is fine, she's waiting by the door for you when you come home." He pointed out and Dream groaned throwing his head back into the bed, his blonde locks splaying out against the pillow.

"Alright fine, thanks for looking after her...." Dream replied begrudgingly.

George smiled. "I'll see you tomorrow Dream." He said. "I promise." Their loving looks towards each other remained for a while until Dream waved to him causing George to smile and wave back in a silly way. Then they turned and separated, this time their hearts filled with more love than fear because they knew the other would be there when the time came.

---

Dream hadn't gone through most of the night before contacting George on the phone while hidden under his bed blankets. They talked for a while. They didn't need to keep saying 'I love you' to know that the other thought it now. There was no reassurance needed. They talked until George heard the tiredness in Dream's voice. They told each other goodnight and that was where the conversation ended.

Dream pushed the earbuds into his ear and looked through his music before looking back at Alec Benjamin. The only thought in his mind was George himself. He paused staring at the screen before pressing play and letting the music play until he drifted off to sleep. The attachments to his body were barely felt.

However, sleeping was a harder task then he thought. He was nervous. The more time went by, the more he knew time was drawing closer to the time of the surgery...he would either survive or he'd die. It was a scary thought...maybe he hadn't been as terrified because he had more time. But the time was slipping from his grasp and soon it would run out.

He tried to steady himself and fall asleep as best he could...and soon he did.

The next morning Dream had woke up early. He was sat up on his bed and held an open book in his hands. He saw the others walk in as soon as visitors were allowed in. He smiled knowing they came in early just for him.

“Morning.” He said to them with an easy-going grin, but he looked terrible. There were deep rings around his eyes of pale sickly purple bruises as if his skull lines were showing. He looked disheveled and a mess. His figure looked thinner than before. If he looked bad his friends didn’t seem to be that affected by it.

“Hey!” Sapnap said with a smile and Bad waved to him lightly. “I brought some carbonated melon milk...wanna try?” He asked holding up the bottle and Dream fake gagged and shook his head.

“I’ll pass.” He murmured. George sat beside him once more.

“What are you reading?” He asked curiously.

Dream looked down in his lap. “Uh it’s called ‘The Beginning?’ and its basically an adventure story about bringing someone back from the dead...its actually kind of interesting and its really well written.” He said and smirked. “I would know right?” He questioned. The boys all chuckled in reply and agreed with him.

They helped getting him his breakfast for the day and the medication before spending the rest of the day talking. They just wanted to distract Dream from the upcoming surgery. Soon they were giggling all over again. When his parents came in, the entire group was playing cards on the bed. Even Dream’s little sister came around to talk with everyone. The entire hospital room was filled with people and Dream felt so incredibly happy.

However, the air of happiness was sucked out of the room when the doctor came in. Dream’s beaming smile faded immediately when he saw the somber look on his face.

“Alright Mr. Hudson.” The doctor paused as the nurses came in with a wheelchair. “Are you ready?” He asked. Dream looked at George nervously and George nodded his head with an encouraging smile.

They helped him out of bed, taking all the tubes and wires off, his body truly being revealed as a sickly mess. His bare feet finally touched the floor for the first time, and it was freezing cold causing him to rear back in shock. His body went slack in the chair as if he was exhausted just from being lifted out.

He leaned back in the chair and tried to relax, but his heart was beating incredibly fast. George and Bad took both of his hands and Sapnap rested his on the boy’s shoulders.

“Your gonna do great Dream!” Bad said hopefully.

“Yeah It’ll be over in no time!” Sapnap put in and showed him his big smile.

“We’ll be out here waiting for you.” George promised and held out his pinky to him. Dream took it with a tight smile and nodded.

“I’m gonna be soft and say I love you guys.” Dream said with a smile.

They immediately wrapped their arms around him in a group hug. “Aw we love you too!” Bad said happily. Dream hugged them tight, already fearing that if he let go, he would lose them forever.

After exchanged hugs to his family as well, holding onto his mother tightly, he waved goodbye and



doctors wheeled him down the hall. As they got closer and closer to the surgery room, the sound around him deafened until he couldn't hear anything anymore. The only thing he could think before the doors opened was...

*I'm scared.*

## Chapter End Notes

yes there is a little cameo out there to my good friend amooniesong and her new story "The Beginning?" GO CHECK IT OUT!

The last two chapters will be the most excited and THE LONGEST! I'm thinking of uploading them at the same time over vacation but it may take a few days longer so PLEASE DON'T THINK I DIED! I'm just working very hard to make these last two chapters extra special! <3

## Bad Ending: Goodbye...

### Chapter Notes

Keep in mind this is not the real ending, this is a what if situation. And you don't have to read if you don't want to! I know I said that both endings would come out at the same time but that will be out tomorrow. I want to give you a day to digest this no matter how sad it may be.

I want to use this chapter to convey a message to everyone because I see a lot of struggles in the fandom. I want you to know things will get better, maybe not today or tomorrow. But things will get better and if you need people to talk to someone will be there. I'm willing to help.

I have made a discord server which holds future projects, updates and much more. If you want to join and talk to me or discuss what happened with other people feel free to join! This is a place for everyone and I hope we can become friends, I look forward to talking with you all!

Discord Invite: <https://discord.gg/6UeZpt>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*George.* That was all Dream could think, it was all that was in his mind when they put him under. They burned his eyes, but he was too weak to look away.

*George.* He thought of the kiss against his lips, how soft and welcoming his lips were. His vision clouded over and every sound around him was muted and muffled.

**“This is it.”** Dream was sitting cross legged on the ground with his head slouched forward...no longer was he dressed in the storybook outfit... but rather normal clothing, his gray hoodie and sweats. He didn't feel replenished in his dream at all. On the contrary he felt like gravity was pulling him down to the dark water beneath his feet. Everything around him was now brighter, but the water stretched on forever through the darkness and was surrounded by fog.

He wanted to close his eyes and breathe. Rest easy...maybe dying in his sleep wasn't such a bad idea. He laid down...no hope was around to help him. He was on his own.

*George.* He pictured his sweet face and the hand wrapped around his. He thought of his smile, his laughter. Anything that would bring him the urge to push through the murky bleak wish of slumber.

He was at the end of his road now. He thought he would have more time.... but it just wasn't in the cards. He sat...and he waited unmoving. He waited to wake up.

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The water shifted around him and tendrils of thorns poked their heads from the surface, edging towards Dream. He felt it brush against his leg and tried to hold himself together.

*Please...don't hurt me.* He thought and braced himself. The rough thorns dragged themselves around his leg and he bit his lip. His body was trembling already. Every touch felt weak. His legs

were too wobbly to hold any of his weight so he couldn't stand and run.

The vines oblivious to Dream's pleas wrapped around his torso and curled up to his neck. He could feel his own panic rising, quickly forgetting all that kept him grounded. He began to struggle and crack. His mind was racing and in response the thorns got tighter around his body constricting his movement entirely.

The thorns dug into his sides and he gasped for air finding barely any, his fragile body could feel everything. A thousand needles in his system. He just wanted it to end. He wanted all the pain to end so he wouldn't have to feel in anymore.

Suddenly he could see the water around him, stained with crimson red. He screamed as he felt vine tendrils starting to pull him down. Suddenly the once solid surface of water around him gave in and the floor disappeared from under him. He couldn't kick his legs, but he could use his arms to fight to keep his head above water.

His eyes were wide as red danced in his vision. The black twisted shapes were so easy to see now. But they hurt more when they dug into his skin. He grabbed the ones around his neck and thrashed his body around trying to free himself and reached his hand up knowing if he didn't get himself out of this then he was done for.

**"Do you want the pain to go away?"** The voice came from everywhere and Dream threw his arms around wildly. He reached for some stretch of land that would never graze his fingertips. Water filled his mouth and he coughed viciously to get rid of the coppery taste.

**"I was hoping you would've fought it...but maybe it's time."** Dream was so focused on the pain. He was so drawn in by the hardships he couldn't remember why he was here in the first place. All he wanted...

...was for it to stop.

"P-please!" He begged as loud as he was able. "Please end it!" Tears flooded from his eyes and decorated the red waves. Sharp thorns pressed into his soft fingertips and he cried out in pain.

The water was about over his ears now and he knew it wouldn't be long till it was over his head. He squeezed his eyes shut to avoid blinding himself and pulled his hand free holding it high in the air.

"Anything but this!" He screamed and water filled his lungs as his head went under, his hand outstretched in the cold air. Then it sunk with him into the dark silent depths and Dream was too weak to struggle any further. The pain was so great.

**"I see..."** Dream opened his eyes to see Hope with sad eyes. **"Then this really is the end."** Dream looked on with pained eyes which he squeezed shut. If water would show his tears he would be crying.

**"I know you tried your best, let the comfort of sleep take hold."** Hope whispered and held out its hand. Dream was more drawn to his eyes, George's eyes. He looked at his hand and was very tempted to take hold of it.

He had tried his best, didn't he? He wasn't some coward.

*They'll be okay knowing I'm not in pain anymore. They'll find the note you left behind. They know I tried.*

Dream reached out his hand to touch the figures and just like their first meeting, the pain eased away, the thorns vanished from him and he fell into the warm embrace crying his eyes out. The guilt crashing over him like a wave.

He determined pulling away and trying to withstand the pain but the longer he was held in Hopes arms the more tired he grew. He looked up at the figures face as everything began to fade to a bright blinding light.

“George...” He whispered. “...I’m sorry.”

Hope looked down at him and gave him the sweetest smile cupping his cheek and laughing lightly. The sound echoing through the space around them. Hopes light began to fade, with Dream still in its arms. The two melting away in the darkness. All Hope could see on Dream’s face was terror, so it tried to ease him to a gentle rest.

“**He knows...**” Hope whispered feeling Dream’s body fall slack in his arms.

Hope rested its forehead against Dream’s as both faded leaving nothing...but black.

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George bit his lip waiting outside the room for some answer. Dream had been in surgery for a long while and there had been no news for two hours now. His hands were folded in his chest as he waited. His foot bounced anxiously, and he stared at the door waiting.

Dream’s mother and father were seated with each other, their daughter pressed in between them, he heads rested against their dads’ shoulder and she was fast asleep, tired from the wait.

Bad was talking to Ella very quietly and Sapnap was leaned against the wall beside George’s chair. George felt a hand on his shoulder and looked up at Sapnap.

“Take a breather if you need to George, it might take a little longer.” Sapnap murmured. George just shook his head.

“No, I need to be here when they finish.” He whispered, his throat dry and sore from the incoherent mumbling that was passing from his lips the entire time he waited.

“Go get some water George. You need it.” Sapnap said. “Please.” His voice sounded so incredibly urgent and pained. George pursed his lips feeling guilty and rose to his feet slowly giving in out of pure exhaustion.

He walked to the cafeteria slowly. Every step felt like he was stumbling and tripping forward. He felt like he would sink into the ground and fall into nothingness. He was extremely tired from his nights without Dream. Sleep never came easy to him now. Patches no longer cuddled in bed with him. Instead she would sit by the door waiting for her owner to come home all night long.

George only had Dream’s hoodies to keep him comfortable in the nighttime. Bad and Sapnap barely slept either. Sleep was the last thing on anybody’s mind. George had heard their hushed voices through the night as they talked quietly. There was some laughter, but it wasn’t bright or cheery. It was always forced and hollow. Those laughs echoed down the walls to the bedroom and all George could feel was pain and solitude.

He had drawn himself off from his friends even if he needed them. Being alone felt so much better but in reality, did nothing for him. He was still fearful and solemn.

He pushed open the door to the cafeteria and dragged one of his hands along the wall feeling the

roughly painted bricks of concrete. It looked like prison walls and that alone made him uncomfortable being by himself in the area.

He looked around with downturned eyes at the people sitting at tables. There weren't many, most were patients who were there were people slowly recovering. Some weren't patients at all. George gulped meeting the shallow eyes of one small girl sitting with her parents at a table in a hospital gown. Despite how bad she looked...she was still smiling. She went back to bouncing in her chair and talking to the others with her. Her parents were right beside her and George grabbed a plastic cup eavesdropping on their conversation.

"When I leave can we go to the aquarium?" She asked and George could hear the dripping excitement in her voice.

"We'll go to the aquarium and the beach. We'll do it all." Her father said happily.

"And once we get out of here, you'll have a good food." The mother replied and George rubbed his eyes filling up the water cup. A faint smile touched his lips remembering Dream's distaste towards hospital food.

He turned around and saw the little girl staring at him curiously. She waved hi to him and he was about to raise his hand to wave hello back to her but suddenly his vision flickered and he was no longer staring at the little girl but Dream's weakened face in the hospital bed.

He took a step back out of shock and bit his lip to force down the scream threatening to rise. Just seeing Dream's outstretched hand made him duck away. The little girl was lost in confusion as George refused to acknowledge her at all. The walls were constricting, and George felt like he was suffocating.

*Get a grip!* He thought to himself and pushed open the doors quickly. He held the cup with both hands as he walked back down the hall a little quicker than before. His mind was wandering but his eyes stayed staring at the cup in his hand. The water rippled with every step and shook violently in his shaking hands.

He took a small tentative sip to soothe the burning dryness of his throat. He tried to think of Bad's voice traveling throughout his head. The voice that told him everything was gonna be okay. He turned the corner to see the surgery room in sight...

...and suddenly everything felt like it was slower.

He looked up from his cup to see a few figures at the end of the hallway. The doctor was standing there with a somber face and his clipboard in hand. George's eyes panned to the side to see Ella hugging her shoulders, fat tears rolling down her cheeks...only her sobs were faint and muted in George's ears. Her husband was right beside her cradling her in comfort, but George could see his eyes were glistening.

Dream's sister was beside Bad still sitting down and looking at everyone sleepily like she had just woken up and didn't understand what was going on. Her question echoed around his head.

*"Mom what's going on?"*

George looked at Bad who was resting his hand over blurry eyes, his shoulders shaking. Sapnap was leaning against the wall for support and George heard him yell out.

*"It isn't fair!"*

It didn't take long for George to make connections using the pain in the room. The water cup slipped from between his fingers and fell to the ground. George felt the water puddle up around his feet but that wasn't what he was worried about. His eyes were wide seeing the doctor's lips moving.

"W-what did you say?" George asked, his own voice felt like an echo to him and his head was spinning. Bad and Sapnap turned to look at him and George saw the sadness in their eyes. He saw it all and he wished to god he could unsee it.

"George..." Bad started to stand and move towards him. Sapnap followed suit and both were coming very slowly. George held his arms out to stop them and looked around wildly.

"WHAT DID HE SAY?" George repeated with a flow of agony reaching his heart. Sapnap moved to take his arm but George pushed away from him and went to the doctor who almost backed up when the shorter male approached him intensely.

"George please!" He could hear Sapnap behind him and his shaky voice. George stopped in front of the doctor. It was hard for the older man to look at George whose face was unmoving and numb looking.

"Is he okay?" George asked breathlessly locking eyes with him finally. There was silence besides the sobs of Ella beside him. The doctor took a deep breath and when the words finally came out of his mouth George's heart felt like it had stopped on the spot.

"I'm sorry..." The was all that was needed. George crumbled and he felt someone pulling his wrist. He turned around seeing Sapnap holding him gently. George immediately fell into his best friend and let out a choked sob. He felt Sapnap's face being buried into his shoulder and he could feel his shoulders moving up and down as he cried with George.

"He can't be gone!" George practically yelled, his agony in every word that left his lips. He could barely see Bad through the blurriness of his tears, but he knew he was there, and he squeezed Sapnap tighter feeling the boy reciprocate. They used each other to lean on because George knew if he let go, he wouldn't be able to stand on his own.

*He's gone.* He thought feeling another extra set of arms wrap around them both. *He's gone.*

"George...breathe...." Bad said. George hadn't even noticed that his breath was becoming sort of faint.

*Breathing is tedious.* He thought. He opened his mouth, but no air came in, he was frozen.

"George!" Sapnap said pulling away to look at their best friend.

*I'd rather not.* The shock was still stuck on his brain and because of that the ability to remember how to breathe completely vanished.

His legs trembled underneath him and he fell forward into Sapnap who held him very carefully and gasped. The last thing George heard before he blacked out, was his name being called.

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## Two Weeks Later:

Sitting on the bed, the boy ran his fingers over the bare mattress and looked around the room. There were no more piles of books in the corner...any posters or pictures on the wall were since taken down. The equipment on the desk was gone. The afternoons orange light shone in through

the windows showing off every small speck of desk. The only thing remaining was a box right beside the boy filled with various items like pieces of paper, flash drives and other memorabilia. The rest of the room...was no soul less. Even the stain that had once been etched into the carpet was gone. Lifeless. Ready for something new.

He sat up and looked under the bed, not for any cat but for any things left behind. A sort of school type notebook remained under the bed and he reached underneath.

“Please don’t let there be bugs.... please don’t let there be bugs.” He muttered repeatedly and pulled out the dusty wire bonded book. He looked at the front cover to see multiple doodled smiley faces on the front cover, noting the recognition of them being drawn out of complete boredom.

He opened the book and smiled at the scribbles and doodles inside.

*Minecraft But, Series, Minecraft Unsolved, BACON!...*

The boy giggles, a hint of sadness in the tone of its lightness. The little figures of a pig and a blob figure with a smiley face were seen on the page. By no means were these good doodles, they were just cutesy and clumsily drawn.

He flipped through more pages of doodles and writing, coding notes, plug ins, ideas for future videos.

*So, this is where he kept all his stuff organized.* The boy moved from page to page, soaking in the memories. His hands stopped on the corner of the page tracing over the green heart written in some sort of pen. In the middle the name **George** stuck out true. The boy’s lips parted ever so slightly and shut again, Adam’s apple bobbing up and down. He quickly flipped the page and moved on to the next few pages.

He noticed the next few pages gaining more and more small hearts adding on to updates and schedules. His smile grew larger seeing the journey of adoration over time coming from the writer.

He must’ve sat there for fifteen minutes just staring at the writing. He laid back on the familiar bed, staring at the words on the page and letting them drift by so easily feeding the feelings he had buried for the past few days, feelings that made his heart soar.

The lettering came fewer and fewer until the words stopped completely, and the pages went blank leaving him in emptiness all over again.

He sat up on the bed ready to close the journal for good and finally take the step away when the pages slipped apart near the back on the book. He opened it again curiously and was met with pages and pages of words written in dark blue ink.

He looked at the titles at the top of each page... and his breath caught in his throat.

*To my fans, To my family, To my friends.*

Notes.

Pages of letters saying goodbye to different people. The underlines feelings and the thank you’s were all listed. He shut the book without reading them and stood up from the bed tucking the notebook under his arms and scooping up the box carrying it through the cold hallway.

He stopped by the bathroom to wash any dust off his hands. He looked up towards the mirror...but instead of seeing his reflection all he saw was the open medicine cabinet. The rough dark wood in

the back was now showing. No more prescription bottles to haunt the shelves.

He shut the doors and stared at his reflection; his muted light skin dressed in all black. The lack of vibrancy and joy in his eyes was evident. He touched his sunken cheeks lightly and looked at the replaced shower curtain behind him. Something drew his attention to it.

There was a faint silhouette he could just make out from behind the curtain. He held his breath refusing to turn around only using the mirror as his guide. He watched eerily as the shadow hand reached up and around the outside of the tub revealing itself behind the curtain. The swollen dead looking hand coated in blood followed his gaze and ever so slowly began to push the curtain away...

George splashed water on his face in a hurry, water droplets splattered on the mirror and he looked at the curtain once more.

No more hand.

Just a white curtain.

He finally breathed and picked up the box once he wiped down his hands on his shirt and left the bathroom. He walked past the kitchen and the balcony. The counters were empty, no more cat bowls sitting in the corner. The plants were all gone. The only thing that remained was the baseline furniture, anything personal was gone.

The boy opened the door and took one last look at the apartment before leaving and slamming it behind him, locking all the memories away with the key to room 404.

He waited for the elevator, watching the numbers tick up to his level. When the sliding doors opened and let out a low whine, he climbed on and tucked the box under his arm hitting the ground floor button. As the doors shut, he opened the notebook to the last few pages. A letter for Nick...a letter for Darryl...He frowned and wondered selfishly.

*What about me?*

The doors opened again, and he closed the book leaving the elevator and walking outside. The bright sunlight blinded him, but he trudged outside to the two cars waiting out front. The woman in a black dress looked up at him with a weak smile, her body frail from lack of nutrition.

"Thank you, George." She said and helped take the box from him and set it in the back of the car. George nodded keeping the notebook held in his hands. He watched her wordlessly putting the box in the trunk and smiled at the remembrance of his first day.

He felt an arm wrap around his shoulder, and he jumped seeing Sapnap right next to him dressed in similar black t-shirt jacket and dress shirt. It was weird seeing them all dressed up. Even Bad. Clearly none of them did it on the daily.

"What did you find?" Sapnap asked looking at the notebook in George's hands. The boy looked down and handed it to them to see.

"It was...his type of schedule I guess." George said hollowly. "In the back there are notes he made for everyone. I guess he spent a while writing them in preparation for..." He stopped talking and looked away knowing that he didn't need to continue any farther for the other two to understand.

"He made them for the fans, and his family and...he made ones for us." George could hear the wavering in Sapnap's voice.



“He made one’s for you guys.” George corrected bitterly and looked away not paying attention as Bad and Sapnap exchanged a look.

“Maybe he did write you one.” Bad said putting a hand on his back. “We can go through the boxes again...” He said trying to come up with a solution to compromise for George’s doubts.

George shrugged away his hand and scoffed. “The last thing I want to do is look through those boxes.” He muttered and walked away from the two of them, notebook still clutched in his hand. He left and ignored the sadness in their eyes because he was too caught up in the whirlwind of pain slashing at his insides and making him feel sick.

He ducked into the car and slammed the door shut. Looking out the window forlornly he let out a sigh and looked up at the sky. It was bright and pretty but would soon be covered over by clouds.

George had been dreading this day ever since Dream died during surgery. It was no surprise that he had taken this in a different way than Sapnap and Bad did. While they mourned, George tried to forget. He tried to do anything and everything in his power to stop thinking about him.

But even when he chased the thoughts away...they followed him back to wherever he was. The haunted him in the night, most going with no sleep. All he could remember was a terrified and sickly face. What else could George do besides try to rid himself of it all?

When the others got into the car, George looked down at his hands and silenced himself completely. He picked at the skin around his fingertips...a new habit he had picked up. Sometimes he would go until they bled. But even then, the pain was a small thing that didn’t trigger any feeling from him like he wanted it to.

When the car started George felt his leg begin to bounce. Bad followed Ella’s car down the roads of Orlando until they came to a clearer place away from the city. A small church with plain and sad walls. Suddenly George thought it looks just as bad as the hospital.

They parked the car and got out. Other cars were already parked, and more were moving in, but it was all of Dream’s distant family and relatives. George followed Ella and the other boys up the grassy hills to see the hundreds of gravestones perched high above dead grass. The trees surrounding the clearing were high and shaded the entire area. The breeze blew gently here but it seemed lonely and dark. His only thought was...

*Dream will never like it here.*

They pass through tombs and graves to the freshly dug one farther from the rest. The casket was raised over the open grave and it was shut. George was relieved he wouldn’t have to see Dream. In the end he knew that he would only see the thing that took his place.

He stood at the very back letting any elderly relatives sit down. He wanted to be the farthest away from the scene anyway. Sapnap and Bad stood on either side of him, probably coming off as protective brothers to any onlookers. Even though George wouldn’t admit it in these times. He felt better with them around.

As the burial began, Ella took the stand first to speak for her son. George decided the ground was much more comforting to look at in order to fight any waves of emotion that threatened to take hold and drag him back down into despair.

“Clay would’ve been happy you could all make it.” She said sadly. George’s bitter thoughts ran rampant and he bit the skin at his fingers once more.

*Clay would've been happy to be alive.* His thoughts betrayed him.

The speech went on, tears were shed. People were weeping and some stood to tell stories about Dream as a kid or a teenager. Sapnap and Bad smiled taking in the stories and the last bit they had of their friend. George was ready to plug his ears. He wanted to forget about Dream, not see him more.

Hearing her ask if anyone else wanted to say a few words George rubbed the back of his ear and made sure he didn't meet Ella's gaze. Bad and Sapnap looked over him with worried faces and nudged his shoulder. George's face remained unmoving and blank. He opened his chapped lips and mumbled under his breath.

"I don't want to talk about him in front of people I don't know..." He whispered. It was understandable that George would want to keep his thoughts to himself. Ella and her husband handed out roses to the people gathered. George took it from her gently and looked at the soft deep red petals.

He let the thorns dig into his fingers as he twirled it in his hand. He watched the blood, a similar color to the red of the flower, roll down his fingertips and drop onto the dirt ground. He looked up to see if Bad and Sapnap had even noticed only to find that they were walking ahead towards the coffin with the other people.

George waited behind watching them walk in front of him. His hands were clammy and tense. He didn't want to get anywhere near the body. His mind screamed at him to keep his distance, but his heart spoke differently demanding a proper send off for the boy he loved.

Once most people had placed their flowers on the coffin, George worked up the courage to take a few steps forward and accept that he needed to get it done now more than ever.

He followed the line of people and approached the center of the coffin. He rested his hand on the smooth surface and gently laid the flower down on top. As soon as he touched the resting place, a wave of cold emptiness washed over him.

*George... help me...*

George stiffened like a board and froze with his hand still on the stem of the rose.

"Why do I have to hear you..." He whispered and closed his eyes. "Just let me say goodbye..."

**"George."** The familiar voice spoke, and the mentioned boy raised his head and opened his eyes.

The coffin was now open, and he could see Dream's dark skin, the bruises wrapping around his neck, the sunken eyes and circles of his skull around his eyes. He looked weak and sick. His hands turning purple.

George took a step back as the dead man rose in his coffin just to stare at him.

**"Why did you let me die George?"** He asked. George shook his head and gulped. He didn't hear the murmurs from other people around him. He didn't hear their hushed whispers. He didn't see their disgusted or confused faces.

"I didn't- "George tried to reason with him but he was cut off immediately.

**"I didn't tell you because I knew you would've been relieved...you wouldn't have to worry about coming out of the fucking closet, would you? You disgust me."** His words were full of

hate and dripping with poison. That poison took hold of George's mind and made him believe every word he was saying. He backed up tripping a let out a yelp.

Someone caught him as he fell and he looked back to see Bad holding him up from falling, his eyes looking bright with concern. George who was now shaking quickly stood up and stared at him guiltily.

"George are you okay?" Bad asked and Sapnap rested a hand on his friends back. George looked between the two of them with wild eyes.

"I thought I saw..." He faded off when he saw the coffin was shut and locked, the roses back on top of it. He shook his head in disbelief and looked back at his confused friends. "...nothing never mind." He tried to smile reassuringly but it was tense and empty of any emotion not giving his friends any sort of comfort.

"Maybe we should head back to the car." Bad suggested. George said nothing when Sapnap agreed. They guided him back to Bad's car. George had found it hard to shove away the glares that people had given him as they walked away. He just couldn't get the horrid thoughts out of his head.

When they got to the car they shifted back in the seat and George picked up the notebook he had left there clutching it to his chest for some sort of comfort. Nothing came but he held onto it anyway.

"George...can we talk?" Bad asked from the front seat and looked back at George by shifting in his seat. George said nothing and only squeezed the notebook to his chest tighter than before.

"I know we're taking it rough too, but you seem like it's even harder." Sapnap whispered. George remembered his words from the hospital when he told him that he wasn't the only one feeling rough from Dream's condition.

"I'm fine." George said roughly not giving in to any vulnerability that he felt. Bad and Sapnap exchanged a look and then stared at George.

"But you know you can talk to us if something is bothering you right George?" Bad said as he put the keys in the ignition to turn on the car and get the air conditioning on. George pressed his mouth to the palm of his hand and stared out the window resting on it. He nodded faintly.

"Yeah I know." He lied through his teeth. When in reality all he could think was.

*Nobody can help me.*

---

The plane ride home had been tense and despite everything. George had tried to put in the earbuds and listen to music, but as soon as any familiar songs of Alec Benjamin came on all he could picture was the first night with Dream. How sickly he had looked and how George had chosen not to notice or care.

He couldn't even remember the comfort when they were cuddled up in bed together. All of it was grim and changed. The good things seemed gone...

Everything seemed negative now. George didn't think he deserved anything for not demanding that Dream tell him the truth on that very first day.

He got home and lugged his suitcase up the stairs checking his phone. He had about a hundred

messages from Sapnap and Bad asking if he got home okay. He threw his phone on the couch and decided to ignore them.

He was greeted by his small gray cat at the door and he scooped him up in his arms burying his face into the pelt and walking over to his bed taking a seat. He felt okay with him cuddled in his arms. He at least didn't feel completely alone.

Luca purred in his arms and rubbed his furry head against George's chin. He set down his kitten right beside him and went to open his suitcase that was sitting right next to the bed. He dug through the articles of clothing and items. He came up with the soft gray hoodie and the notebook. He ran his fingers over the stitching. The smooth fabric was soft on his fingertips.

He hesitated before pulling it on back over his head and placing the notebook on his nightstand. Everything else could wait. He didn't feel like dealing with the constant questions on twitter, the amount of theories on what was going on. The only think George and Sapnap said was that they extended their visit, and everything would be talked about soon. George had offered to read the note that Dream had made for everyone when he felt ready to read it. Even if Dream would've wanted them to continue their channels...George didn't think he had the strength to play the game and avoid the thoughts of Dream.

He laid down in his bed, the curtains still closed. George pulled the hood up over his head and crossed his arms tried to close his eyes and sleep. He tucked his nose into the oversized hoodie trying to bring himself more comfort and take in the scent of Dream.

*Good thoughts...*

He tried to think. But instead only images flashed in his head.

Dream in a hospital bed...Dream struggling to breathe...Dream...dying right next to him...

He sat up so quickly his cat jumped beside him and he threw the clothing off in panic. He watched it hit the wall and fall to a crumpled mess on the ground. There would be no more comfort from the hoodie any farther. He grabbed a fistful of the sheets and breathed heavily, his face heating up in sweat.

He wiped away his face and tried to focus on breathing right. He wondered if this was how Dream had felt when he was sick. It was a horrible feeling.

Fighting off any feelings he had of horror and sadness, George nestled back down in the blankets trying to fall asleep. Luca was curled up on the corner of his bed and George sniffled lightly through the night. His breathing was shallow, but it was only natural when he was scared.

---

The next few days hadn't gotten any better. George had many texts from Bad and Sapnap, from other friends as well. He barely responded. Whenever someone asked him if he was okay, he would shrug it off and say he was fine.

It's funny how much people actually believe those words. He thought back to when Dream used them on him and frowned.

*I really am no better.* He thought to himself as he watched tv in his empty living room. He was a hypocrite if anything.

George had gotten antidepressants prescribed to him and he took them gratefully. However, he learned quickly that the pills weren't really for making you feel happy...they just stopped you

from feeling anything at all. He took them easily and would spend the rest of the day curled up somewhere staring emotionlessly at the ceiling, numb to anything. What made it worst was that it just gave him time to think and get lost in spiraling thoughts.

George decided he didn't want to touch those pills unless he really needed them.

The notebook sat on his bedside untouched. George hadn't recorded a stream or a video for over a month now, and he was barely active on his social media so people knew things were wrong. George just didn't have the heart to tell them yet. No one did. Dream's page was inactive for more than a month as well. Sapnap and Bad had tried to stream again but both were not the same and fans could tell immediately.

George walked barefoot to his bedroom with a bowl of fruit in his hands. He set it down on his desk and looked around the dust filling room. He hadn't cleaned in a while...

His thoughts went to doing the dishes with Dream and Sapnap. Seeing them so happy and joyful always made his day. However, the aftermath came back as well, Dream sinking to his knees in a hacking mess. His blonde hair disheveled and sweaty.

He stared at the bowl of fruit and bit his lip nervously. He was so lost in the memory that he didn't come to until loud the sound of a loud vehicle approaching came by quickly. He let out a gasp hearing siren's and his eyes widened.

*The pouring rain.* He covered his ears and fell down to the floor missing his bed by an inch so his back leaned against it. He huddled up remembering himself holding Dream in the rain.

*He hugged Dream like his entire life depended on it as men from the ambulance tried to pull him away.*

"It's over!" He cried out as if his voice would chase away the thoughts. "Go away!"

He squeezed his eyes shut as tears flowed freely.

*"I think I'm in love with you..."* George squeezed harder and let out a strained gasp mixed with a choked sob.

*"I love you too George!"* He tilted his head back and stared at the ceiling as tears flooded down his cheeks dripping off the tip of his chin.

"Please don't make me remember..." He whispered remembering their kiss. He wanted so badly to slam his head into the wall or anything just to forget about it entirely. Instead he brought his legs up to his chest pitifully and whimpered lightly succumbing to himself and his pain.

"Anything but this..." He pleaded, his voice breaking. "Anything...please..."

But there was nothing but thoughts of death and loneliness.

---

George had sat there for a while unmoving, then he heard his phone ding. He stood up recognizing that he had received a notification and trudged over his phone. He picked it up and unlocked it seeing Sapnap had sent him a video with the words:

*Ella and I put it together and we wanted u to see it...I hope ur doing okay George. Maybe we can hop on a call later? :)*

George took the video over to his computer and downloaded the video from his phone onto the computer. He clicked on it bringing it to a full black screen and frowned. He shifted on his headphones and hit play.

At first the black screen stayed there but soon it shifted to a very familiar setting. George recognized the airport he arrived at. The woman filming was laughing lightly in the background. When a familiar male broke through the crowd, he found himself smiling at the goofy face that approached the camera screen.

“Hey Mrs. Hudson!” Sapnap said, his voice sounding eager on the computer and he used his arm to hug the lady covering the camera.

“Nick how many times do I have to tell you to call me Ella?” She said with a laugh.

“Too many.” The boy said with a shit-eating grin on his face. They both exchanged a laugh and their conversation continued. George sat back in his chair thinking about the plane ride and remembering the soft music playing.

He didn’t look up till he heard his name being called.

“*GEORGE NO WAY!*” He heard Sapnap call out and flinched at how loud the boy was in his ears. He looked up watching the video and seeing Sapnap hugging him tightly.

“*Sapnap!*” He heard himself talking. He always cringed at the sound of his own voice sometimes. This time was no exception but remembering the moment made him smile.

“*I’m taller than you then!*” George listened to the banter that came into focus as the camera quality adjusted steadily from where it sat in Ella’s front pocket. The audio was in and out, but George didn’t need it to remember what happened.

He rewatched Sapnap sending his stuff everywhere. He smiled wondering how Ella managed to keep the video...maybe she had a backup after he deleted it. The video kept going for a while until it cut to Sapnap and Ella standing in the hotel lobby.

“*Where’s Dream?*” Sapnap asked and George’s smile faded at the mention of his name. He debated skipping forward but the next part got his attention. The camera flipped to the outside going out the door and adjusted on a tall familiar boy holding his umbrella over a boy hugging his legs by the car.

His breath caught in his throat realizing they had caught that on camera the whole time. He could see himself snuggled up into Dream, face buried in his shoulder. He could see Dream wobble and he felt guilty all of a sudden. He must’ve been in pain when that happened. But George could see the blush on his face form where he sat and leaned forward to get a closer look at the screen.

He could hear Ella and Sapnap’s whispers in the background, but nothing could distract him from that sight. Soon the camera cut away again and he was met with Sapnap and Bad filming some dorky snapchat video early in the morning. That is until they got up and walked to Dream’s room. They opened the door only slightly to see Dream and George cuddling on the edge of the bed deep in sleep.

George flushed. If he had known they filmed that he would’ve scolded them but Bad soon told Sapnap to cut the camera and stop filming trying to be respectful.

The next day was full of snapchat videos that Sapnap and Bad had been taking on the side, whether they were racing in the rain or watching George and Dream walk under a shared umbrella. Hell, it

even went to the movies where they were cracking jokes the whole time. George smiled fondly remembering the fun they had before it all happened. While the video played, he heard his phone give him another notification.

He looked down at his phone noticing Ella had messaged him another attachment with a caption.

*Found this going through his phone. Maybe you should post it, people deserve to know.*

George opened the picture and sucked in a breath taking in the sight of the four of them posing at the bar. He looked at Dream's healthy-looking face and bright goofy smile. He could see Bad in the back throwing his arms up...George himself looked the most relaxed he ever had been. Sapnap had his arm around Dream. They looked...

Content.

George saved the photo and took in a deep breath. The videos and the photos made him feel a little better about the whole scenario. He went to his computer and turned on his web camera before retrieving the notebook from his bedside table and bringing it over to his gaming chair.

He sat down and flipped through the pages silently. Once he was all set up and found the page, he turned on his equipment.

He looked up at the camera...and put on a smile.

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"Hey guys, I know I haven't been as active lately, and I think it's time I finally explain why." He looked at glowing light on his webcam and bit his lip.

"This will be a very sad update for a lot of you..." He tried to think about his words very carefully.

"As most of you know...we went to visit Dream and we extended our stay a bit. The reason we went was because Dream was very sick. He had a rare disease and they did everything they could for him."

He had to look away and pause. He could always edit this out later and fix the things that needed changing. He didn't want to show himself being too sad.

"Dream passed away two weeks ago during surgery. We were all there with him before his last moments. He didn't go in pain."

*At least I hope he didn't.*

He took a deep breath knowing that his eyes were probably glistening with tears. He took a shaky breath.

"So, I don't know if I'll film like I used to...I hope you guys can understand but things just aren't the same." He looked down at his hands and the broken skin from where he picked at it for hours at a time.

"He left a note...for all of you. I want to read it so you guys can hear it come from someone." He opened the notebook and leaned back in his chair looking down at it and took a deep breath.

*"To all my fans...If this message has gotten to you in some way, shape, or form, then that means I've died."* George's hands were shaking with his voice, but he pushed through it.

*"I'm sorry you won't get your daily dose of content anymore from me...things will be different that*

*much is for sure. To everybody that comes to my videos because it helps them get through the day, please keep listening.*" George took a deep shaky breath practically hearing Dream speak right beside him as he continued reading the words aloud.

*"Things will get better. It's important to reach out to the people you care about and always let them know how you feel. I was about to make the dumbest mistake of my life...and I'm so happy I didn't go through with it. Don't be so lost in yourself that you forget asking for help can be the best thing for you."* George read, his voice not bright and happy but more emotionally tuned.

*"If you need the light, find it in the people who care about you and if you need someone to talk to, there are tons of people who will listen...I know I found the people that will always be there for me."* George smiled lightly.

*"Don't succumb to the darkness just yet my friends, things will be okay. Even if you think they aren't they will. Someone somewhere out there loves you and it doesn't matter how far away they are...they will always love you. I know I have always loved each and every single one of you."* George's eyes were so blurry that he had to rub them away.

"S-sorry." He apologized to no one and took a shaky breath ready to continue.

*"Thank you so much for all your support. I love you and take care of yourselves."* George faded off staring at the name at the bottom.

*"...Love Dream."* He whispered and ran his finger over the name. The sudden emptiness filling him up and threatening to swallow him whole. His room cast so many shadows and sent his paranoia through the roof. Feeling the tears starting to well up he rubbed his eyes and leaned over, turning off the recording and camera.

He collapsed back in his chair and dropped the notebook to the floor letting out a heavy sob that shook his shoulders. It felt as if everything had restarted and he was back to being in shock about it all over again. He clasped his shirt at his chest as his heartbeat quickened.

A few minutes passed before he leaned over to pick up the fallen book...that's when he saw it.

A folded ripped page that had slipped out of the middle of the book and landed on the floor. George leaned over and picked it up curiously. He unfolded it carefully and looked at yet another handwritten note.

*Dear George.*

George immediately stopped reading and held the piece of paper to his chest breathing heavily. He wasn't sure if he even wanted to read it now after the last speech Dream had given to his fans. But his true wants betrayed him, and he pulled it away. He pushed away all thoughts and began to read, only hearing Dream's voice and imagined him speaking.

*"Dear...*

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*"...George."* Dream murmured aloud as he wrote down the words on the notebook lightly in pencil. He could hear the boys cooking outside his room. After his argument with George, Dream had shut down for a while. He took his shower before deciding he needed to revise the notes that he had made after calling about the surgery. He avoided rewrapping his bad hand in bandages, it felt nice when the cool air was on them instead. He instead wrote with his non injured hand.

Things were different now...everybody knew now. And some of them weren't happy. Dream was



trying hard not to cry knowing George was angry with him, but the tears slipped out anyway and he couldn't keep them in.

Right now, the most important thing that Dream wanted to do was tell George he loved him and that he was sorry, but he had a feeling that he should get more words out then just that. So, he sat there ignoring everyone and moved to write.

"I lied to you for a while..." He tried to think of the words. "Because I was scared that you would get your hopes up for me getting better and this whole trip would be a mess for you and Sapnap. I didn't want you to be sad about the possibility of dying."

He read back his words and recognized himself only making excuses. "But I know you guys would've been more upset if I went without saying anything at all and honestly? I would be as well." He said softly. "Cause I have a lot I want to say to you George. More than you could ever know."

He looked around the room and smiled fondly. "Your angry with me right now, because I just told you the truth. But I have a feeling you'll come back. I don't think you can resist my awesome cuddles." He snickered at his own writing and rubbed his shoulder rolling it backwards in a much-needed stretch.

"I hope that if this does happen, you'll be okay." He whispered as he scribbled down the words. "But I know that's a lot to ask. Death isn't something you can just forget." He faded off grasping for words. "No matter how hard you try."

He looked out the window at the rainy skies and pursed his lips returning to the paper.

"I'm glad I met you George." He whispered his name so sweetly liking the sound of it drifting from his tongue. "I know you hate it when I say it, but I really do love you so much. You were always there for me. Even if it was hard to be an emotional support at times you would listen. Thank you for being my best friend." He looked at the word friend and frowned.

All of a sudden it didn't feel like it fit anymore. They were just friends, but Dream didn't like that word. He scribbled it out and replaced it with something new.

"Thank you for being the person I love." Dream cursed himself mentally for writing it down in a letter. He hated that thought completely but now more than ever he wanted to confess. He just wanted to let George know he was in love with him. He paused and ripped out the sheet of paper bringing it closer.

*Maybe if I get out all my thoughts on this, I'll be able to tell him really. I won't actually show him...but I can at least practice.*

Words flowed much easier after he decided to go with that idea. He found himself smiling thinking about every little thing that made him happy about George and wrote it down.

*George, I love you not just because we're friends. You make me happy. I can't really describe it well, but I can try. Every time you laugh my heart skips a beat. You're so amazing and overwhelmingly supportive. You play along with my gags and my jokes and I can't tell you how much it means to me that you haven't abandoned me. A lot of people have given up on me. But you're not one of them. I know you don't have too much support on your side and whenever you sound sad I always wished I could be there to hug you and tell you it was all going to be okay.*

Dream smiled at his words. Even if George never saw this or even felt the same way, Dream felt

better getting it off his chest this way.

“But it’s the other way around now...you flew all the way here just to look after me and when I heard you planning on doing that I felt better than I ever did before...because I knew you cared.” He whispered as he wrote. He felt incredibly sappy at that moment.

“I hope that you can find happiness even if I’m not there with you. Just remember that it’s not because I don’t trust you.... it’s because I love even if it’s hard to understand that. I don’t ever really expect you to. I’m just happy you’re here with me now.” He said and skipped a few lines jumping to the bottom of the page.

*I love you George, that’s something I’ll take with me to the grave (that’s probably too soon isn’t it?) Love your bestest most awesome friend Dream.*

He looked at the note and rolled his eyes. “God this is fucking awful.” He folded up the paper and tucked it in the notebook only to hear a knock at his door.

“Dream we made soup, can you come out?” Bad asked and Dream practically threw the notebook under his bed.

“I-I’m not hungry right now Bad!” He called out and he could hear the distasteful sigh on the other side of the door. Soon the sound of feet could be heard shuffling away and Dream breathed a sigh of relief. He grabbed the fresh bandages and sat on his bed. He carefully started to wrap it around his hands. Things were much harder when you were on your own. He debated wrapping up the area around his bruises that were on show currently but alas he figured that wasn’t the smartest idea.

He pursed his lips and clearly frustrated tried to fix it. Minutes passed with no luck and Dream was just about to give in...then he heard the door open and he froze to see George staring at him in surprise, a bowl of soup in his hand.

Right then and there, his heart skipped a beat staring at the boy he loved.

*I’ll finish the note another day.*

---

Droplets fell on the paper soaking the pencil marks. George clenched the paper tightly crumpling the edges and drawing it and staring at the last words through blurry eyes. He hugged it to his chest refusing to make any sounds having to do with his tears. He just let them fall and leaned back in his chair.

“Of course, I cared.” He said. Most of his weights were being lifted from his shoulders just by reading the letter. Just knowing there was a letter. For the first time in weeks...

...George let himself relax. It was such a different feeling for him now. He heard his phone buzz with a message from the group chat to the ~~four~~ three boys. He picked up his phone and stared at the screen. Bad was texting him.

*B: Hey how is everything going, are you good? :(*

George stared at the screen thinking about the numerous times he didn’t answer, the hundred of phone calls he declined. He thought about Dream’s letter. Find happiness, talking to the people he cared about.

*Its okay to not be okay.*

George looked down at his phone and typed another message.

*G: No, I'm not okay. Can we talk maybe?*

He held his breath waiting for a reply. Two messages arrived at once.

*B: Of course, we can!*

*S: Booting up the pc now so we can hop on a call, be there soon Georgie!*

George laughed, actually laughed. For the first time in a while he felt...*better*.

Because he knew that he wasn't alone...and he knew he'd get better. The memories of Dream would stay, and he wouldn't push them away anymore. He wouldn't hide away from anything anymore. He'd get help and he'd be happy, for both Dream and himself.

He turned on his computer and jumped on a voice call with his friends setting the note down on his desk.

He would have hope things would get better. Maybe not today or tomorrow. Maybe the things that haunt him wouldn't fade away immediately. But someday they would.

And he was ready to accept it. He held one hand on the note and closed his eyes thinking what he wanted to say to Dream.

*I love you... Goodbye Dream....*

And he had a feeling that somewhere, Dream was saying the same thing to him.

## Chapter End Notes

Expect the real happy ending tomorrow! I hope you all know that your loved everyday. I'm grateful for your support, each and every one of you are so special to me! <3

# Real Ending: I'm Not Ready To Say Goodbye

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*George.* That was all Dream could think, it was all that was in his mind when they put him under. They burned his eyes, but he was too weak to look away.

*George.* He thought of the kiss against his lips, how soft and welcoming his lips were. His vision clouded over and every sound around him was muted and muffled.

“I’m ready.” Dream was sitting cross legged on the ground with his head slouched forward...no longer was he dressed in the storybook outfit... but rather normal clothing, his gray hoodie and sweats. He didn’t feel replenished in his dream at all. On the contrary he felt like gravity was pulling him down to the dark water beneath his feet. Everything around him was now brighter, but the water stretched on forever through the darkness...but it was clear.

He wished he could close his eyes and breathe. Rest easy...but dying in his sleep was not his plan. He laid down...no hope was around to help him. He was on his own for real.

*George.* He pictured his sweet face and the hand wrapped around his. He thought of his smile, his laughter. Anything that would bring him the urge to push through the murky bleak wish of slumber.

He was at the crossroads now. A choice. He wouldn’t waste the time he had; he’d make sure things didn’t fade. He sat...and he waited unmoving. He waited to wake up.

---

The water shifted around him and tendrils of thorns poked their heads from the surface, edging towards Dream. He felt it brush against his leg and tried to hold himself together.

*You can do this.* He thought and braced himself. He could feel the thorns edge up his legs and he sucked in a breath, but he refused to move. He sat there accepting it.

“Don’t be afraid.” He whispered to himself. The thorns may have dug into his sides, but Dream focused on keeping his mind afloat, he didn’t focus on the pain. He focused on the good things.

*My family.* He thought of his mother and father talking to him and calling him as much as they could. He thought about how hard they were trying for him. His little sister playing cards with him on the bed.

*Patches.* He thought of Patches cuddles and sweet meows. How she sat by him in times of need. He knew she was waiting for him to come home and he didn’t want to fail her.

The tendrils that were building up over his body began to hesitate, as if they noticed Dream seemed to be blocking out all the pain.

*Bad.* What hadn’t Bad done for him? The overflowing support from that man was the only thing that had kept him standing for so long. He would never let himself lose. He would see him again and watch him cry his eyes out when he knew he was safe and sound.

*Sapnap.* Knowing him for years and Dream never wanted Sapnap to feel alone like he once had been. He wanted him to be happy that he lived, not mourn him after he was gone. He wanted to

spend his life with his best friend. He wanted him to know how much he helped Dream through his life. He didn't want him to read that note. He didn't want him sitting after his funeral putting on a fake smile.

The tendrils started to retreat from Dream. He raised his arms, pushing his palms against them just to make sure they didn't constrict around him. They wanted to pull him beneath the surface...to suffocate him and force him to give in. Despite all of that Dream couldn't think of dying. He refused to think of it.

*George.* He thought of George. If he was gone what would happen to him and his beautiful smile. What would happen to his laugh? He sucked in a breath imagining the pain and suffering he would have to endure if Dream wasn't there to help. He imagined him changing into someone completely different. A grieving side he would never wish on anyone.

He somehow fought against all the pain his legs, the loss of muscles. He planted his feet squarely and caught himself when he stumbled, feeling the water trying to gather up around him and draw the air from his lungs. He pushed with so much effort.

*I won't leave them.* He thought of the three of his friends waiting for him. *I won't give up.* He took a deep breath waiting for the water to go up over his head. He looked around for a way out and ignored the pain tearing through the vines with such ferocity.

*I will not die.*

He thought to himself and slipped through the tendrils scratching his skin and leaving behind a trail of crimson red that the thorns followed like hungry sharks. His head broke the surface and he gasped for air pulling himself out. He looked up to the plain of black sky above....and he saw...

He was quickly pulled back beneath again but he swore he saw it. Pushing away the vines yet again to claw his way to the top he popped his head up to look up and see another. He was curious.

*Stars?*

Over and over again Dream was pulled or thrust back down into the water and everytime he made his way back to the surface to see another star was glowing.

Every attempt he made; a new glow would shine bright.

**“Y-your doing it.”** Dream could hear Hope's voice, but he ignored it and struggled to climb out of the water only to be dragged back down again. Now things felt easier. His legs were working in the dream state and were no longer sluggish. It was a chore, but it was getting better.

It felt like hours had gone by and soon his once empty sky was filled with stars.

Dream broke the surface again...the sky seemingly endless and blue like a starry night was full. He expected the vines to wrap around his legs and sink into them drawing more and more blood...but they never came.

He pulled himself free out of the deep water and crawled out to the surface. He flipped over on his back to stare at the beautiful sky above him. It had been an uphill battle, but he had done it. He sighed closing his eyes and letting his head fall back in relief.

**“Thank you, Clay.”** The voice sounded from right in front of him. He opened his eyes seeing the smiling face of Hope, looking brighter than ever.

**“You did it.”** It said and Dream’s lip wobbled.

“It’s over?” He asked anxiously and yet so relieved.

**“It’s over...and I can finally go to where I belong.”** Hope said separating from Dream and turning its head to the sky full of stars.

**“You’ve gotten your life back...please don’t waste it.”**

It disappeared among the others in time, but Dream let his arm fall over his face shielding him from seeing any of it and tears rolled down his cheeks.

The relief of freeing himself from the constant dread was the only thing on his mind. He let out a choked sob.

Not out of sadness and pain, but out of happiness.

“I’m going to see them again.” He whispered feeling warmth crawl up his belly and draw more tears from his eyes.

He would see Sapnap and Bad and...George. He would see them all again.

Dream let out a harsh bit of laughter that mixed itself with his tears. He just repeated the words in his head as the starry night sky shined down on him from above.

*“I’m safe now....and I’m going home.”*

---

George bit his lip waiting outside the room for some answer. Dream had been in surgery for a long while and there had been no news for two hours now. His hands were folded in his chest as he waited. His foot bounced anxiously, and he stared at the door waiting.

Dream’s mother and father were seated with each other, their daughter pressed in between them, he heads rested against their dads’ shoulder and she was fast asleep, tired from the wait.

Bad was talking to Ella very quietly and Sapnap was leaned against the wall beside George’s chair. George felt a hand on his shoulder and looked up at Sapnap.

“Take a breather if you need to George, it might take a little longer.” Sapnap murmured. George just shook his head.

“No, I need to be here when they finish.” He whispered, his throat dry and sore from the incoherent mumbling that was passing from his lips the entire time he waited.

“Go get some water George. You need it.” Sapnap said. “Please.” His voice sounded so incredibly urgent and pained. George pursed his lips feeling guilty and rose to his feet slowly giving in out of pure exhaustion.

He walked to the cafeteria slowly. Every step felt like he was stumbling and tripping forward. He felt like he would sink into the ground and fall into nothingness. He was extremely tired from his nights without Dream. Sleep never came easy to him now. Patches no longer cuddled in bed with him. Instead she would sit by the door waiting for her owner to come home all night long.

George only had Dream’s hoodies to keep him comfortable in the nighttime. Bad and Sapnap barely slept either. Sleep was the last thing on anybody’s mind. George had heard their hushed

voices through the night as they talked quietly. There was some laughter, but it wasn't bright or cheery. It was always forced and hollow. Those laughs echoed down the walls to the bedroom and all George could feel was pain and solitude.

He had drawn himself off from his friends even if he needed them. Being alone felt so much better but in reality, did nothing for him. He was still fearful and solemn.

He pushed open the door to the cafeteria and dragged one of his hands along the wall feeling the roughly painted bricks of concrete. It looked like prison walls and that alone made him uncomfortable being by himself in the area.

He looked around with downturned eyes at the people sitting at tables. There weren't many, most were patients who were there were people slowly recovering. Some weren't patients at all. George gulped meeting the shallow eyes of one small girl sitting with her parents at a table in a hospital gown. Despite how bad she looked...she was still smiling. She went back to bouncing in her chair and talking to the others with her. Her parents were right beside her and George grabbed a plastic cup eavesdropping on their conversation.

"When I leave can we go to the aquarium?" She asked and George could hear the dripping excitement in her voice.

"We'll go to the aquarium and the beach. We'll do it all." Her father said happily.

"And once we get out of here, you'll have a good food." The mother replied and George rubbed his eyes filling up the water cup. A faint smile touched his lips remembering Dream's distaste towards hospital food.

He turned around and saw the little girl staring at him curiously. She waved hi to him and he raised his hand and waved back.

Her face broke into an even wider smile and she called out to him. "Why are you here mister?"

At first George was taken aback by her outburst and words. Her parents flushed embarrassed and began to hush her, but he waved his hand to them to tell them to pay it no mind.

"Ah don't worry about it....my friends here getting help." He said softly putting on a smile for the young girl.

"What did he have?" This time her parents really scolded her for being so intrusive. She quickly backtracked. "I got a new heart!"

George smiled sympathetically and he tried to think of what the best thing to say to her would be. *I'm so sorry? Wow? No those are stupid.*

"You must've been really brave." He said kindly gripping the water cup tightly. She nodded her head, her gap-toothed smile wide and open.

"Well I was scared sure but than daddy promised we'd go to the aquarium afterwards and I like looking at the fish!" She said joyously. George couldn't help but feel his spirit rise seeing her standing there so hopeful.

"That sounds really nice." He said and the parents beamed proudly as if they're daughter was showing off some accomplishment. She nodded her head and her eyes softened.

"I'm sure your friend will get better." She said cheerfully. "Then you can take him to the aquarium

too!”

George’s eyes widened in slight surprise. This little girl was trying to cheer him up...just a stranger. *Guess there are good people in this world huh.*

“Thank you, I think he will as well.” He said and here he was...believing his own words. If this little girl could pull through from something so big than so could Dream. He suddenly believed that with a passion.

“Good luck mister!” She said waving to him as he slowly walked away, and he waved back. Somehow the small conversation bringing a lightness to his step.

“Have fun at the aquarium.” He said to her and she giggled resuming the conversation with her parents.

George felt better, every step back towards the surgery room was one he was glad to take. He didn’t hesitate anymore.

*Dream will fight to be back here with us...I know he will.* He thought to himself only further bringing hope to his situation. He found his friends and Dream’s family exactly where he left them. They were all sitting and waiting anxiously.

George took a seat again and Sapnap looked at him clearly pleased George got the water he needed.

“How do you feel now?” He asked calmly. George sucked in a breath and nodded his head knowing he hadn’t drunk a single drop yet.

“I feel better.” He said and was pleased to see relief on his friend’s face. He leaned back against the wall and waited for the news, his body relaxed more. He waited, believing in every second that Dream would be okay.

---

It was late by the time the doctor opened the doors to the surgery room. Everyone had stood up eagerly as soon as they heard it open, already ready for the news he had to offer.

The doctor smiled at them and slowly nodded. “He’s gonna be okay.... the surgery was a success.” He said and to his enjoyment the entire family let out long sighs of relief.

George sank against the wall filled with such relief. He smiled widely knowing everything was going to be okay. He could hear Ella crying tears of joy and felt some of his own sprouting. Strong arms wrapped around him and he opened his eyes to see Sapnap hugging him tightly.

He hugged him back hearing his whispers.

“He did it George...he actually did it.” George smiled tilting his head up from where it was tucked into his shoulder.

“Of course, he did.” He said as if all his doubts had been removed from the beginning. He was so undeniably happy that he would get to see Dream again. It all felt like some long bad dream that had finally come to pass.

The doctor cleared his throat breaking up the happiness that everyone was sharing. They looked at him with bright eyes and relaxed faces.



“It is good he survived but Clay is going to need to stay here for a least a week or more to recuperate before we send him home.” He said. “But obviously you all can visit as often as you want.” He looked down at the clipboard in his hand.

“Now his legs...” George frowned remembering the conversation the doctor had with Dream before-hand. He bit his lip awaiting the bad news.

“The muscles and bone deteriorated in his legs so drastically that it will take a long time for him to walk properly again...and I can say that even when he does walk again without some sort of stability it will take even longer for him to do common things like run or jump.” He said solemnly.

George’s smile faded and he looked at the doctor dejectedly. So, Dream would live...but he wouldn’t be able to be on his own for a while. He’d most likely move back in with his parents. He wouldn’t get to do normal things by himself anymore. He’d be in some sort of pain every day of his life.

Despite how bad the thought was George wondered. *Was it all worth it?*

Ultimately, he decided that it was...because Dream would have them looking out for him. They wouldn’t abandon him in a time of need.

“How long is it expected to last?” Ella asked nervously clearly thinking the same things as George. The doctor pursed his lips and thought about it.

“He could be in a wheelchair for a year or more...maybe two, as soon as we clear that his immune system is fixing the problem and run monthly diagnostics we can decide if he’s ready to move on to crutches. Check ups will continue afterwards until he’s back to normal.” He informed them. “Could take 2-4 years at the very least.”

George had a gut feeling that Dream would hate this. But hopefully being alive would drown out the miserable feelings of losing his legs for years.

“When can we see him?” George asked hurriedly.

“He needs rest, he’ll wake up in time.” The doctor said softly. “We’ll bring him back to his room and you can stay until visiting hours are over.” Once everybody agreed the doctor disappeared back inside the surgery room and George looked at Bad and Sapnap.

“He can’t walk...” Sapnap said with a frown and looked at the others. “Why does life have to be so fucking unfair?” He whispered and rubbed his eyes. Bad looked away clearly hiding the pain in his eyes.

“Dream will push through it.” He tried to say. “He will.” George looked between the two of them saying nothing but wordlessly hugging them.

“He will get through it...because we all know how stubborn he is.” The others laughed and agreed wiping away any tears and slowly returning to Dream’s hospital room. They waited outside for them to bring Dream back, an undeniable excitement lodged in their hearts ready to see him again.

George found playing on his phone was an easy way to pass the time. He messaged his neighbor to see how Luca was doing just to distract himself.

Suddenly the sound of wheels came around the corner. George looked up to see a figure passed out on a gurney. His head lolled to the side on the pillow. George stood trying to get a peek at the boy escorted by nurses, but they disappeared into the room and locked it.

George sighed sinking back down his chair and feeling a little embarrassed by his own outburst. But he didn't feel bad for long when Sapnap started to peek through the window of the door curiously.

Bad yelled at him to sit down and wait. Just as Sapnap turned to come take a seat the door swung open almost hitting him in the face. George stifled a laugh while the nurses filtered out.

They all walked into the hospital room awaiting a horrible sight. Dream was lying they're in the hospital bed hooked up again, his eyes closed and his breathing light but normal. George was the first one by his bedside and sat down beside him. He stared at the sleeping figure.

"He looks bad." Sapnap murmured sadly. George shook his head.

"He's alive. That's all that matters now." He was so relieved. So utterly relieved Dream was sitting here breathing and asleep. He would get better and they would all be together again. Despite the fight and all the doubts...Dream was here and here to stay.

The night was peaceful, and everyone was finally relaxed enough to talk normal and discuss the plans for the next few weeks.

"Shit we're supposed to go home at the end of the week..." Sapnap muttered. George frowned and shook his head.

"Fuck the flight, I'm not going anywhere." The older boy said turning to look back at Dream and reach out to hold his hand again. His skin was cold, but he could feel the whispering pulse on his wrist. His breathing slowed to match its pace.

Sapnap nodded his head. "Then I'm not going either." Bad nodded his head clearly agreeing with the two of them.

Ella watched her son's best friends clearly happy he had found people who cared about him this much.

As the visiting hours came around the doctor entered to tell them it was time to leave, but not before sharing a bit of news.

"We're willing to allow one person to stay here overnight each night he's here. As long as you remain quiet and don't disturb the other patients, you'll be free to stay." He said and Ella let out a sigh of relief. She looked around at everyone.

"I'll stay the first night." She whispered. George was a little sad that he couldn't stay with Dream, but Ella was his mother and that took top priority over anything else. As everyone else stood up George leaned forward and kissed Dream's hand not caring who was watching.

"Goodnight Dream." He whispered and let go of his hand to leave the hospital. Only this time he wasn't leaving with despair, he was leaving with a full heart.

---

Nights went by and every so often Dream would wake up for a little bit before going back to sleep. The doctors did say it would take a while for him to be stable. After Dream's father and Sapnap stayed after Ella, George found himself wanting to be in the room alone with Dream when he was awake. Sapnap had been acting highly suspicious after he talked to Dream and Bad seemed to be in on it.... but that was the least of George's concerns.

So, he asked if he could stay on one of the later nights. Nobody argued with him and George

stayed the night. Sitting next to a sleeping Dream, he reached over to the bedside table and picked up the book he had been going on about before his surgery. As the lights in the hallways went out and things died down, George set down the book.

The only light on was the one by the bedside table. George felt his eyes slowly getting sleepy. With nothing to do and Dream still fast asleep he felt bored and lonely. So, he rested his head on the bed beside Dream and held his hand, gently rubbing the skin with his thumb until he dazed off himself.

It only took an hour for him to feel fingers touching his hair. He opened his eyes groggily and there was Dream running his fingers through his hair and smiling at him.

All George could do was smile back. He was too tired to raise his head right away, so he hummed in blissful happiness as Dream continued to run his fingers through his hair.

"I'm glad you were here tonight." He said quietly. George finally rested his chin on his hands and stared at him with a tight-lipped smile of relief.

"Me too." He whispered. The two sat in silence for a little bit before George rubbed his eyes and sat up. "How do you feel?" The British male asked.

Dream sighed. "Tired but better." He admitted. Over the days Dream had been steadily improving, his skin looked healthier, he was coughing less and breathing easier. His upper body strength was slowly coming back as well. He pushed himself up on the pillows so he could sit up and look at George.

"That's good. Sapnap and I are gonna stay...for a bit longer." He said. Dream nodded.

"He told me." He sounded stronger at least. Every word out of his mouth was distinguishable and not as raspy as it was before. "I actually wanted to do something before you left."

"Oh?" George asked and without realizing he held Dream's hand in his own again.

"Fourth of July is coming up...I like to go see the fireworks on the beach...and I know it's difficult, but I want you guys to come see them with me." He said lightly.

George bit his lip. The fourth of July was in just a few days and Dream wouldn't be able to walk or do anything. But he wanted to see him happy, so he nodded his head.

"That sounds fun." He said and Dream let out a sigh of relief, his head falling back on the pillow.

"Good...cause your going to need to carry me." He said smugly. George scoffed.

"Bold of you to assume I can lift you." He said with a roll of his eyes. Dream wheezed and held his chest.

"Why George are you saying I'm heavy?" He said pretending to be offended.

"Well you aren't as light as a feather that's for sure." He muttered and the two broke out into laughter before George quickly shushed him telling him to be quiet.

"C'mon Dream I don't want to get kicked out." He whispered hurriedly. Dream covered his mouth to stop himself and nodded his head. The two took deep breaths to relax.

"So.... how scared were you?" He asked. George looked at him confused for a minute. Then he understood and he looked away.

"I was absolutely terrified." He admitted softly. Dream nodded his head.

"I was too... I just... felt like I couldn't breathe. But I knew when I was going to survive and that was a relief." Dream whispered meeting George's dark eyes.

"How?" George asked curiously. Dream shrugged thinking about the stars.

"Well there was light...but I didn't walk into it. I just thought about you and how we weren't ready to say goodbye yet." He said looking at George who flushed a bright pink.

"Dream..." He started but the younger stopped him.

"I'm serious George...I just thought about how much I wanted to be back here with you... with you and Sapnap and Bad... with Patches and my family. If you hadn't of...of..." Now it was Dream's turn to blush and fade off at a loss of words.

"Kissed you?" George asked with a simple smile. Dream looked up at him nervously.

"Do you regret it?" He asked fearfully and George felt guilty just knowing that he would think that.

"No, I don't think so." George replied kindly. "In fact, I'd uh...I'd like to do it again if its all the same to you." George blushed madly and looked away feeling horrible about being so awkward. But when he looked up all he could see was Dream smiling at him.

"I'd like that..." He whispered and moved over on the bed to make room for George. He was smaller anyway. He would fit.

"A-are you sure?" George asked looking around. "What if somebody comes in?" Dream laughed.

"Come on George, nobodies gonna see, just cuddle with me...please?" He asked with puppy dog eyes.

George rolled his eyes and climbed up onto the bed with him and rested with his hands on his lap. "God I can't believe your guilt tripping me like this." Dream wheezed.

"Aw come on you like it." He said and leaned forward to kiss him, but George held his hand up stopping his lips.

"Dream... what does this make us?" George looked anxious all of a sudden. His heart was beating a faster just being close to Dream.

"Do you love me George?" He asked but it wasn't in a hurt voice, it was just a curious one. George blushed.

"That's- That's a ridiculous question...I kissed you, didn't I?" He sputtered looking down at his hands. Dream took them in his own and looked at him, really looked at him.

"But do you love me?" He asked urgently getting into George's face. George nodded his head.

"Yes..." He whispered and Dream shot forward kissing him with a passion. George wondered how he was gaining back his strength so quickly. He kissed back, reaching out to his neck and running his fingers down it, Dream shivered under his touch before pulling away.

"Then we can be boyfriends!" He said excitedly. George couldn't help but smile at the return of childishness. He let Dream lean into him and pursed his lips.

“But.... I’m not sure if I’m ready....” George stumbled. He was worried that things would be different if they went down this road. However, Dream seemed to catch on.

“We don’t have to go public George... This is something we can keep between us. Okay?” He reassured him. George felt a wave of love wash over him...just knowing Dream was on board for it and new exactly what he was worried about. He put all his wants aside just for him.

“Thank you.” He said softly. “You should go back to sleep though.” He whispered and kissed him again. Dream accepted it eagerly and then groaned.

“But I don’t want to.” He argued. George rolled his eyes and grabbed his phone and earbuds from the side table as if he expected this to happen. Passing one ear bud to Dream who was grinning like an idiot, they snuggled up on the hospital bed. Dream wrapped both of his arms around George who held them close to his body. They felt much warmer and safe than Dream’s hoodies had ever been.” He could feel Dream’s breath on the back of his neck, but it was much welcome.

He turned on the music and pulled the blankets over him and Dream.

*Looking at the pictures I keep on my shelf  
'Cause it's been so long since I've looked like myself*

Irony. George thought as Alec Benjamin played. He felt Dream press his face into the back of his neck and out of his good ear he could hear him whisper.

“You should try to come back tomorrow night...”

George giggled. “No promises.” He whispered back and as Dream dozed off first George could hear him whisper in his sleep the same words he had whispered from the very beginning.

*“George don’t leave me.”*

George brought Dream’s hand to his lips and kissed it.

“I’m not going anywhere Dream.” He promised.

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Over the next few days George came back as much as he could while still taking care of Dream’s apartment. When he was released from the hospital everybody gathered around to take him outside. George gladly pushed the wheelchair around the parking lot to the car. Of course, the boys couldn’t resist but push Dream as fast as possible till they were all whooping with joy.

Nothing felt like a dull moment. When they got home and came through front door, Patches leaped up on her owner’s lap, seeming pleased with the free transportation again. She didn’t leave Dream’s lap for a while, curled up on him and napping as he stroke her soft fur.

George had seen Dream whispering to Sapnap and Bad quite a few times, but he had chosen to ignore it further. The three made plans to go down to the beach on the fourth of July and watch the fireworks. George always loves seeing the sparkle. The blues and yellows were bright, and he was excited to watch them with Dream.

When the day came, they packed up their sparklers and their blankets for the beach and took Bad’s car down. When they got there, they realized the problem.

George, Bad and Sapnap all looked at Dream.

“Okay but how the fuck are we supposed to get you to the far end of the beach?” Sapnap asked.

“Language!” Bad said.

Dream wheezed watching them argue, his own blanket wrapped in his hand. George smirked.

“Simple we just carry him in the wheelchair.” He said and Dream’s smile faded.

“Wait wait...” He said trying to think of an excuse. Bad and Sapnap grinned and went to either side. The three of them let out a countdown while Dream tried to make excused.

As soon as they picked him up Dream latched onto the arm rests and let out a yelp that caused all of them to break out into laughter. He glared at George.

“I hate this.” He muttered. George shrugged.

“You wanted to come to the beach, deal with it you big baby.” He said sticking his tongue out.

“You’re like the king Dream!” Bad put forward reassuringly. Dream smirked and Sapnap and George groaned already knowing what was coming next.

“Onward my subjects!” Dream shouted at the top of his lungs and wheezed. The others giggled struggling to get through the sand to a good spot.

People could be seen on the shoreline setting up for the fireworks show. Other families set up blankets and chairs to watch. When they got to a good enough spot (and Dream ordered them to lower him) they threw out one of the blankets and cracked open the sparklers with the lighter that Bad chose to carry.

Nobody else could be trusted with it.

“George come on get in the water!” Sapnap shouted with his sparkler in hand and took off his shoes before kicking up sand in George’s face.

“Get back here!” The older boy said chasing him. They ran into the water and George kicked large amounts of water at Sapnap before running away from the youngsters fleeing attempts to splash him. Their screams and arguing could be heard from all the way where Dream and Bad were still sitting.

Bad looked up at Dream. “This is nice.” He admitted. Dream nodded and looked at him with a smile.

“Thanks for staying Bad.” He responded and the older man nodded.

“Couldn’t ditch you like that. Besides, clearly someone has to keep the three of you in check.” He said gesturing to Sapnap dousing George with water who cried out in a shock from the amount of water on him.

“SAPNAP!” He screamed dropping what was left of the sparkler into the water and chasing after the other boy.

Dream watched them sadly and looked down at his own useless legs. He wanted so badly to be out there running with them. He wanted to splash them and run up and hug George... and he wasn’t able.

Bad noticed this and looked at him sympathetically. “It’s not forever Dream.” He reminded him and

the boy nodded.

“I know I know....” He whispered. “I just wish that it was over now rather than later.” He twirled the inactive sparkler between his fingertips. “Do you have it?” He suddenly asked.

Bad handed him the small box and Dream took it eagerly peeking inside. He smiled gratefully at Bad and tucked it in his lap. “Thanks.”

Bad nodded and leaned over lighting it up, the gold sparks flashed in front of his eyes and he waved it around in the air creating small golden circles in the air. The sky was completely dark and the only lights on the beach were sparklers. It was nice.

He leaned back in his chair letting the warm breeze blow his hair out of his face and threw away the dead sparkler.

Suddenly wet arms wrapped around him and he looked up to see Sapnap hugging him.

“You need to get in on the action Dream!” The boy said excitedly. Dream pushed his arms away leaving the other laughing.

“Don’t get me wet!” He screeched and the others laughed. He looked at George running up from the water, his hair and face was wet, and his t-shirt was covered in droplets of water. Dream smiled.

*Cute.* He thought watching Bad hand him a towel so he could dry off.

They got set up on the blanket with George switching places with Bad so he could sit next to Dream. The men setting up the fireworks started to light off warning sparks to say the show was about to start.

George was eagerly awaiting the display. He brought his knees up to his chest and bit his lip watching the first firework being lit up. He felt Dream’s hand reach down to touch his. George eagerly took it in his own.

The first firework was lit and set off into the sky showering the dark blue with a beautiful sparkle of gold. The loud BOOM shook George to his core, but he only smiled brighter. More fireworks fired off one after the other.

All the colors looked muddled to George, but he didn’t mind. He was just happy to be here with Dream. He squeezed his hand and pointed at any particular pretty golden firework. He felt Dream lean down and whisper something into his ear.

“What?” He asked loudly over the display.

“Close your eyes.” Dream repeated. George frowned at him, but Dream persisted, so he complied and shut them.

Dream’s hand slipped away from their grasp and George pursed his lips upset he was missing the show for something that was probably stupid. He felt Dream slide something over his face and he jolted into surprise.

...glasses?

“Open them.” Dream whispered and George did.

What he was met with made him gasp sharply. Beautiful colors doused the sky like flames. Colors he had only ever heard described to him. He stared at purples, pinks, oranges, reds, blues, and greens. He sat there in silence taking in the beautiful sight. It was like he was seeing things for the first time.

He was in absolute shock so much that he looked at Dream beside him who was grinning at him.

“I love you George.” He said...

...And seeing those beautiful green eyes for the first time,

Finally brought tears to George’s eyes.

Maybe things wouldn’t be perfect, and maybe it would be hard to cope...but knowing that he had lived long enough to love Dream and see him like this as his own...George knew things would never end easily.

George tilted his head back to laugh and pulled himself on his knees to kiss the boy he loved.

And the other didn’t fight against it because he had finally been granted the hope he wanted all along.

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**The End**

Chapter End Notes

I have final author notes on the next page!



## Important Authors Note!

HEY GUYS THIS IS AN INTERMISSION BROUGHT TO YOU BY NIGHT!

Thank you all for supporting me on my writing journey of my first fic. Your comments, kudos and more, mean so much to me. I love waking up in the morning to see people have enjoyed it! I love each and every one of you and I hope this fic has delivered a message to all of you.

In all seriousness, jokes aside. I will be going on a brief hiatus because I have not been resting as much as I should in order to get this fic done. (Plus I have vacations lined up for a bit). It took a lot of effort and I am in need of some good rest. **HOWEVER, I AM NOT GOING TO STOP WRITING!** I have big plans in the future, and I plan on getting a jump start on some stuff during this hiatus so when I pop back up, expect some stuff for the sequel **AND** the zombie apocalypse au!

I will be active on discord and sharing what I'm working on the plans I have for the sequel so if you want to join the Vip club click the discord invite below and join other people who've read the fic! The invite might be weird so let me know in the comments if you have trouble.)

DISCORD INVITE: [INVITE HERE](#)

I also have a one shot posted as a test run to a bigger fic (zombie apocalypse au!) I plead that you ignore the tags as it is WAY softer than any violence! Stick around for more!

One-Shot: [The Way You Look Tonight](#)

Return date: August 23<sup>rd</sup>

Don't forget about me! :D

Follow me on Insta: night.faller

Art below by @levnotfound on twitter!



## End Notes

I hope you enjoy!

DO NOT REPOST OR TAKE MY WORK TO ANY OTHER SITE AND CLAIM IT IS YOURS. NOT EVEN WITH CREDIT!

You can make art for it, you can talk about it...but do not post the story or snip bits of the story under your own name.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!